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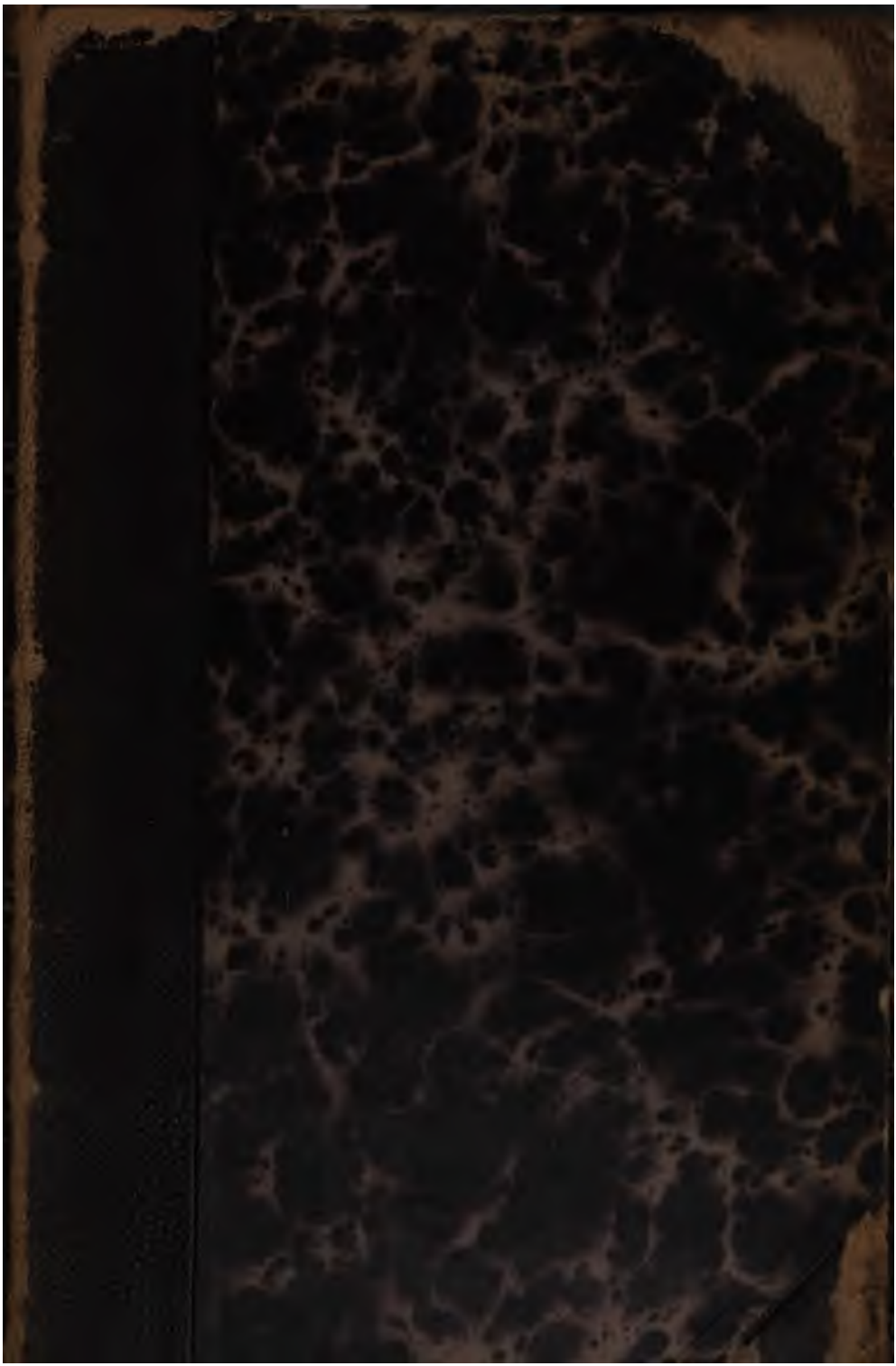

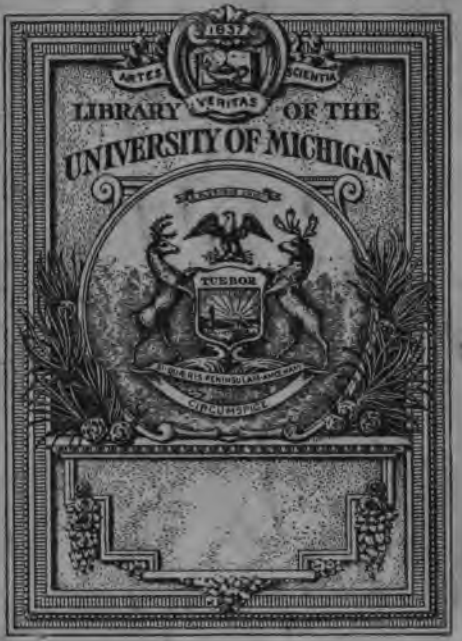
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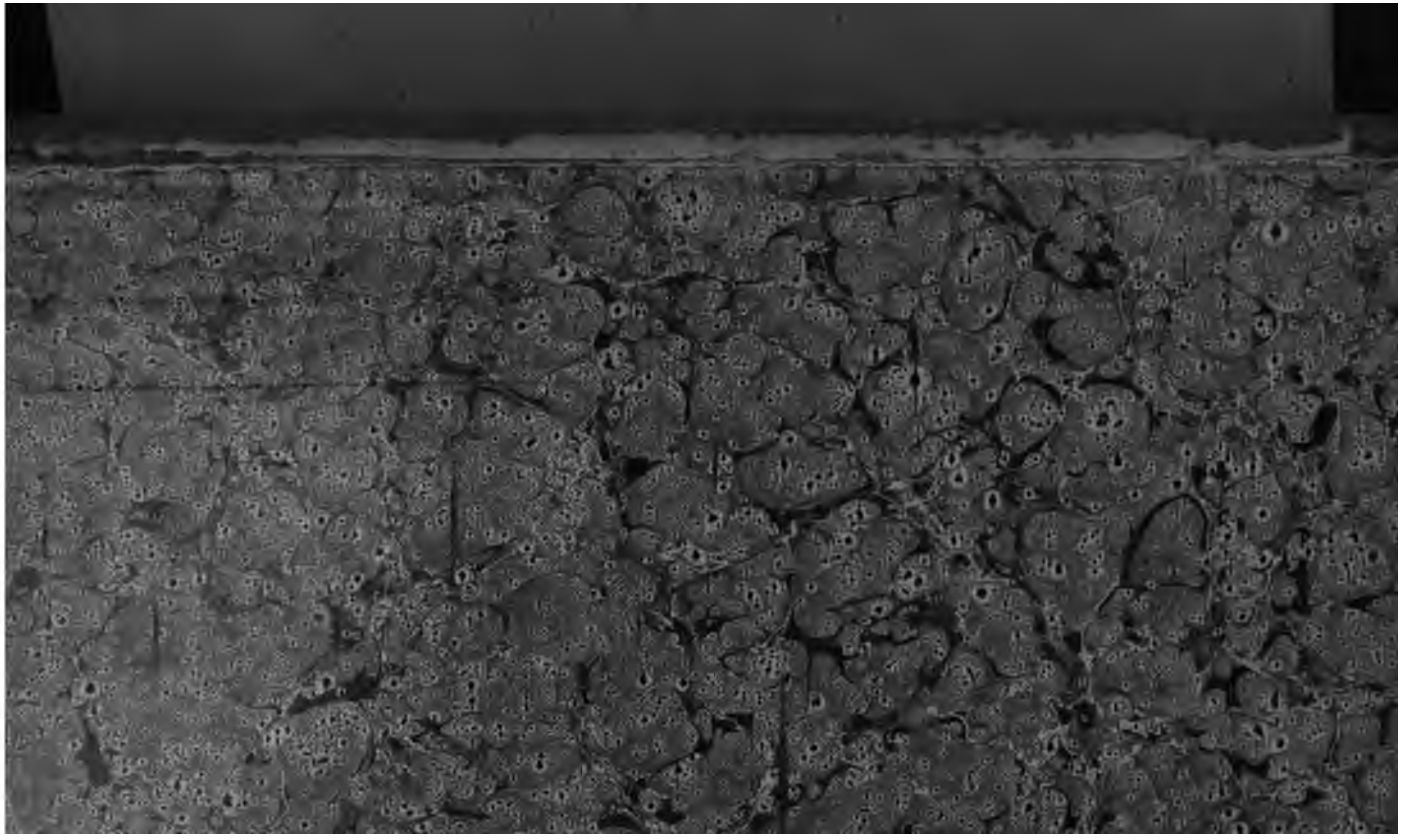

Work. 107

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1740

THE

WORKS

Of His GRACE

The Duke of *Buckingham.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

EARL of MULGRAVE,

MARQUIS of NORMANBY,

AND

Duke of *BUCKINGHAM.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

— *Nec* Phœbo *gratior ulla eſt*
Quam ſibi quæ Vari *præſcripſit pagina nomen.*
VIRG.

The THIRD EDITION, Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed for T. WOTTON, againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church, *Fleet-ſtreet*; D. BROWNE, without *Temple-Bar*; T. ASTLEY, in St. *Paul's Church-yard*; A. MILLAR, againſt St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*; J. STAGG, in *Weſtminſter-hall*; and S. WILLIAMSON. M. DCC. XL.

Incertus morior, non Perturbatus;
Humanum est Nescire et Errare,
Deo confido omnipotenti Benevolentissimo,
Ens Entium miserere mei

CATHARINA BUCKINGHAMIÆ Ducissa
mærens extrui curavit Ao MDCCXXII

TO

THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

THESE

HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS;

(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND,

AND MORE PERFECT IMAGE OF

HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF

CATHARINE HIS DUCHESSE:

DESIROUS THAT HIS ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,

AND HIS FAME AND MERIT COMMITTED

TO THE TEST OF

TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

TESTIMONIES OF *AUTHORS*,

Concerning his GRACE, and his WRITINGS.

Earl of ROSCOMMON, *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

HAPPY that Author! whoſe correct * *Eſſay*
Repairs ſo well our old HORATIAN Way.

DRYDEN, Abſalom *and* Achitophel.

Sharp-judging ADRIEL, the Muſes Friend,
Himſelf a Muſe——In *Sanhedrin*'s Debate,
True to his Prince, but not a Slave of State.

DRYDEN, *Verſes to Lord* ROSCOMMON.

How will ſweet OVID's Ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His Fame augmented by an *Engliſh* Peer?

* *Eſſay on Poetry.*

39313

Now he embelliſhes his HELEN's Loves,
Outdoes his Softneſs, and his Senſe improves!

DRYDEN, *Preface to* VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

" YOUR Eſſay on Poetry, which was publiſhed
" without a Name, and of which I was not ho-
" noured with the Confidence, I read over and over,
" with much Delight, and as much Inſtruction;
" and, without flattering you, or making myſelf
" more moral than I am, not without ſome Envy.
" I was loth to be informed how an Epic Poem
" ſhould be written, or how a Tragedy ſhould be
" contriv'd and manag'd, in better Verſe, and with
" more Judgment, than I could teach others.

" I gave the unknown Author his due Commen-
" dation, I muſt confeſs: But who can anſwer
" for me, and for the reſt of the Poets who heard
" me read the Poem, whether we ſhould not have
" been better pleaſed, to have ſeen our own Names
" at the Bottom of the Title-Page? Perhaps we
" commended it the more, that we might ſeem to
" be above the Cenſure, *&c.*"

DRYDEN, *Ibid.*

" THIS is but doing Juſtice to my Country; Part
" of which Honour will reflect on your Lordſhip;
" whoſe

" whoſe Thoughts are always juſt, your Numbers " harmonious, your Words choſen, your Expreſ- " ſions ſtrong and manly, your Verſe flowing, and " your Turns as happy as they are eaſy. If you " would ſet us more Copies, your Example would " make all Precepts needleſs. In the mean time, " that little you have writ is owned, and that par- " ticularly by the Poets (who are a Nation not " over-laviſh of Praiſe to their Contemporaries) as " a particular Ornament of our Language: But the " ſweeteſt Eſſences are always confined in the " ſmalleſt Glaſſes."

DRYDEN, *Dedication to* AURENGEZEB.

How great and manly in your Lordſhip, is your Contempt of popular Applauſe; and your retired Virtue, which ſhines only to a few; with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the Tenderneſs of Friendſhip, and that you only retire yourſelf from thoſe, who are not capable of returning it! Your Kindneſs, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happineſs in your Love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an Argument, on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell; I mean your Judgment in

in your Choice of Friends; becauſe I have the Honour to be one. After which, I am ſure you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent, in the Care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have reſcu'd, not only from the Power of others, but from my worſt of Enemies, my own Modeſty and Lazineſs. Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deſerving Subject, had been an Effect of Juſtice in your Nature; but as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet withal, 'tis conferred on ſuch a Man, as prefers your Kindneſs itſelf, before any of its Conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your Favours, thoſe of your Love, and of your Converſation. From this Conſtancy to your Friends, I might reaſonably aſſume, that your Reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting, if they were not reſtrained by a nobler Principle of Good-nature and Generoſity. For certainly, 'tis the ſame Compoſition of Mind, the ſame Reſolution and Courage, which makes the greateſt Friendſhips, and the greateſt Enmities. To this Firmneſs in all your Actions (tho' you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the Intereſt your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is conſtant to himſelf, and ſteady in all his Undertakings; one with whom the Character of HORACE will agree,

Si

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,

Such a one cannot but place an Eſteem, and repoſe a Confidence on him, whom no Adverſity, no Change of Courts, no Bribery of Intereſt, or Cabal of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the ſolid Foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit, ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro.

How well your Lordſhip will deſerve that Praiſe, I need no Inſpiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: Your early Undertakings have been ſuch, in the Service of your King and Country, when you offer'd yourſelf to the moſt dangerous Employment, that of the Sea: when you choſe to abandon thoſe Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the Hazards, and, which was worſe, the Company of common Seamen; that you have made it evident, you will refuſe no Opportunity of rendring yourſelf uſeful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct ſhall be required.

Biſhop BURNET, *Preface to Sir* T. MORE's Utopia

OUR Language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly ſince the Cor-

Correction that was given by the *Rehearſal*: And it is to be hoped that the *Eſſay on Poetry*, which may be well match'd with the beſt Pieces of its kind that even AUGUSTUS's Age produced, will have a more powerful Operation; if clear Senſe, joined with home, but gentle Reproofs, can work more on our Writers, than that unmerciful expoſing of 'em has done.

ADDISON, *Spectator*, N° 253.

WE have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the ſame Nature, and each of them a Maſter-piece in its kind: The *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe*, the *Eſſay on Poetry*, and the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*.

Lord LANSDOWN, *Eſſay on Unnatural Flights*, &c.

ROSCOMMON firſt, then MULGRAVE roſe, like Light,
To clear our Darkneſs, and to guide our Flight:
With ſteady Judgment, and in lofty Sounds,
They gave us Patterns, and they ſet us Bounds.
The STAGYRITE and HORACE laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign Guide:
Who ſeek from Poetry a laſting Name,
May from their Leſſons learn the Road to Fame.

PRIOR, Alma, *Cant.* 2.

Happy the Poet! bleſt the Lays!
Which BUCKINGHAM has deign'd to praiſe.

GARTH,

GARTH, *Diſpenſary.*

Now *Tyber's* Streams no courtly GALLUS ſee,
But ſmiling *Thames* enjoys his NORMANBY.

POPE, *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

Yet ſome there were among the ſounder few,
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient Cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws.
Such was the Muſe, whoſe Rules and Practice tell,
Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well.

POPE, *Miſcellanies.*

Muſe, 'tis enough; at length thy Labour ends:
And thou ſhalt live; for BUCKINGHAM commends.
Let Crowds of Criticks now my Verſe aſſail,
Let D——s write, and nameleſs Numbers rail.
This more than pays whole Years of thankleſs Pain,
Time, Health, and Fortune, are not loſt in vain:
SHEFFIELD approves; conſenting PHOEBUS bends;
And I and Malice from this Hour are Friends.

THE

THE

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THE

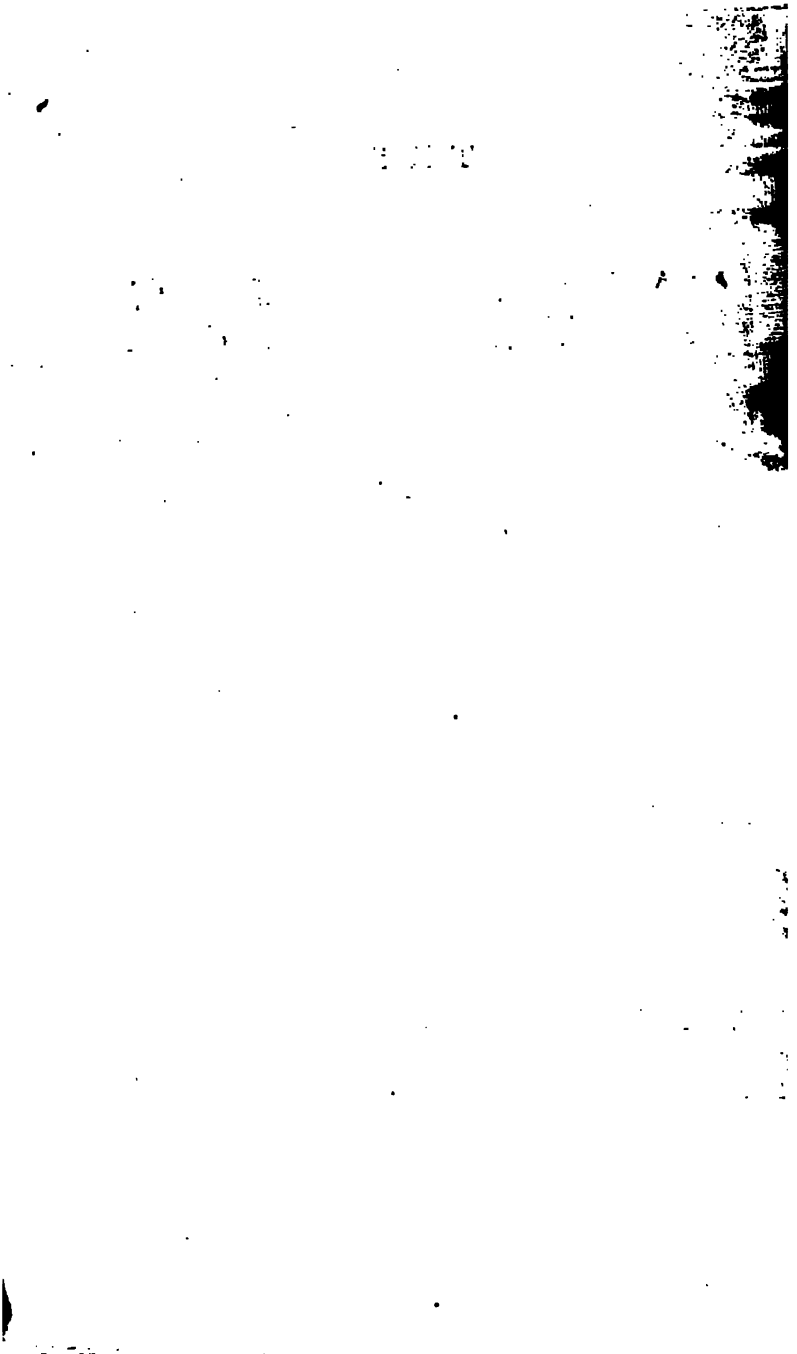
THE

TEMPLE

OF

DEATH.

In Imitation of the FRENCH.



THE

TEMPLE of *DEATH.*

IN thoſe cold Climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tçars;
A diſmal Vale lies in a deſart Iſle,
On which indulgent Heav'n did never ſmile.

There a thick Grove of aged Cypreſs Trees,
Which none without an awful Horror ſees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-preſaging Birds receives.
Poiſons are all the Plants that Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Seaſon there.
Millions of Graves o'erſpread the ſpacious Field,
And Springs of Blood a thouſand Rivers yield;
Whoſe Streams, oppreſs'd with Carcaſſes and Bones,
Inſtead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple ſtands,
Old as the World itſelf, which it commands;
Round is its Figure; and four Iron Gates
Divide Mankind, by Order of the Fates.
Thither, in Crouds, come to one common Grave
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
Old Age and Pains, thoſe Evils Man deplores,
Are rigid Keepers of th' eternal Doors;
All clad in mournful Blacks, which ſadly load
The ſacred Walls of this obſcure Abode:

And

And Tapers, of a pitchy Subſtance made,
With Clouds of Smoke increaſe the diſmal Shade.
A Monſter void of Reaſon and of Sight,
The Goddeſs is, who ſways this Realm of Night:
Her Pow'r extends o'er all things that have Breath,
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.
The faireſt Object of our wond'ring Eyes
Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice;
Th' adjoining Places where the Altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair ALMERIA's Blood.
When griev'd ORONTES, whoſe unhappy Flame
Is known to all who e'er converſe with Fame,
His Mind poſſeſs'd by Fury and Deſpair,
Within the ſacred Temple made this Prayer:
Great Deity! Who in thy Hands do'ſt bear
That Iron Scepter which poor Mortals fear;
Who, wanting Eyes thyſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the Laurel, nor the Crown!
O thou, whom all Mankind in vain withſtand,
Each of whoſe Blood muſt one day ſtain thy Hand!

O thou, who ev'ry Eye that ſees the Light,
Cloſeſt for ever in the Shades of Night!
Goddeſs, attend, and hearken to my Grief,
To which thy Pow'r alone can give Relief.
Alas! I ask not to defer my Fate,
But wiſh my hapleſs Life a ſhorter Date;
And that the Earth would in its Bowels hide
A Wretch, whom Heav'n invades on ev'ry Side:
That from the Sight of Day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my Love.
Thou only Comforter of Minds oppreſs'd;
The Port where weary'd Spirits are at reſt;
Conductor to *Elyſium*, take my Life;
My Breaſt I offer to thy ſacred Knife:
So juſt a Grace refuſe not, nor deſpiſe
A willing, tho' a worthleſs Sacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal State forgot)
Before thy Altars are not to be brought
Without Conſtraint; the Noiſe of dying Rage,
Heaps of the Slain of ev'ry Sex and Age,

The Blade all reeking in the Gore it ſhed,
With ſever'd Heads and Arms confus'dly ſpread;
The rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
The Groans of Wretches ready to expire:
This Tragick Scene in Terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd, which they ſhould freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have,
Their Fears eclipſe the Glory of their Grave:
Before thy Face they make indecent Moan,
And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one:
Thy Flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breaſt,
And he a Murderer, who was a Prieſt.
But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt Forces call,
And on my Head let all the Tempeſt fall;
No mean Retreat ſhall any Weakneſs ſhow,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal Blow;
My Limbs not trembling, in my Mind no Fear,
Plaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.
Think not that Time, our wonted ſure Relief,
That univerſal Cure for ev'ry Grief,

Whoſe Aid ſo many Lovers oft have found,
With like Succeſs can ever heal my Wound:
Too weak the Pow'r of Nature, or of Art,
Nothing but Death can eaſe a broken Heart.
And that thou may'ſt behold my helpleſs State,
Learn the extremeſt Rigour of my Fate.

Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous Train,
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain,
(The faireſt Town, the largeſt, and the beſt)
The fair ALMERIA ſhin'd above the reſt.
From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeleſs Flame,
Was of our Youth the moſt ambitious Aim;
Her Chains were Marks of Honour to the Brave,
She made a Prince whene'er ſhe made a Slave.
Love, under whoſe tyrannick Pow'r I groan,
Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown;
Her tim'rous Charms, and her unpractis'd Look,
Their firſt Aſſurance from my Conqueſt took;
By wounding me ſhe learn'd the fatal Art,
And the firſt Sigh ſhe had was from my Heart:

My

My Eyes with Tears moiſt'ning her ſnowy Arms,
Render'd the Tribute owing to her Charms.
But, as I ſooneſt of all Mortals paid
My Vows, and to her Beauty Altars made;
So, among all thoſe Slaves that ſigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my Chain.
Love's heavy Burden my ſubmiſſive Heart
Endur'd not long, before ſhe bore her Part;
My vi'olent Flame melted her frozen Breaſt,
And in ſoft Sighs her Pity ſhe expreſs'd;
Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,
And her fair Hands ſuſtain'd me in my Chains:
Ev'n Tears of Pity waited on my Moan,
And tender Looks were caſt on me alone.
My Hopes and Dangers were leſs mine than hers,
Thoſe fill'd her Soul with Joys, and theſe with Fears:
Our Hearts, united, had the ſame Deſires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient Fires.

Too

Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched Maſter kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not Poſſeſſor of her Charms,
Let me not find her languiſh in my Arms;
Paſt Joys are now my Fancy's mournful Themes;
Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams:
Let not ſuch Bliſs before my Eyes be brought;
O hide thoſe Scenes from my tormenting Thought;
And in their Place diſdainful Beauty ſhow;
If thou would'ſt not be cruel, make her ſo:
And, ſomething to abate my deep Deſpair,
O let her ſeem leſs gentle, or leſs fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded Mind;
Never was Nymph ſo lovely, or ſo kind:
No cold Repulſes my Deſires ſuppreſs'd;
I ſeldom ſigh'd, but on ALMERIA's Breaſt:
Of all the Paſſions which Mankind deſtroy,
I only felt Exceſs of Love and Joy:
Unnumber'd Pleaſures charm'd my Senſe, and they
Were, as my Love, without the leaſt Allay.

As

As pure, alas! but not ſo ſure to laſt,
For, like a pleaſing Dream, they all are paſt.
From Heav'n her Beauties like fierce Lightnings came,
Which break thro' Darkneſs with a glorious Flame;
Awhile they ſhine, awhile our Minds amaze,
Our wondring Eyes are dazled with the Blaze;
But Thunder follows, whoſe reſiſtleſs Rage
None can withſtand, and nothing can aſſuage;
And all that Light which thoſe bright Flaſhes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When I had juſt begun Love's Joys to taſte,
(Thoſe full Rewards for Fears and Dangers paſt)
A Fever ſeiz'd her, and to Nothing brought
The richeſt Work that ever Nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain ſtand;
The firmeſt Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand:
Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,
And no Beginning is without an End.
A Sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all,
And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall:

Time,

Time, whoſe bold Hand will bring alike to Duſt
Mankind, and Temples too in which they truſt.
Her waſted Spirits now begin to faint,
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
And in her Heart as in a Fort remains;
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs Pains.
Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
Through all her Veins makes his delightful Way,
Her Fate's like SEMELE's; the Flames deſtroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roſes, and the Lilies fade;
Her Skin has loſt that Luſtre which ſurpaſs'd
The Sun's, and well deſerv'd as long to laſt:
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardeſt Hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their Flames and Darts;
Thoſe Stars now heavily and ſlowly move;
And Sickneſs triumphs in the Throne of Love.
The Fever ev'ry Moment more prevails,
Its Rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails:

She,

She, whoſe Diſdain ſo many Lovers prove,
Sighs now for Torment, as they ſigh for Love,
And with loud Cries, which rend the neighb'ring Air,
Wounds my ſad Heart, and wakens my Deſpair.
Both Men and Gods I charge now with my Loſs,
And, wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other croſs;
My Heart and Tongue labour in both Extremes,
This ſends up humble Pray'rs, while that blaſphemes:
I ask their Help, whoſe Malice I defy,
And mingle Sacrilege with Piety.
But, that which muſt yet more perplex my Mind,
To love her truly, I muſt ſeem unkind:
So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,
I muſt reſtrain unruly Floods of Tears.
My Eyes and Tongue put on diſſembling Forms,
I ſhew a Calmneſs in the Midſt of Storms;
I ſeem to hope when all my Hopes are gone,
And almoſt dead with Grief, diſcover none.
But who can long deceive a loving Eye,
Or with dry Eyes behold his Miſtreſs die?

When Paſſion had with all its Terrors brought
Th' approaching Danger nearer to my Thought,
Off on a ſudden fell the forc'd Diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd a ſighing Heart in weeping Eyes:
My Apprehenſions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my Mind.
The Fair afflicted ſoon perceives my Tears,
Explains my Sighs, and thence concludes my Fears:
With ſad Preſages of her hopeleſs Caſe,
She reads her Fate in my dejected Face;
Then feels my Torment, and neglects her own,
While I am ſenſible of hers alone;
Each does the other's Burthen kindly bear,
I fear her Death, and ſhe bewails my Fear:
Tho' thus we ſuffer under Fortune's Darts,
'Tis only thoſe of Love which reach our Hearts.
Mean while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,
Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears:
Thoſe vain Effects of our as vain Deſire,
Like Wind and Oil, increaſe the fatal Fire.

ALMERIA

ALMERIA then, feeling the Deſtinies
About to ſhut her Lips, and cloſe her Eyes;
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling Hand,
And with theſe Words I ſcarce could underſtand,
Her Paſſion in a dying Voice expreſs'd
Half, and her Sighs, alas! made out the reſt.
'Tis paſt; this Pang —— Nature gives o'er the Strife;
Thou muſt thy Miſtreſs loſe, and I my Life.
I die; but dying thine, the Fates may prove
Their Conqueſt over me, but not my Love:
Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,
In ſpite of Death itſelf ſhall ſtill remain.
Deareſt ORONTES, my hard Fate denies,
That Hope is the laſt Thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd Breaſt all thoſe ſoft Thoughts are fled,
And Love ſurvives it, tho' my Hope is dead;
I yield my Life, but keep my Paſſion yet,
And can all Thoughts, but of ORONTES, quit;

My

My Flame increaſes as my Strength decays;
Death, which puts out the Light, the Heat will raiſe:
That ſtill remains, tho' I from hence remove;
I loſe my Lover, but I keep my Love.

The Sigh which ſent forth that laſt tender Word,
Up tow'rds the Heav'ns like a bright Meteor ſoar'd;
And the kind Nymph, not yet bereft of Charms,
Fell cold and breathleſs in her Lover's Arms.

Goddeſs, who now my Fate haſt underſtood,
Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood:
Here let me end the Story of my Cares;
My diſmal Grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou by all this Miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy Aid:
Thus to ſurvive, Reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad Wiſhes had ſo juſt a Cauſe.

Come then, my only Hope; in ev'ry Place
Thou viſiteſt, Men tremble at thy Face,
And fear thy Name: Once let thy fatal Hand
Fall on a Swain that does the Blow demand

Vouchſafe thy Dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou do'ſt unwilling Kings depoſe:
A welcome Death the ſlighteſt Wound can bring,
And free a Soul already on her Wing.
Without thy Aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

ODE *on* LOVE.

ET others Songs or Satires write,
Provok'd by *Vanity* or *Spite*;
My Muſe a nobler Cauſe ſhall move,
To ſound aloud the Praiſe of *Love*:

That

That gentle, yet reſiſtleſs Heat,
Which raiſes Man to all things good and great:
While other Paſſions of the Mind
To low Brutality debaſe Mankind,
By Love we are above ourſelves refin'd.
Oh Love, thou Trance divine! in which the Soul,
Unclogg'd with worldly Cares, may range without Controul;
And ſoaring to her Heav'n, from thence inſpir'd can teach
High Myſteries, above poor Reaſon's feeble Reach.

II.

To weak old Age *Prudence* ſome Aid may prove,
And curb thoſe Appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous Youth is tam'd by nothing leſs than Love.
Of Men too rough for Peace, too rude for Arts,
Love's Pow'r can penetrate the hardeſt Hearts;

And through the cloſeſt Pores a Paſſage find,
Like that of Light, to ſhine all o'er the Mind.
The Want of Love does both Extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and Men as much too looſe;
While equal Good an am'rous Couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind.
New Charms in vain a Lover's Faith would prove;
Hermits or Bed-rid Men they'll ſooner move:
The fair Inveigler will but ſadly find,
There's no ſuch Eunuch as a Man in Love.
But when by his chaſte Nymph embrac'd,
(For Love makes all Embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported Creature can
Do Wonders, and is more than Man.
Both Heav'n and Earth would our Deſires confine;
But yet in vain both Heav'n and Earth combine,
Unleſs where Love bleſſes the great Deſign.
Hymen makes faſt the Hand, but Love the Heart;
He the Fool's God, thou Nature's *Hymen* art;

V

Whoſe Laws once broke, we are not held by Force,
But the falſe Breach itſelf is a Divorce.

III.

For Love the Miſer will his Gold deſpiſe,
The Falſe grow faithful, and the Fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the Young, and complaiſant the Old,
The Cruel gentle, and the Coward bold.
Thou glorious Sun within our Souls,
Whoſe Influence ſo much controuls;
Ev'n dull and heavy Lumps of Love,
Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
And if their Heads but any Subſtance hold,
Love ripens all that Droſs into the pureſt Gold.
In Heav'n's great Work thy Part is ſuch,
That maſter-like thou giv'ſt the laſt great Touch
To Heav'n's own Maſter-piece of Man;
And finiſheſt what Nature but began:
Thy happy Stroke can into Softneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.

From

From Childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater Children ev'ry Day:
So, Reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many Cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a Precipice.
From *Senſe* to *Reaſon* unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when *Reaſon* turns to *Love.*

IV.

Thou reigneſt o'er our earthly Gods;
Uncrown'd by thee, their other Crowns are Loads;
One Beauty's Smile their meaneſt Courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy Kings;
His Fellow Slaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by Love perhaps much leſs than he,
For Love, the tim'rous baſhful Maid
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For Love ſhe overcomes her Shame,
Forſakes her Fortune, and forgets her Fame;
Yet, if but with a conſtant Lover bleſt,
Thanks Heav'n for that, and never minds the reſt.

V. Love

V.

Love is the Salt of Life; a higher Taſte
It gives to Pleaſure, and then makes it laſt.
Thoſe ſlighted Favours which cold Nymphs diſpenſe,
Mere common Counters of the Senſe,
Defective both in Mettle and in Meaſure,
A Lover's Fancy coins into a Treaſure.
How vaſt the Subject! What a boundleſs Store
Of bright Ideas, ſhining all before
The Muſes Sight, forbids me to give o'er!
But the kind God incites us various Ways,
And now I find him all my Ardour raiſe,
His Precepts to perform, as well as praiſe.

ELEGY

TO THE

Ducheſs of *R*-----.

THOU lovely Slave to a rude Husband's Will,
By Nature us'd ſo well, by him ſo ill!
For all that Grief we ſee your Mind endure,
Your Glaſs preſents you with a pleaſing Cure.
Thoſe Maids you envy for their happier State,
To have your Form, would gladly have your Fate;
And of like Slavery each Wife complains,
Without ſuch Beauty's Help to bear her Chains.
Husbands like Him we ev'ry-where may ſee;
But where can we behold a Wife like Thee?
While to a Tyrant you by Fate are ty'd,
By Love you tyrannize o'er all beſide:

Tho

Thoſe Eyes, tho' weeping, can no Pity move;
Worthy our Grief! More worthy of our Love!
You, while ſo fair (do Fortune what ſhe pleaſe)
Can be no more in Pain, than we at Eaſe:
Unleſs, unſatisfied with all our Vows,
Your vain Ambition ſo unbounded grows,
That you repine a Husband ſhould eſcape
Th' united Force of ſuch a Face and Shape.
If ſo, alas! for all thoſe charming Pow'rs,
Your Caſe is juſt as deſperate as ours.
Expect that Birds ſhould only ſing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry Tree ſhould bow;
Expect thoſe Statues, as you paſs, ſhould burn;
And that with Wonder Men ſhould Statues turn;
Such Beauty is enough to give Things Life,
But not to make a Husband lo[illegible] his Wife:
A Husband, wor[illegible] than Sta[illegible] than Trees;
Colder than t[illegible] ſenſi[illegible] ſe.
Then from ſo [illegible] you [illegible] move
And waſte not [illegible]

'Tis Pity, Sighs from ſuch a Breaſt ſhould part,
Unleſs to eaſe ſome doubtful Lover's Heart;
Who dies becauſe he muſt too juſtly prize
What yet the dull Poſſeſſor does deſpiſe.
Thus precious Jewels among *Indians* grow,
Who nor their Uſe, nor wondrous Value know;
But we for thoſe bright Treaſures tempt the Main,
And hazard Life for what the Fools diſdain.

A LET-

A LETTER *from* SEA.

FAireſt, if Time and Abſence can incline
Your Heart to wand'ring Thoughts no more
than mine;
Then ſhall my Hand, as changeleſs as my Mind,
From your glad Eyes a kindly Welcome find;
Then, while this Note my Conſtancy aſſures,
You'll be almoſt as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And truſt me, when I feel that kind Relief,
Abſence itſelf awhile ſuſpends its Grief:
So may it do with you, but ſtraight return;
For it were cruel not ſometimes to mourn
His Fate, who this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the Night, and ſighs out all the Day;

Grieving

Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Muſt not be happy, or muſt not be true.
But ſince to me it ſeems a blacker Fate
To be inconſtant, than unfortunate;
Remember all thoſe Vows between us paſt,
When I from all I value parted laſt;
May you alike with kind Impatience burn,
And ſomething miſs, till I with Joy return;
And ſoon may pitying Heav'n that Bleſſing give,
As in the Hopes of that alone I live.

Love's

Love's Slavery.

GRAVE Fops my Envy now beget,
Who did my Pity move;
They, by the Right of wanting Wit,
Are free from Cares of Love.

Turks honour Fools, becauſe they are
By that Defect ſecure
From Slavery and Toils of War,
Which all the reſt endure.

So I, who ſuffer cold Neglect
And Wounds from CELIA's Eyes,
Begin extremely to reſpect
Theſe Fools that ſeem ſo wiſe.

'Tis

'Tis true, they fondly ſet their Hearts
On things of no Delight;
To paſs all Day for Men of Parts,
They paſs alone the Night:

But CELIA never breaks their Reſt;
Such Servants ſhe diſdains;
And ſo the Fops are dully bleſt,
While I endure her Chains.

The

The DREAM.

READY to throw me at the Feet
Of that fair Nymph whom I adore,
Impatient thoſe Delights to meet,
Which I enjoy'd the Night before;

By her wonted ſcornful Brow,
Soon the fond Miſtake I find;
IXION mourn'd his Error ſo,
When JUNO's Form the Cloud reſign'd.

Sleep, to make its Charms more priz'd
Than waking Joys, which moſt prevail,
Had cunningly itſelf diſguis'd
In a Shape that could not fail.

There my CELIA's ſnowy Arms,
Breaſts, and other Parts more dear,
Expoſing new and unknown Charms,
To my tranſported Soul appear.

Then

Then you ſo much Kindneſs ſhow,
My Deſpair deluded flies;
And indulgent Dreams beſtow
What your Cruelty denies.

Bluſh not that your Image Love
Naked to my Fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to diſapprove
The Joys I feel without your Fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd Bliſs
Can ſuch Griefs as mine remove;
That Honour as fantaſtick is,
Which makes you ſlight ſuch conſtant Love.

The Virtue which you value ſo,
Is but a Fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is ſolid here below,
Except my Love, and your Diſdain.

To one who accuſed him of being too ſenſual in his Love.

THINK not, my Fair, 'tis Sin or Shame,
To bleſs the Man who ſo adores;
Nor give ſo hard, unjuſt a Name,
To all thoſe Favours he implores.
Beauty is Heav'n's moſt bounteous Gift eſteem'd,
Becauſe by Love Men are from Vice redeem'd.

Yet wiſh not vainly for a Love
From all the Force of Nature clear;
That is reſerv'd for thoſe above,
And 'tis a Fault to claim it here.
For ſenſual Joys ye ſcorn that we ſhould love ye;
But Love without 'em is as much above ye.

The WARNING.

LOVERS, who waſte your Thoughts and Youth
In Paſſion's fond Extremes;
Who dream of Womens Love and Truth,
And doat upon your Dreams:

I ſhould not here your Fancy take
From ſuch a pleaſing State,
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
And find your Fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns
Our Cares, is all but Wiles;
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtick Frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling Smiles.

With

With Anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel Tyrants prove;
And then turn Flatterers again,
With as affected Love.

As if ſome Injury were meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe Lovers are the moſt content,
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since each has in his Boſom nurſt
A falſe and fawning Foe;
'Tis juſt and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal Blow.

To AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out againſt your Eyes,
You took the ſureſt Courſe
A Heart unwary to ſurprize,
You ne'er could take by Force.

However, tho' I ſtrive no more,
The Fort will now be priz'd;
Which, if ſurrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been deſpis'd.

But, gentle AMORETTA, tho'
I cannot Love reſiſt,
Think not, when you have caught me ſo,
To uſe me as you liſt.

Incon-

Inconſtancy or Coldneſs will
My fooliſh Heart reclaim:
Then I come off with Honour ſtill,
But you, alas! with Shame.

A Heart by Kindneſs only gain'd,
Will a dear Conqueſt prove;
And, to be kept, muſt be maintain'd
At vaſt Expence of Love.

The VENTURE.

OH, how I languiſh! What a ſtrange
Unruly fierce Deſire!
My Spirits feel ſome wondrous Change,
My Heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiſer Thoughts, away,
In vain your Tale ye tell
Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay,
Love's foppiſh Part; farewel.

Suppoſe one Week's Delay would give
All that my Wiſhes move;
Oh, who ſo long a Time can live,
Stretch'd on the Rack of Love?

Her

Her Soul perhaps is too ſublime,
To like ſuch ſlaviſh Fear;
Diſcretion, Prudence, all is Crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When Honour does the Soldier call
To ſome unequal Fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to fall,
Before his Gen'ral's Sight;

Advanc'd the happy Hero lives;
Or if ill Fate denies,
The noble Raſhneſs Heav'n forgives,
And glorioufly he dies,

Inconſtancy Excuſed.

SONG.

I Muſt confeſs, I am untrue
To GLORIANA's Eyes;
But he that's ſmil'd upon by you,
Muſt all the World deſpiſe.

In Winter, Fires of little Worth
Excite our dull Deſire;
But when the Sun breaks kindly forth,
Thoſe fainter Flames expire.

Then

Then blame me not for ſlighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one Change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing Charms,
Till I with Age decay,
Till languiſhing within your Arms,
I ſigh my Soul away.

SONG.

SONG.

OH, conceal that charming Creature
From my wondring, wiſhing Eyes!
Ev'ry Motion, ev'ry Feature
Does ſome raviſh'd Heart ſurprize;
But oh, I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy Swain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, ſure, a Thing below her,
Still to pity ſo much Pain.

The Gods ſome Pleaſure, Pleaſure take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their Sake.

Since your Hand alone was giv'n
To a Wretch not worth your Care;
Like ſome Angel ſent from Heav'n,
Come and raiſe me from Deſpair!
Your Heart I cannot, cannot miſs,
And I deſire no other Bliſs;
Let all the World beſides be His.

DESPAIR.

ALL hopeleſs of Relief,
Incapable of Reſt,
In vain I ſtrive to vent a Grief
That's not to be expreſt.

This Rage within my Veins
No Reaſon can remove;
Of all the Mind's moſt cruel Pains,
The ſharpeſt, ſure, is Love.

Yet while I languiſh ſo,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair Cauſe of all my Woe,
What Fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful,

Ungrateful, cruel Faults
Suit not thy gentle Sex;
Hereafter, how will guilty Thoughts
Thy tender Conſcience vex!

When welcome Death ſhall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My Soul enlarg'd, and once on Wing,
In haſte will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely Bed,
My Ghoſt its Moan ſhall make,
With ſaddeſt Signs that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear Sake.

Struck with that conſcious Blow,
Thy very Soul will ſtart;
Pale as my Shadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy Heart.

Too late Remorſe will then
  Untimely Pity ſhow
To him, who of all mortal Men
  Did moſt thy Value know.

Yet, with this broken Heart,
  I wiſh thou never be
Tormented with the thouſandth Part
  Of what I feel for thee.

On

On Apprehenſion of loſing what he had newly gain'd.

In Imitation of OVID.

SURE I of all Men am the firſt
That ever was by Kindneſs curſt,
Who muſt my only Bliſs bemoan,
And am by Happineſs undone.
Had I at Diſtance only ſeen
That lovely Face, I might have been
With the delightful Object pleas'd,
But not with all this Paſſion ſeiz'd.
When afterwards ſo near I came,
As to be ſcorch'd in Beauty's Flame;

To

To ſo much Softneſs, ſo much Senſe,
Reaſon itſelf made no Defence.
What pleaſing Thoughts poſſeſs'd my Mind
When little Favours ſhew'd you kind!
And tho', when Coldneſs oft prevail'd,
My Heart would ſink, and Spirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the Yoke I bore,
And all your Chains as Bracelets wore:
At your lov'd Feet all Day would lie,
Deſiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet bleſt within your Arms,
Who could have thought of half your Charms?
Charms of ſuch a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, muſt not find,
A Body worthy of your Mind:
Fancy could ne'er ſo high reflect,
Nor Love itſelf ſuch Joys expect.
After ſuch Embraces paſt,
Whoſe Memory will ever laſt,

Love

Love is ſtill reflecting back:
All my Soul is on a Rack:
To be in Hell 's ſufficient Curſe,
But to fall from Heav'n is worſe.
I liv'd in Grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in Darkneſs too.
Of Gains, alas! I could not boaſt;
But little thought how much I loſt.
Now Heart-devouring Eagerneſs,
And ſharp Impatience to poſſeſs;
Now reſtleſs Cares, conſuming Fires,
Anxious Thoughts, and fierce Deſires,
Tear my Heart to that Degree,
For ever fix'd on only Thee:
Then all my Comfort is, I ſhall
Live in thy Arms, or not at all.

The Reconcilement.

SONG.

COME, let us now reſolve at laſt
To live and love in Quiet;
We'll tie the Knot ſo very faſt,
That Time ſhall ne'er untie it.

The trueſt Joys they ſeldom prove,
Who free from Quarrels live;
'Tis the moſt tender Part of Love,
Each other to forgive.

When

When leaſt I ſeem'd concern'd, I took
No Pleaſure, nor no Reſt;
And when I feign'd an angry Look,
Alas! I lov'd you beſt.

Own but the ſame to me, you'll find
How bleſt will be our Fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure, never is too late.

SONG.

FROM all uneaſy Paſſions free,
Revenge, Ambition, Jealouſy,
Contented I had been too bleſt,
If Love and you had let me reſt.
Yet that dull Life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your Eyes,
I fear'd no Griefs, but then I found no Joys.

Amidſt a thouſand kind Deſires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inſpires;
Such Pangs I feel of tender Fear,
No Heart ſo ſoft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worſt of Harms:
Such are your Charms,
'Tis worth a Life to die within your Arms.

To

To a Coquet Beauty.

FROM Wars and Plagues come no ſuch Harms,
As from a Nymph ſo full of Charms;
So much Sweetneſs in her Face,
In her Motions ſuch a Grace,
In her kind inviting Eyes
Such a ſoft Enchantment lies;
That we pleaſe ourſelves too ſoon,
And are with empty Hopes undone.
After all her Softneſs, we
Are but Slaves, while ſhe is free;
Free, alas! from all Deſire,
Except to ſet the World on Fire.
Thou, fair Diſſembler, doſt but thus
Deceive thyſelf, as well as us.

Like a reſtleſs Monarch, thou
Would'ſt rather force Mankind to bow,
And venture round the World to roam,
Than govern peaceably at Home.
But truſt me, CELIA, truſt me, when
APOLLO's Self inſpires my Pen;
One Hour of Love's Delights outweighs
Whole Years of univerſal Praiſe;
And one Adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer Joys than Crouds refus'd.
For what does Youth and Beauty ſerve?
Why more than all your Sex deſerve?
Why ſuch ſoft alluring Arts
To charm our Eyes, and melt our Hearts?
By our Loſs you nothing gain:
Unleſs you love, you pleaſe in vain.

The RELAPSE.

LIKE Children in a ſtarry Night,
When I beheld thoſe Eyes before,
I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight,
Inſenſible of all their Pow'r.

I play'd about the Flame ſo long,
At laſt I felt the ſcorching Fire;
My Hopes were weak, my Paſſion ſtrong,
And I lay dying with Deſire.

By all the Helps of human Art,
I juſt recover'd ſo much Senſe,
As to avoid, with heavy Heart,
The fair, but fatal Influence.

But, ſince you ſhine away Deſpair,
And now my Sighs no longer ſhun,
No *Perſian* in his zealous Pray'r
So much adores the riſing Sun.

If once again my Vows diſpleaſe,
There never was ſo loſt a Lover;
In Love, that languiſhing Diſeaſe,
A ſad Relapſe we ne'er recover.

The RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languiſhing I lay,
A Stranger grown to all Delight,
Paſſing with tedious Thoughts the Day,
And with unquiet Dreams the Night.

For your dear Sake, my only Care
Was how my fatal Love to hide;
For ever drooping with Deſpair,
Neglecting all the World beſide:

Till, like ſome Angel from above,
CORNELIA came to my Relief;
And then I found the Joys of Love
Can make Amends for all the Grief.

Thoſe

Thoſe pleaſing Hopes I now purſue,
Might fail, if you could prove unjuſt;
But Promiſes from Heav'n and you,
Who is ſo impious to miſtruſt?

Here all my Doubts and Troubles end;
One tender Word my Soul aſſures;
Nor am I vain, ſince I depend
Not on my own Deſert, but yours.

The

The CONVERT.

DEjected, as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd,
So, faireſt! at your Feet I lie,
Of all my Sex's Faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and ſacred Flame,
And that divineſt Pow'r have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle Name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A Crime which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair Excuſe.

I then did vulgar Joys purſue,
Variety was all my Bliſs;
But ignorant of Love and You,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wandring Eyes
Seek out Amuſements as before;
If e'er I look, but to deſpiſe
Such Charms, and value yours the more;

May ſad Remorſe, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I loſe all in loſing thee.

The PICTURE.

In Imitation of *Anacreon.*

THOU Flatterer of all the Fair,
Come with all your Skill and Care;
Draw me ſuch a Shape and Face,
As your Flatt'ry would diſgrace.
Wiſh not that ſhe would appear;
'Tis well for you ſhe is not here;
Scarce can you with Safety ſee
All her Charms deſcrib'd by me:
I, alas! the Danger know;
I, alas! have felt the Blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former Days,
That never ſung of CELIA's Praiſe;

And

And thoſe few that are behind
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find,
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.
With her tempting Eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw Angels in
To a ſecond, ſweeter Sin.
Oh, thoſe wanton rolling Eyes!
At each Glance a Lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing;
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next, draw her Forehead; then her Noſe,
And Lips juſt op'ning, that diſcloſe
Teeth ſo bright, and Breath ſo ſweet,
So much Beauty, ſo much Wit,
To our very Soul they ſtrike,
All our Senſes pleas'd alike.
But ſo pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be ſaid:
What are Words in ſuch a Caſe?
What is Paint to ſuch a Face?

How

How ſhould either Art avail us?
Fancy here itſelf muſt fail us.
In her Looks, and in her Mien,
Such a graceful Air is ſeen,
That if you, with all your Art,
Can but reach the ſmalleſt Part;
Next to her, the matchleſs She,
We ſhall wonder moſt at Thee.
Then her Neck, and Breaſts, and Hair,
And her ------ but my charming Fair
Does in a thouſand things excel,
Which I muſt not, dare not tell.
How go on then? oh! I ſee
A lovely VENUS drawn by thee;
Oh how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet ſeem more divine,
Your VENUS then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright Form if once you ſaw,
You by her would VENUS draw.

On Don ALONZO's *being killed in* Portugal, *upon Account of the* Infanta, *in the Year* 1683.

IN ſuch a Cauſe no Muſe ſhould fail
To bear a mournful Part;
'Tis juſt and noble to bewail
The Fate of fall'n Deſert.

In vain ambitious Hopes deſign'd
To make his Soul aſpire,
If Love and Beauty had not join'd,
To raiſe a brighter Fire.

Amidſt

Amidſt ſo many dang'rous Foes
How weak the wiſeſt prove!
Reaſon itſelf would ſcarce oppoſe,
And ſeems agreed with Love.

If from the glorious Height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright Beauty calls,
An Empire is the Prize.

The SURPRIZE.

SAFELY perhaps dull Crowds admire;
But I, alas! am all on Fire.
Like him who thought in Childhood paſt
That dire Diſeaſe which kill'd at laſt,
I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the Danger o'er;
Had felt the Pangs of jealous Pain,
And born the Blaſts of cold Diſdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty Gains,
That full Reward of all our Pains!
But what was all ſuch Grief or Joy,
That did my heedleſs Years employ?
Mere Dreams of feign'd fantaſtick Pow'rs,
But the Diſeaſe of idle Hours;

Amuſement,

Amuſement, Humour, Affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer Paſſion,
Whoſe Raptures, bright as thoſe above,
Outſhine the Flames of Zeal or Love.
Yet think not, Faireſt, what I ſing,
Can from a Love Platonick ſpring;
That formal Softneſs (falſe and vain)
Not of the Heart, but of the Brain.
Thou art indeed above all Nature;
But I, a wretched human Creature,
Wanting thy gentle gen'rous Aid,
Of Husband, Rivals, Friends afraid!
Amidſt all this Seraphick Fire,
Am almoſt dying with Deſire,
With eager Wiſhes, ardent Thoughts,
Prone to commit Love's wildeſt Faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The luſty Patriarch did of old)
Would force a Bleſſing from thoſe Charms,
And graſp an Angel in my Arms.

A Dialogue ſung on the Stage between an elderly Shepherd, and a very young Nymph.

Shep. BRight and blooming as the Spring,
Univerſal Love inſpiring!
All our Swains thy Praiſes ſing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

Nym. Praiſes in ſo high a Strain,
And by ſuch a Shepherd ſung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet ſo harmleſs and ſo young.

Shep.

Shep. I ſhould have deſpair'd among
Rivals that appear ſo gayly:
But your Eyes have made me young,
By their ſmiling on me daily.

Nym. Idle Boys admire us blindly,
Are inconſtant, wild, and bold;
And your uſing me ſo kindly
Is a Proof you are not old.

Shep. With thy pleaſing Voice and Faſhion,
With thy Humour and thy Youth,
Chear my Soul, and crown my Paſſion:
Oh! reward my Love and Truth.

Nym. With thy careful Arts to cover
That which Fools will count a Fault,
Trueſt Friend as well as Lover,
Oh! deſerve ſo kind a Thought.

Each a Part firſt, and then both together.

Happy we ſhall lie poſſeſſing,
Folded in each other's Arms,
Love and Nature's chiefeſt Bleſſing
In the ſtill increaſing Charms.

So the deareſt Joys of Loving,
Which ſcarce Heav'n can go beyond,
We'll be ev'ry Day improving,
Shep. You more fair, and I more fond.
Nym. I more fair, and you more fond.

On

On one who died diſcovering her Kindneſs.

SOME vex their Souls with jealous Pain,
While others ſigh for cold Diſdain:
Love's various Slaves we daily ſee;
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of all Mankind, I lov'd the beſt
A Nymph ſo far above the reſt,
That we outſhin'd the Bleſt above,
In Beauty ſhe, and I in Love.

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by Mortals here,

Among themſelves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other Fate I could have born,
And ev'n endur'd her very Scorn ;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread Account! both dead and kind!
What Heart can hold? If yet I live,
'Tis but to ſhew how much I grieve.

On LUCINDA's *Death.*

COME all ye doleful, diſmal Cares,
That ever haunted guilty Mind!
The Pangs of Love when it deſpairs,
And all thoſe Stings the Jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking tho' ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

Who now have loſt ----- but oh! how much?
No Language, nothing can expreſs,
Except my Grief; for ſhe was ſuch,
That Praiſes would but make her leſs.
Yet who can ever dare to raiſe
His Voice on her, unleſs to praiſe?

Free

Free from her Sex's ſmalleſt Faults,
And fair as Womankind can be;
Tender and warm as Lover's Thoughts,
Yet cold to all the World but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only Sighs and endleſs Pains!

To

To a Lady retiring into a Monaſtery.

WHAT Breaſt but yours can hold the double Fire
Of fierce Devotion, and of fond Deſire?
Love would ſhine forth, were not your Zeal ſo bright,
Whoſe glaring Flames eclipſe his gentler Light:
Leſs ſeems the Faith that Mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over Youth and Love.

But ſhall ſome threat'ning Prieſt divide us two?
What worſe than that could all his Curſes do?
Thus with a Fright ſome have reſign'd their Breath,
And poorly dy'd only for Fear of Death.

Heav'n ſees our Paſſions with Indulgence ſtill,
And they who love well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourſelves is dear,
Should the World frown, yet what have we to fear?

Fame,

Fame, Wealth, and Pow'r, thoſe high-priz'd Gifts of Fate,
The low Concers of a leſs happy State,
Are far beneath us: Fortune's Self may take
Her Aim at us, yet no Impreſſion make;
Let Worldlings ask her Help, or fear her Harms;
We can lie ſafe, lock'd in each other's Arms,
Like the bleſt Saints, eternal Raptures know;
And ſlight thoſe Storms that vainly reſt below.

Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit;
I ſee my Ruin, and I muſt ſubmit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How loſt a Wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant Envy, mix'd with Hate and Fear,
Revenge for Wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Ev'n Zeal itſelf, from whence all Miſchiefs ſpring,
Have never done ſo barbarous a Thing.

With ſuch a Fate the Heav'ns decreed to vex
ARMIDA once, tho' of the fairer Sex;

RI-

RINALDO ſhe had charm'd with ſo much Art,
Hers was his Pow'r, his Perſon, and his Heart:
Honour's high Thoughts no more his Mind could move;
She ſooth'd his Rage, and turn'd it all to Love:
When ſtrait a Guſt of fierce Devotion blows,
And in a Moment all her Joys o'erthrows:
The poor ARMIDA tears her golden Hair,
Matchleſs till now, for Love, or for Deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad Nymph complains?
Yet you now act what TASSO only feigns;
And after all our Vows, our Sighs, our Tears,
My baniſh'd Sorrows, and your conquer'd Fears;
So many Doubts, ſo many Dangers paſt,
Viſions of Zeal muſt vanquiſh me at laſt.
Thus, in great HOMER's War, throughout the Field
Some Hero ſtill made all things mortal yield;
But when a God once took the vanquiſh'd Side,
The Weak prevail'd, and the Victorious dy'd.

The

The VISION.

Written during a Sea Voyage, when ſent to command the Forces for the Relief of Tangier.

WIthin the ſilent Shades of ſoft Repoſe,
Where Fancy's boundleſs Stream for ever flows;
Where the enfranchis'd Soul at Eaſe can play,
Tir'd with the toilſome Buſineſs of the Day;
Where Princes gladly reſt their weary Heads,
And change uneaſy Thrones for downy Beds;
Where ſeeming Joys delude deſpairing Minds,
And where ev'n Jealouſy ſome Quiet finds;
There I and Sorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my Eyes, and eas'd a ſighing Heart.

But

But here too ſoon a wretched Lover found
In deepeſt Griefs the Sleep can ne'er be ſound;
With ſtrange Surprize my troubled Fancy brings
Odd antick Shapes of wild unheard-of Things;
Diſmal and terrible they all appear,
My Soul was ſhook with an unuſual Fear.
But as when Viſions glad the Eyes of Saints,
And kind Relief attends devout Complaints,
Some beauteous Angel in bright Charms will ſhine,
And ſpreads a Glory round, that's all divine;
Juſt ſuch a bright and beauteous Form appears,
The Monſters vaniſh, and with them my Fears.
The faireſt Shape was then before me brought,
That Eyes e'er ſaw, or Fancy ever thought;
How weak are Words to ſhew ſuch Excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the Soul, as well as Senſe!
And, while our Eyes tranſporting Pleaſure find,
It ſtops not here, but ſtrikes the very Mind.
Some Angel ſpeak her Praiſe! No human Tongue,
But with its utmoſt Art muſt do her Wrong.

The

The only Woman that has Pow'r to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the Will;
Who needs no ſoft alluring Words repeat,
Nor ſtudy'd Looks of languiſhing Deceit.
Fantaſtick Beauty, always in the Wrong,
Still thinks ſome Pride muſt to its Pow'r belong;
An Air affected, and a haughty Mien;
Something that ſeems to ſay, *I would be ſeen.*
But of all Womankind this only She,
Full of its Charms, and from its Frailty free,
Deſerves ſome nobler Muſe her Fame to raiſe,
By making the whole Sex beſide, her Pyramid of Praiſe.
She, She appear'd, the Source of all my Joys;
The deareſt Care that all my Thought employs:
Gently ſhe look'd, as when I left her laſt;
When firſt ſhe ſeiz'd my Heart, and held it faſt;
When, if my Vows, alas! were made too late,
I ſaw my Doom came not from her, but Fate.
With Pity then ſhe eas'd my raging Pain,
And her kind Eyes could ſcarce from Tears refrain:

Why

Why gentle Swain, ſaid ſhe, why do you grieve
In Words I ſhould not hear, much leſs believe?
I gaze on that which is a Fault to mind,
And ought to fly the Danger which I find:
Of falſe Mankind tho' you may be the beſt,
Ye all have robb'd poor Women of their Reſt.
I ſee your Pain, and ſee it too with Grief,
Becauſe I would, yet muſt not give Relief.
Thus, for a Husband's Sake, as well as yours,
My ſcrup'lous Soul divided Pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both; for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapleſs Swain,
A Paſſion moving, but a Paſſion vain.
Not Chance, nor Time ſhall ever change my Thought:
'Tis better much to die, than do a Fault.
Oh, worſe than ever! Is it then my Doom
Juſt to ſee Heav'n, where I muſt never come?

Your ſoft Compaſſion, if not ſomething more:
Yet I remain as wretched as before:
The Wind, indeed, is fair, but ah! no Sight of Shore.
Farewell, too ſcrup'lous Fair-one; oh! farewel.
What Torments I endure, no Tongue can tell;
Thank Heav'n, my Fate tranſports me now, where I
Your Martyr may with Eaſe and Safety die.

With that I kneel'd, and ſeiz'd her trembling Hand,
While ſhe impos'd this cruel kind Command:
Live and love on; you will be true, I know;
But live then, and come back to tell me ſo:
For tho' I bluſh at this laſt guilty Breath,
I can endure that better than your Death.

Tormenting Kindneſs! Barbarous Reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!

This tender Scene my Dream repeated o'er,
Juſt as it paſs'd in real Truth before.
Methought I then fell grov'ling to the Ground,
Till on a ſudden rais'd, I wond'ring found

A ſtrange Appearance all in taintleſs White;
His Form gave Rev'rence, and his Face Delight:
Goodneſs and Greatneſs in his Eyes were ſeen;
Gentle his Look, and affable his Mien.
A kindly Notice of me thus he took:
" What mean theſe flowing Eyes, this ghaſtly Look!
" Theſe trembling Joints, this looſe diſhevel'd Hair,
" And this cold Dew, the Drops of deep Deſpair?"
With Grief and Wonder firſt my Spirits faint,
But thus, at laſt, I vented my Complaint.
Behold a Wretch whom cruel Fate has found,
And in the Depth of all Misfortune drown'd.
There ſhines a Nymph, to whom an envy'd Swain
Is ty'd in HYMEN's ceremonious Chain;
But cloy'd with Charms of ſuch a Marriage-Bed,
And fed with Manna, yet he longs for Bread;
And will, moſt Husband-like, not only range
For Love perhaps of nothing elſe but Change;
But to inferior Beauty proſtrate lies,
And courts her Love, in Scorn of FLAVIA's Eyes.

All this I knew (the Form divine reply'd)
And did but ask to have thy Temper try'd,
Which prove ſincere. Of both I know the Mind;
She is too ſcrupulous, and thou too kind:
But ſince thy fatal Love 's for ever fix'd,
Whatever Time or Abſence come betwixt;
Since thy fond Heart ev'n her Diſdain prefers
To others Love, I'll ſomething ſoften hers.
Elſe in the Search of Virtue ſhe may ſtray:
Well-meaning Mortals ſhould not loſe their Way.
She now indeed ſins on the ſafer Side,
For Hearts too looſe are never to be ty'd;
But no Extremes are either good or wiſe,
And in the Midſt alone true Virtue lies.
When Marriage-Vows unite an equal Pair,
'Tis a mere Contract, made by human Care,
By which they both are for Convenience ty'd,
The Bridegroom yet more ſtrictly than the Bride:
For Circumſtances alter ev'ry Ill,
And Woman meets with moſt Temptation ſtill;

She a forſaken Bed muſt often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore leſs excus'd to range elſewhere.
Yet this ſhe ought to ſuffer and ſubmit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If Uſage baſe ſhall juſt Reſentment move,
Or, what is worſe, Affronts of wand'ring Love;
No Obligation after that remains.
'Tis mean, not juſt, to wear a Rival's Chains.

Yet Decency requires the wonted Cares
Of Int'reſt, Children, and remote Affairs;
But in her Love, that dear Concern of Life,
She all the while may be another's Wife:
Heav'n that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd Bed,
Permits a Lover in her Husband's Stead.

I flung me at his Feet, his Robes would kiſs,
And cry'd, ------ Ev'n our baſe World is juſt in this;
Amidſt our Cenſures, Love we gently blame;
And Love ſometimes preſerves a Female Fame.

What Tie leſs ſtrong can Woman's Will reſtrain?
When Honour, Checks, and Conſcience plead in vain;
When Parents Threats, and Friends Perſuaſions fail,
When Int'reſt and Ambition ſcarce prevail,
To bound that Sex when nothing elſe can move;
They'll live reſerv'd to pleaſe the Man they love!
The Spirit then reply'd to all I ſaid,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy Memory, bemoan thy Fate:
Then ſhe will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy Pains ſhe will no Pity have,
Till ſad Deſpair has ſent thee to the Grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in Haſte,
All trembling at my Doom;
Dreams oft repeat Adventures paſt,
And tell our Ills to come.

HELEN

HELEN to *PARIS*,

FROM

OVID.

Tranſlated by the Earl of *MULGRAVE*,
and Mr. *DRYDEN*.

HELEN to PARIS.

HELEN looſe Epiſtles violate
chaſte Eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilent-
ly denies:
How dares a Stranger, with
Deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable Rights profane?

Was

Was it for this your Fate did Shelter find
From ſwelling Seas, and ev'ry faithleſs Wind?
(For tho' a diſtant Country brought you forth,
Your Uſage here was equal to your Worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe?
Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my juſt Diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd.
Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown,
Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my Honour ſtill without a Stain,
Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.
Your Boldneſs I with Admiration ſee.
What Hope had you to gain a Queen like me?
Becauſe a Hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond Prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your Blame;
But ſure my Part was nothing but the Shame:

Yet

Yet the baſe Theft to him no Fruit did bear;
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear:
Rude Force might ſome unwilling Kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch Terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the Youth reſtor'd me to my Friends,
And modeſt Uſage made me ſome Amends.
'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed.
Did he repent, that PARIS might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome Fate that ſets me above Wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy Tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's diſpleas'd with Love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear ----- not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my Face;
But all your Sex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and Love o'ercomes the beſt -----
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?

Fair

Fair LEDA's Story ſeems at firſt to be
A fit Example ready found for me:
But ſhe was couzen'd by a borrow'd Shape,
And under harmleſs Feathers felt a Rape:
If I ſhould yield, what Reaſon could I uſe?
By what Miſtake the loving Crime excuſe?
Her Fault was in her pow'rful Lover loſt;
But of what JUPITER have I to boaſt?
Tho' you to Heroes, and to Kings ſucceed,
Our famous Race does no Addition need;
And great Alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that ſprings herſelf from mighty JOVE.
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty Place
Your *Phrygian* Blood, and PRIAM's ancient Race,
Which I would ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from JOVE, but I the firſt.
The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful, I confeſs;
But I have Reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your Letter, fill'd with Promiſes of all
That Men can good, and Women pleaſant call,

Gives

Gives Expectation ſuch an ample Field,
As would move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great JUNO's Laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only Cauſe;
Either my Honour I'll to Death maintain,
Or follow you without mean Thoughts of Gain.
Not that ſo fair a Preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize:
But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take
Such Pains, and run ſuch Hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that Love has made you do:
Your eager Eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild Man!) your wanton Thoughts would ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual Ardour preſs my Hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the Glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt Occaſion paſs:

Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſat for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no Miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſant Grove,
Under my Name, thoſe charming Words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your Flame;
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For, oh! your Face has ſuch peculiar Charms,
That who can hold from flying to your Arms!
But what I ne'er can have without Offence,
May ſome bleſt Maid poſſeſs with Innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but Virtue more ſhould move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire, is ſought by all Mankind:
As you have Eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my Charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.

Oh!

Oh! had you then upon our Coaſts been brought,
My Virgin Love when thouſand Rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my Voice;
Nor cou'd my Husband juſtly blame my Choice.
For both our Hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is Maſter of my Fate.
More to my Wiſh I cou'd have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent Lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſollicit a weak Woman's Will,
And urge not her you love, to ſo much Ill:
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted Fame your Prey.
Some Right you claim, ſince naked to your Eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed Beauty's Prize:
One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her Cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But, firſt, I am not of Belief ſo light,
To think ſuch Nymphs wou'd ſhew you ſuch a Sight.
Yet granting this, the other Part is feign'd:
ſo mean, your Sentence had not gain'd.

With

With partial Eyes I ſhould myſelf regard,
To think that VENUS made me her Reward:
I humbly am content with human Praiſe;
A Goddeſs's Applauſe would Envy raiſe.
But be it as you ſay; for 'tis confeſt,
The Men who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt:
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For Miracles are not believ'd with Eaſe.
One Joy I have, that I had VENUS' Voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice;
That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'reignty,
JUNO and PALLAS, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your Empire then, and your Renown?
What Heart of Rock but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear Witneſs, O you Pow'rs above,
How rude I am in all the Arts of Love!
My Hand is yet untaught to write to Men;
This is th' Eſſay of my unpractis'd Pen:
Happy thoſe Nymphs, whom Uſe has perfect made;
I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade.

Ev'n

Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious Eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a Surprize.
For now the Rumor ſpreads among the Croud,
At Court in Whiſpers, but in Town aloud.
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear 'em ſay:
To leave off loving were your better Way;
Yet, if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the Abſence of my Lord
More Freedom gives, but does not all afford.
Long is his Journey, long will be his Stay;
Call'd by Affairs of Conſequence away.
To go or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift Return he could:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy Care, but moſt my *Trojan* Friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious Winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your Confidence.

But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,
To view the *Trojan* Wealth, and PRIAM's Court.
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my Fame;
And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.
In *Aſia* what Reception ſhall I find?
And what Diſhonour leave in *Greece* behind?
What will your Brothers, PRIAM, HECUBA,
And what will all your modeſt Matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this Action you reflect,
My future Conduct juſtly may ſuſpect:
And whate'er Stranger lands upon your Coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own Example, loſt.
I, from your Rage, a Strumpet's Name ſhall hear,
While you forget what Part in it you bear.
You, my Crime's Author, will my Crime upbraid:
Deep under Ground, oh! let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the Pomp and Plenty of your Land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my Command:
Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native Land has dearer Ties.

Shoud

Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,
What Help of Kindred cou'd I there implore?
MEDEA was by JASON's Flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honeſt Hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no Cheat,
And Love contributes to its own Deceit.
The Ships, about whoſe Sides loud Tempeſts roar,
With gentle Winds were wafted from the Shore.
Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming Brand,
Sprung from her Womb, conſum'd the *Trojan* Land;
To ſecond this, old Prophecies conſpire,
That *Ilium* ſhall be burnt with *Grecian* Fire:
Both give me Fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That VENUS is oblig'd our Loves to aid.
For they who loſt their Cauſe, Revenge will take,
And for one Friend two Enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but ſhould I follow you,
The Sword would ſoon our fatal Crime purſue:
A Wrong ſo great my Husband's Rage would rouze,
And my Relations would his Cauſe eſpouſe.

You boaſt your Strength and Courage; but, alas!
Your Words receive ſmall Credit from your Face.
Let Heroes in the duſty Field delight,
Thoſe Limbs were faſhion'd for another Fight.
Bid HECTOR ſally from the Walls of *Troy*;
A ſweeter Quarrel ſhou'd your Arms employ.
Yet Fears like theſe ſhou'd not my Mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my Sex:
But Time and you may bolder Thoughts inſpire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your Deſire.
You laſt demand a private Conference:
Theſe are your Words; but I can gueſs your Senſe.
Your unripe Hopes their Harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your Friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand;
My Woman knows the Secret of my Heart,
And may, hereafter, better News impart.

Part of the Story of ORPHEUS.

Being a Tranſlation out of the Fourth Book of *VIRGIL's* GEORGIC.

'TIS not for nothing when juſt Heav'n does frown;
The injur'd ORPHEUS calls theſe Judgments down;
Whoſe Spouſe, avoiding to become thy Prey,
And all his Joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The Nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to paſs,
Spy'd not the Serpent lurking in the Graſs:
A mournful Cry the ſpacious Valley fills,
With echoing Groans from all the neighb'ring Hills;
The *Dryades* roar out in deep Deſpair,
And with united Voice bewail the Fair.

For ſuch a Loſs he ſought no vain Relief,
But with his Lute indulg'd the tender Grief;
Along the Shore he oft would wildly ſtray,
With doleful Notes begin, and end the Day.
At length to Hell a frightful Journey made,
Paſs'd the wide-gaping Gulph, and diſmal Shade;
Viſits the Ghoſts, and to that King repairs,
Whoſe Heart's inflexible to human Pray'rs.
All Hell is raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a Song;
Light Souls and airy Spirits glide along
In Troops, like Millions of the feather'd Kind,
Driv'n home by Night, or ſome tempeſtuous Wind:
Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids;
And mighty Heroes' more majeſtick Shades;
And Sons entomb'd before their Parents Face;
Theſe the black Waves of bounding *Styx* embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noiſome Weeds,
And all that Filth which ſtanding Water breeds.

Amaze-

Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep Caves of Death;
The Siſters with blue ſnaky Curls took Breath;
IXION's Wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce Dog his three-mouth'd Voice reſtrain'd.

When ſafe return'd, and all theſe Dangers paſt,
His Wife, reſtor'd to breathe freſh Air at laſt,
Following (for ſo PROSERPINA was pleas'd)
A ſudden Rage th' unwary Lover ſeiz'd,
He, as the firſt bright Glimpſe of Day-light ſhin'd,
Could not refrain to caſt one Look behind;
A Fault of Love! could Hell Compaſſion find.
A dreadful Sound thrice ſhook the *Stygian* Coaſt,
His Hopes quite fled, and all his Labour loſt!
Why haſt thou thus undone thyſelf and me?
What Rage is this? Oh, I am ſnatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) Night and the Pow'rs of Hell
Surround my Sight; Oh, ORPHEUS! oh, farewel!
My Hands ſtretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;

No more allow'd to view thy Face, or Day! —
Then from his Eyes, like Smoke, ſhe fleets away.
Much he would fain have ſpoke: but Fate, alas!
Would ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
Thus twice undone, what Courſe remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already paſs'd the Lake?
What Tears, what Patience could procure him Eaſe?
Or, ah! what Vows the angry Pow'rs appeaſe?
'Tis ſaid, he ſev'n long Moons bewail'd his Loſs
To bleak and barren Rocks, on whoſe cold Moſs,
While languiſhing he ſung his fatal Flame,
He mov'd ev'n Trees, and made fierce Tygers tame.
So the ſad Nightingale, when childleſs made
By ſome rough Swain who ſtole her Young away,
Bewails her Loſs beneath a Poplar Shade,
Mourns all the Night, in Murmurs waſtes the Day;
Her melting Songs a doleful Pleaſure yield,
And melancholy Muſick fills the Field.
Marriage, nor Love, could ever move his Mind;
But all alone, beat by the northern Wind,

Shiv'ring

Shiv'ring on *Tanais* Banks the Bard remain'd,
And of the Gods' unfruitful Gift complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the Feaſt of BACCHUS ſolemniz'd,
Slew the poor Youth, and ſtrew'd about his Limbs;
His Head, torn off from the fair Body, ſwims
Down that ſwift Current where the *Heber* flows,
And ſtill its Tongue in doleful Accents goes.
Ah, poor EURYDICE! he dying cry'd;
EURYDICE reſounds from every Side.

AN

ESSAY

ON

SATIRE.

Written in the Year 1675.

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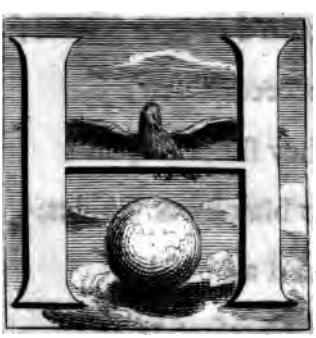
AN

ESSAY on SATIRE.



OW vain, and how inſenſible a Beaſt
Is Man! who yet would lord it o'er the reſt!
Philoſophers and Poets vainly ſtrove,
In ev'ry Age the lumpiſh Maſs to move:

But thoſe were Pedants, if compar'd with theſe,
Who knew not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe:
Poets alone found the delightful Way,
Myſterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers, that when once Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiſer too.
SATIRE has always ſhin'd among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt Way, perhaps the beſt,
To ſhew Men freely all their fouleſt Faults;
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
In this great Work the Wiſe took diff'rent Ways,
Tho' each deſerving its peculiar Praiſe:
Some did our Follies with juſt Sharpneſs blame;
While others laugh'd, and ſcorn'd us into Shame;
But, of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt;
As Men hit righteſt, when they ſhoot in Jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our Guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſur'd all beſides:
In all things elſe they juſtly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd:

Againſt

Againſt the groſſeſt Follies they declaim,
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble Game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch Blots to hit,
And but the Talent of a vulgar Wit:
Beſides, 'tis Labour loſt; for who would teach
W---SLY to write, or TE------ to preach?
'Tis being devout at Play, wiſe at a Ball,
Or bringing Wit and Friendſhip to *Whitehall.*
But, with ſharp Eyes thoſe nicer Faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt Mind,
That little Speck, which all the reſt will ſpoil;
To waſh off this, would be a noble Toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ Libels of this Age,
Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage:
Above the Reach of ev'ry Little Wit,
Who, yet, will ſmile to ſee a Greater hit.
But ev'n the greateſt, tho' expos'd the moſt,
Of ſuch Correction ſhould have Cauſe to boaſt:
In ſuch a Satire they might court a Share,
And each vain Fool would fancy he was there.

Old Story-tellers then will pine and die,
To find their antiquated Wit laid by;
Like her who miſs'd her Name in a Lampoon,
And ſigh'd, to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common Coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Nor the dull Train of dancing Sparks appear;
No feather'd Officers, who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched Rabble who would write?
Much leſs Half-Wits; that's more againſt our Rules;
For they are Fops, the others are but Fools:
Who would not be as ſilly as D----R,
Or dull as W---LY, rather than Sir C----R;
The cunning Courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull Knav'ry makes ſo much ado,
Till the ſhrewd Fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like Esop's Fox, becomes a Prey at laſt.
Nor ſhould the royal Miſtreſſes be nam'd;
Too ugly, or too eaſy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhiming Fool keeps ſuch a Pother,
They are as common that way as the other:

While

While ſauntring CHARLES, betwixt ſo mean a Brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either Place,
Affected Humour, or a painted Face.
In loyal Libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him;
How that affects to laugh, and this to weep;
But who ſo long can rail, as he can keep?
Was ever Prince by two at once miſled,
Fooliſh and falſe, ill-natur'd and ill-bred?
E-----Y and A-----Y, with all the Race
Of formal Blockheads, ſhall have here no Place;
At Council ſet, as Foils, on DA----'s Score,
To make that great falſe Jewel ſhine the more;
Who all the while is thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking Pains, and telling Lyes.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous Men;
Their very Names have tir'd my nicer Pen;
'Tis Time to quit their Company, and chuſe
Some nobler Subject for a ſharper Muſe.

And firſt, behold the merrieſt Man alive
Againſt his careleſs Genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear Eaſe ſome deep Deſign to lay,
Appoint the Hour, and then forget the Day.
Yet he will laugh, ev'n at his Friends, and be
Juſt as good Company as NOKES or LEE;
But when he would the Court or Nation rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to Ridicule.
When ſerious, few for great Affairs more fit;
But ſhew him Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit,
That Shadow of a Jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Tho' he left all Mankind to be deſtroy'd.
So *Puſs*, transform'd, ſat like a mumping Bride,
Penſive, and prudent, till the Mouſe ſhe ſpy'd;
But ſoon the Lady had him in her Eye,
And from the Board did juſt as oddly fly.
Straining above our Nature does no Good;
We muſt ſink back to our old Fleſh and Blood.
As by our little MATCHIAVEL we find,
That nimbleſt Creature of the buſy Kind:

His

His Leggs are crippled, and his Body ſhakes,
Yet his bold Mind, that all this Buſtle makes,
No Pity of its poor Companion takes;
What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee that lug his feeble Limbs about?
Like Hounds ill-coupled, *Jowler* is ſo ſtrong,
He jades poor *Trip*, and drags him all-along.
'Tis ſuch a Cruelty as ne'er was known,
To uſe a Body thus, tho' 'tis one's own.
Yet this vain Comfort in his Mind he keeps;
His Soul is ſoaring, while his Body creeps.
Alas! that Soaring, to thoſe few who know,
Is but a buſy Flutt'ring here below.
So viſionary Brains aſcend the Sky,
While on the Ground entranc'd the Wretches lie;
And ſo late Fops have fancy'd they can fly.
Next, our new Earl, with Parts deſerving Praiſe,
And Wit enough to laugh at his own Ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft Days, and ſenſual Nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights,

Striving againſt his Quiet all he can,
For the fine Notion of a buſy Man:
And what is that at beſt, but one whoſe Mind
Is made to vex himſelf and all Mankind?
Drudging for Wealth, a Courtier let him live;
For, if ſome odd fantaſtick Lord will drive
A Hackney Coach, and meaner Buſineſs do,
We ſhould both pay him, and admire him too.
But is there any other Beaſt alive,
Can his own Harm ſo wittily contrive?
Will any Dog, that has his Teeth and Stones,
Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones,
To turn a Wheel, and bark to be employ'd;
While VENUS is by Rival Dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this vain Man, to get a Stateſman's Name,
Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom, and his Fame.
Tho' SATIRE, nicely writ, no Folly ſtings
But theirs, who merit Praiſe for other Things:
Yet we muſt needs this one Exception make,
And break our Rule for ſilly TROPO's Sake;

Who

Who lately too much ſcorn'd to be accus'd,
Now therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd.
Rais'd only by a mercenary Tongue,
For Railing ſmoothly, and for Reas'ning wrong.
As Boys on Holidays, let looſe to play,
Halloo a ſtumbling Jade in ſlipp'ry way;
Then laugh to ſee in Dirt and deep Diſtreſs
Some awkard Cit in her flowr'd fooliſh Dreſs;
Such mighty Satisfaction have I found,
To ſee this Tinſel Eloquence a-ground.
The florid Gravity we often ſaw
Baffled by common Whifflers of the Law.
For Senſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay ſometimes the wittier Speaker.
So odd a Mixture no Man elſe affords;
Such Scarcity of Senſe, ſuch Choice of Words!
At Bar abuſive, on the Bench unable,
Knave on the Wool-ſack, Fop at Council Table!
But theſe are Politicians, ſuch as wou'd
Be rather high than honeſt, great than good.

Another Sort of Wits ſhall now be ſhown,
Whoſe harmleſs Foibles hurt themſelves alone;
Who think Exceſs of Luxury can pleaſe,
And Lazineſs call Loving of their Eaſe;
Pleaſure and Indolence their only Aim;
Yet their whole Life's but intermitting Pain.
Such Head-achs, Surfeits, Ails, their Days divide,
They ſcarce perceive the little Time beſide.

Well-meaning Men, who make this groſs Miſtake,
And Pleaſure loſe, only for Pleaſure's ſake!
Each Pleaſure hath its Price, and when we pay
Too much of Pain, we ſquander Life away.

Thus D------T, purring like a thoughtful Cat,
Marry'd; but wiſer *Puſs* ne'er thinks on that.
Like PEMBROKE's Dog, fierce at his fondeſt Time,
At once he woes, and worries her in Rhime;
To gain her Love, expoſes all her Life,
A teeming Widow, but a barren Wife.
With tame Submiſſion to the Will of Fate,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial Weight;

Till

Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his Liberty;
That is, to live in his old idle way,
Smoaking all Night, and dozing all the Day;
Dull as NED H------RD, whom his briſker Time
Had fam'd for Nonſenſe in immortal Rhime.
M------VE had muchado to 'ſcape the Snare,
Tho' vers'd in all thoſe Arts that cheat the Fair.
Beauty and Wit had ſeiz'd his Heart ſo faſt,
That NUMPS himſelf ſeem'd in the Stocks at laſt.
Old injur'd Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
In Hopes to ſee this Pirate made a Prize;
Th' impatient Town waited the wiſh'd-for Change,
And Cuckolds ſneer'd in hopes of ſweet Revenge;
Till his Ambition ſet his Love aſide,
And ſav'd him, not by Prudence, but by Pride.
What tender Thoughts his harden'd Heart can move,
Who for a Shadow quits ſubſtantial Love?
And little § SID, for Simile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought, but ſeldom found:
Tho'

§ Remarkable for making pleaſant and proper Similies on all Occaſions.

Tho' Wine and Women are his only Care,
Of both he takes a lamentable Share.
The Fleſh he lives on is too rank and ſtrong;
His Meat and Miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But, ſure, we all miſtake the pious Man,
Who mortifies his Perſon all he can;
And what the World counts Lewdneſs, Vice, and Sin,
Are Penances of this odd Capuchin:
For never Hermit, under grave Pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common Senſe.
Expecting Supper is his chief Delight;
Like any Labourer, our little Knight
Toils all the Day, but to be drunk at Night;
When o'er his Cups this Night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes HUETT and JACK HALL for Wits.
Laſt enter R--------R, of ſprightly Wit,
Yet not for Converſe ſafe, or Buſineſs fit.
Mean in each Action, lewd in ev'ry Limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him.

A Gloſs he gives to ev'ry foul Deſign,
And we muſt own his very Vices ſhine.
But of this odd Ill-Nature to Mankind
Himſelf alone the ill Effects will find.
So envious Hags in vain their Witchcraft try,
Yet for intended Miſchief juſtly die.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own Kickings notably contriv'd?
For (there's the Folly that's ſtill mix'd with Fear)
Cowards more Blows than any Heroes bear.
Of fighting Sparks Fame may her Pleaſure ſay;
But 'tis a bolder Thing to run away.
The World may well forgive him all his Ill,
For ev'ry Fault does prove his Penance ſtill.
Eaſily he falls into ſome dang'rous Nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe:
A Life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injuring, and low ſubmitting.
How weak, and yet how vain a Thing is Man,
Mean what he will, endeavour what he can!

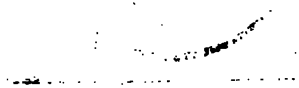
I, who deſign'd to be ſo wondrous wiſe,
Perceive at laſt, where the great Folly lies:
While others Weakneſs is ſo gravely ſhown,
Their Fame we ruin, but to raiſe our own;
That we may Angels ſeem, we paint them Elves,
And write but Satires, to ſet up ourſelves.
Tho' to myſelf this Task appear'd ſo nice,
That ev'n the Ancients ſeem'd to want Advice;
With Strength unequal I have dar'd to climb
That lofty Height unreach'd in former Time.
No Wonder in the bold Attempt I fall,
And this, too late, to my Remembrance call;
" Learn to write well, or not to write at all."

AN

ESSAY

ON

POETRY.



A N

ESSAY on POETRY.

F all thoſe Arts in which the
Wiſe excel,
Nature's chief Maſter-piece
is Writing well:
No Writing lifts exalted Man
ſo high,
As ſacred and Soul-moving Poeſy:

No

No kind of Work requires ſo nice a Touch,
And, if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.
But Heav'n forbid we ſhou'd be ſo profane,
To grace the Vulgar with that noble Name.
'Tis not a Flaſh of Fancy, which ſometimes,
Dazling our Minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt Rhimes;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done:
True Wit is everlaſting, like the Sun,
Which, tho' ſometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound,
Which not the niceſt Ear with Harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar Arts;
And all in vain theſe ſuperficial Parts
Contribute to the Structure of the Whole,
Without a *Genius* too; for that's the *Soul:*
A Spirit which inſpires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;
A Flame that glows amidſt Conceptions fit;
Ev'n ſomething of Divine, and more than Wit;

It

Itſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all Men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty Thing contain?
When I, at vacant Hours, in vain thy Abſence mourn,
Oh! where doſt thou retire? and why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away,
From Pleaſures of the Night, and Bus'neſs of the Day?
Ev'n now, too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy Courſe, and uſe the needful Rein.
As all is Dulneſs, when the Fancy's bad;
So, without Judgment, Fancy is but mad:
And Judgment has a boundleſs Influence
Not only in the Choice of Words, or Senſe,
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men;
Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful Part,
Which gains the Head, while t'other wins the Heart.

Here I ſhould all the various Sorts of Verſe,
And the whole Art of Poetry rehearſe;
But who that Task would after HORACE do?
The beſt of Maſters, and Examples too!
Echoes at beſt, all we can ſay is vain;
Dull the Deſign, and fruitleſs were the Pain.
'Tis true, the Ancients we may rob with Eaſe;
But who with that mean Shift himſelf can pleaſe,
Without an Actor's Pride? A Player's Art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd Part.
Yet modern Laws are made for later Faults,
And new Abſurdities inſpire new Thoughts;
What Need has Satire then to live on Theft,
When ſo much freſh Occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our Soil, and full of rankeſt Weeds,
And Monſters worſe than ever *Nilus* breeds.
But hold, the Fools ſhall have no Cauſe to fear;
'Tis Wit and Senſe that is the Subject here:
Defects of witty Men deſerve a Cure,
And thoſe who are ſo, will ev'n this endure.

Firſt then, of SONGS, which now ſo much abound,
Without his Song no Fop is to be found;
A moſt offenſive Weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt APOLLO's Laws.
Tho' nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no Part
Of Poetry requires a nicer Art;
For as in Rows of richeſt Pearl there lies
Many a Blemiſh that eſcapes our Eyes,
The leaſt of which Defects is plainly ſhown
In one ſmall Ring, and brings the Value down:
So Songs ſhould be to juſt Perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be ſeen without a Fault?
Exact Propriety of Words and Thought;
Expreſſion eaſy, and the Fancy high;
Yet that not ſeem to creep, nor this to fly;
No Words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch Order all,
As wrought with Care, yet ſeem by Chance to fall.
Here, as in all Things elſe, is moſt unfit,
Bare Ribaldry, that poor Pretence to Wit;

Such nauſeous Songs by a * late Author made,
Call an unwilling Cenſure on his Shade.
Not that warm Thoughts of the tranſporting Joy
Can ſhock the chaſteſt, or the niceſt cloy;
But Words obſcene, too groſs to move Deſire,
Like Heaps of Fuel, only choak the Fire.
On other Themes he well deſerves our Praiſe;
But palls that Appetite he meant to raiſe.

Next, ELEGY, of ſweet, but ſolemn Voice,
And of a Subject grave, exacts the Choice;
The Praiſe of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains;
And there too oft deſpairing Love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by Wit is mov'd?
That Phenix-She deſerves to be belov'd;
But noiſy Nonſenſe, and ſuch Fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that fantaſtick Sex.
This to the Praiſe of thoſe who better knew;
The Many raiſe the Value of the Few.

* *The E. of* R.

But

But here (as all our Sex too oft have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandring Thoughts aſide.
Their greateſt Fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not Defect in Words, or Want of Wit;
But ſhould this Muſe harmonious Numbers yield,
And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd;
If yet a juſt Coherence be not made
Between each Thought; and the whole Model laid
So right, that ev'ry Line may higher riſe,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies:
Such Trifles may, perhaps, of late have paſt,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt;
'Tis Epigram, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will,
But not an Elegy, nor writ with Skill,
No * *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Cooper's-Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,
Are ODES: the Muſes' moſt unruly Horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the Rider has no Reſt,
Here foams at Mouth, and moves like one poſſeſs'd.

* Waller's. † Denham's.

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Perceive at laſt, where the great Folly lies:
While others Weakneſs is ſo gravely ſhown,
Their Fame we ruin, but to raiſe our own;
That we may Angels ſeem, we paint them Elves,
And write but Satires, to ſet up ourſelves.
Tho' to myſelf this Task appear'd ſo nice,
That ev'n the Ancients ſeem'd to want Advice;
With Strength unequal I have dar'd to climb
That lofty Height unreach'd in former Time.
No Wonder in the bold Attempt I fall,
And this, too late, to my Remembrance call;
" Learn to write well, or not to write at all."

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON

POETRY.

But oh! the *Dialogues*, where Jeſt and Mock
Is held up like a Reſt at Shittle-cock!
Or elſe, like Bells, eternally they chime,
They ſigh in *Simile*, and die in *Rhime*.
What Things are theſe who would be Poets thought,
By Nature not inſpir'd, nor Learning taught?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better Courſe than this, by which they ſtarve:
But to write Plays! why, 'tis a bold Pretence
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence:
Nay more; for they muſt look Within, to find
Thoſe *Secret Turns* of Nature in the Mind:
Without this Part, in vain would be the Whole,
And but a Body all, without a Soul.
All this united yet, but makes a Part
Of *Dialogue*, that great and pow'rful Art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old *Grecians* knew,
From whom the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince, but by a few.

PLATO

PLATO and LUCIAN are the beſt Remains
Of all the Wonders which this Art contains;
Yet to ourſelves we Juſtice muſt allow,
SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER are the Wonders now:
Conſider Them, and read them o'er and o'er;
Go ſee them play'd; then read them as before;
For tho' in many Things they groſſly fail,
Over our Paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep;
The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wiſe to weep.
Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults;
Firſt, on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts;
Turn it, with Time, a thouſand ſeveral Ways;
This oft, alone, has giv'n Succeſs to Plays.
Reject that vulgar Error (which appears
So fair) of making *perfect Characters*;
There's no ſuch Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs Monſter which the World ne'er ſaw.
Some Faults muſt be, that his Misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve Compaſſion too.

Beſides

Beſides the main Deſign compos'd with Art,
Each moving *Scene* muſt be a Plot apart;
Contrive each little Turn, mark ev'ry Place,
As Painters firſt chalk out the future Face:
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining *Thoughts* to place,
As what a Man would ſay in ſuch a Caſe;
Neither in Comedy will this ſuffice,
The *Player* too muſt be before your Eyes;
And, tho' 'tis Drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your ſecret Meaning ſhow.
Expoſe no ſingle Fop, but lay the Load
More equally, and ſpread the Folly broad;
Mere Coxcombs are too obvious; oft we ſee
A Fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low Way,
A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey.
Small Poets thus will one poor Fop devour,
But to collect, like Bees, from ev'ry Flow'r,

Ingredients

Ingredients to compoſe that precious Juice,
Which ſerves the World for Pleaſure and for Uſe,
In Spite of Faction this would Favour get;
But * FALSTAFF ſtands inimitable yet.

Another Fault which often may befall,
Is, when the Wit of ſome great Poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all;
That ev'n his Fools ſpeak Senſe, as if poſſeſt,
And each by Inſpiration breaks his Jeſt.
If once the Juſtneſs of each Part be loſt,
Well we may laugh, but at the Poet's Coſt.
That ſilly Thing Men call *Sheer-Wit* avoid,
With which our Age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd;
Humour is all; Wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper Thought.

But ſince the Poets we of late have known,
Shine in no Dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by Example to convince,
Caſt but a View on this wrong Side of Senſe.

* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakeſpeare*.

First,

First, a *Soliloquy* is calmly made,
Where ev'ry Reaſon is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
Some Hero frighted at the Noiſe of Drums;
For her ſweet Sake, whom at firſt Sight he loves,
And all in *Metaphor* his Paſſion proves:
But ſome ſad Accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone;
He ſtrait grows jealous, tho' we know not why;
Then, to oblige his Rival, needs will die:
But firſt he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells
The abſent Nymph how much his Flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now,
To that lov'd Rival whom he does not know!
Who ſtrait appears; but who can Fate withſtand?
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty Hand,
That juſt has giv'n himſelf the cruel Stroke!
At which his very Rival's Heart is broke:
He, more to his new Friend than Miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind;

Of

Of ſuch a Death prefers the pleaſing Charms
To Love, and living in a Lady's Arms.
What ſhameful and what monſtrous things are theſe?
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;
Conclude us only partial to the Dead,
And grudge the Sign of old BEN JOHNSON's Head;
When the intrinſick Value of the Stage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following Age:
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,
May keep up ſinking Nonſenſe for a Time;
But that muſt fail, which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And Senſe no longer will ſubmit to Fools.
By painful Steps at laſt we labour up
Parnaſſus' Hill, on whoſe bright airy Top,
The EPICK Poets ſo divinely ſhow,
And with juſt Pride behold the reſt below.
Heroick Poems have a juſt Pretence
To be the utmoſt Stretch of human Senſe;
A Work of ſuch ineſtimable Worth,
There are but two the World has yet brought forth;

HOMER

HOMER and VIRGIL! with what ſacred Awe,
Do thoſe mere Sounds the World's Attention draw!
Juſt as a Changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beaſt;
So theſe Gigantick Souls amaz'd we find
As much above the reſt of Human Kind!
Nature's whole Strength united! endleſs Fame,
And univerſal Shouts, attend their Name!
Read HOMER once, and you can read no more;
For all Books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And HOMER will be all the Books you need.
Had BOSSU never writ, the World had ſtill,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous Piece of Skill;
As ſomething of Divine, the Work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be inſtructed, but inſpir'd:
But he, diſcloſing ſacred Myſteries,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty Magick lies;
Deſcrib'd the Seeds, and in what Order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt Proportion grown.

Sure,

Sure, from ſome Angel he the Secret knew,
Who thro' this Labyrinth has lent the Clue!
But what, alas! avails it poor Mankind,
To ſee this promis'd Land, yet ſtay behind?
The Way is ſhewn, but who has Strength to go?
Who can all Sciences profoundly know?
Whoſe Fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's Sight,
And yet has Judgment to direct it right?
Whoſe juſt Diſcernment, VIRGIL-like, is ſuch,
Never to ſay too little, or too much?
Let ſuch a Man begin without Delay;
But he muſt do beyond what I can ſay;
Muſt above TASSO's lofty Flights prevail,
Succeed where SPENCER, and ev'n MILTON fail.

ODE
ON
BRUTUS.

I.

'TIS ſaid, that Favorite, Mankind,
Was made the Lord of all below;
But yet the [a] Doubtful are [b] concern'd to find,
'Tis [c] only one Man tells another ſo.
And, for this great Dominion here,
Which over other Beaſts we claim,
[d] *Reaſon* our beſt Credential does appear;
By which, indeed, we domineer;
But how abſurdly, we may ſee with Shame.

Reaſon,

Reaſon, that ſolemn Trifle! light as Air;
Driv'n up and down by [e] Cenſure or Applauſe;
By partial Love away 'tis blown,
Or the leaſt Prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high Privilege becomes our [f] Snare.
In any nice and weighty Cauſe,
How weak, at beſt, is *Reaſon!* yet the Grave
Impoſe on that ſmall Judgment which we have.

II.

In all thoſe Wits, whoſe Names have ſpread ſo wide,
And ev'n the Force of Time defy'd,
Some Failings yet may be deſcry'd.
Among the reſt, with Wonder be it told,
That BRUTUS is admir'd for CÆSAR's Death;
By which he yet ſurvives in Fame's immortal Breath.
BRUTUS, ev'n he, of all the reſt,
In whom we ſhould that Deed the moſt deteſt,
Is of Mankind eſteem'd the beſt.

As Snow deſcending from ſome lofty Hill,
Is by its rolling Courſe augmenting ſtill;
So from illuſtrious Authors down have roll'd
Thoſe great Encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republick Orators ſtill ſhew Eſteem,
And gild their Eloquence with [g] Praiſe of him.
But Truth unveil'd like a bright Sun appears,
To ſhine away this Heap of ſev'nteen hundred Years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an [h] illuſtrious Wit,
(To whom in all beſides I willingly ſubmit)
That CÆSAR's Life no Pity could deſerve
From one who kill'd himſelf, rather than ſerve.
Had BRUTUS choſe rather himſelf to ſlay,
Than any Maſter to obey;
Happy for *Rome* had been that noble Pride;
The World had then remain'd in Peace, and only
BRUTUS dy'd.

For

For he, whoſe Soul diſdains to own
Subjection to a Tyrant's Frown,
And his own Life would rather end;
Would, ſure, much rather kill himſelf, than only hurt his Friend.
To his own Sword in the *Philippian* Field
BRUTUS, indeed, at laſt did yield:
But in thoſe Times Self-killing was not rare;
And his proceeded only from Deſpair:
He might have choſen [i] elſe to live,
In hopes another CÆSAR would forgive;
Then, for the Good of *Rome*, he could once more
Conſpire againſt a Life which had ſpar'd his before.

IV.

Our Country challenges our utmoſt Care,
And in our Thoughts deſerves the tender'ſt Share;
Her to a thouſand Friends we ſhould prefer
Yet not [k] betray 'em, tho' it be for her.

Hard is his Heart, whom no Deſert can move,
A Miſtreſs or a Friend to love,
Above what e'er he does beſides enjoy;
But may he, for their Sakes, his Sire or Sons deſtroy?
For ſacred Juſtice, or for publick Good,
Scorn'd be our Wealth, our Honour, and our Blood:
In ſuch a Cauſe, Want is a happy State;
Ev'n low Diſgrace would be a glorious Fate;
And Death itſelf, when noble Fame ſurvives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſand Lives.
But 'tis not, ſurely, of ſo fair Renown,
To ſpill another's Blood, as to expoſe our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much;
But what belongs to Friendſhip, oh! 'tis Sacrilege to touch.

V.

[1] *Can we ſtand by unmov'd, and ſee*
Our Mother robb'd and raviſh'd? Can we be

Excus'd,

Excus'd, if in her Cauſe we never ſtir,
Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Raviſher?

Thus ſings our Bard with almoſt Heat divine;
'Tis Pity that his Thought was not [m] as ſtrong as fine.
Wou'd it more juſtly did the Caſe expreſs,
Or that its Beauty and its Grace were leſs.
(Thus a Nymph ſometimes we ſee,
Who ſo charming ſeems to be,
That, jealous of a ſoft Surprize,
We ſcarce durſt truſt our eager Eyes)
Such a fallacious Ambuſh to eſcape,
It were but vain to plead a willing Rape;
A valiant Son would be provok'd the more;
A [n] Force we therefore muſt confeſs, but acted long before;
A [o] Marriage ſince did intervene,
With all the ſolemn and the ſacred Scene;

Loud was the *Hymenean* Song;
The violated * Dame walk'd ſmilingly along,
And in the Midſt of the moſt ſacred Dance,
As if enamour'd of his Sight,
Often ſhe caſt a kind admiring Glance
On the bold Strugler for Delight;
Who afterwards appear'd ſo moderate and cool,
As if for publick Good alone he ſo deſir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Againſt a *Roman* of ſo great a Soul!
And that [p] fair Truth permitted us to purge
His Fact, of what appears ſo foul!
Friendſhip, that ſacred and ſublimeſt Thing!
The nobleſt Quality, and chiefeſt Good,
(In this [q] dull Age ſcarce underſtood)
Inſpires us with unuſual Warmth, her injur'd Rites to ſing.
[r] Aſſiſt, ye Angels! whoſe immortal Bliſs,
Tho' more refin'd, chiefly conſiſts in this!

How

* *Rome.*

[s] How plainly your bright Thoughts to one another
ſhine!
Oh! how ye all agree in Harmony divine!
The Race of mutual Love with equal Zeal ye run;
A [t] Courſe, as far from any End, as when at firſt
begun,
[u] Ye ſaw, and ſmil'd upon this matchleſs Pair,
Who ſtill betwixt 'em did ſo many Virtues ſhare,
Some which belong to Peace, and ſome to Strife,
Thoſe of a calm, and of an active Life,
That all the Excellence of Human-Kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united Mind;
Which Friendſhip did ſo faſt and cloſely bind,
Not the leaſt Cement could appear, by which their
Souls were join'd.
That Tye which holds our mortal Frame,
Which poor unknowing we a Soul and Body name,
Seems not a Compoſition more divine,
Or more abſtruſe, than all that does in Friendſhip
ſhine.

VII.

VII.

From mighty CÆSAR, and his boundleſs Grace,
Tho' BRUTUS [w] once at leaſt, his Life receiv'd;
Such [x] Obligations, tho' ſo high believ'd,
Are yet but ſlight in ſuch a Caſe,
Where Friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the Place,
There is no Room for Gratitude; ſince he,
Who ſo obliges, is more pleas'd than his ſav'd Friend can be.
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble Heat,
While their great Hearts did both ſo kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the Lookers on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a * Father and a Son;
(Tho' here ev'n Nature's Self ſtill ſeem'd to be outdone)
From ſuch a Friendſhip unprovok'd to fall,
Is horrid; yet I wiſh that Fact were [y] all,
Which does with too much Cauſe ungrateful BRUTUS call.

* *Cæſar* was ſuſpected to have begotten *Brutus*.

VIII.

VIII.

In cooleſt Blood he laid a long Deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt Friend;
Did ev'n his Foes in Zeal exceed,
To ſpirit others up to work ſo black a Deed;
Himſelf the [z] Centre where they all did join.
CÆSAR, mean time, fearleſs, and fond of him,
Was as induſtrious all the while,
To give ſuch [a] ample Marks of fond Eſteem,
As made the graveſt *Romans* ſmile,
To ſee with how much Eaſe Love can the Wiſe
beguile.
He, whom thus BRUTUS doom'd to bleed,
Did, ſetting his own Race aſide,
Nothing leſs for him provide,
Than in the World's great Empire to ſucceed:
Which we are bound in Juſtice to allow,
Is all-ſufficient Proof to ſhow,
That BRUTUS did not ſtrike for his own Sake:
And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by Miſtake.

NOTES.

NOTES.

a *THE Doubtful.*] In which Number are comprehended all the Sceptics of both Sorts, *viz.* they who without much Conſideration are apt to ſlight the Holy Bible, and all Religion depending on it, becauſe they have neither the Patience, nor the Parts, to examine any thing throughly; and others, more modeſt, who would on ſeveral Accounts accept thoſe Doctrines which are taught us, if their Judgment, informed by a well-meaning and induſtrious Inquiry (which is all that God has given us for our Guide) did not perceive, in ſome of them at leaſt, a manifeſt Abſurdity; apprehending alſo a kind of Impiety in believing things inconſiſtent not only with common Senſe, but with that reverend Notion we ought to have of the Deity. They conceive it to be one of thoſe Abſurdities, that a poor Animal, called a Man, ſhould be inveſted by God with a Right of deſpotick Dominion over all the reſt of the Creation, when all the while we are but too plainly ſenſible of being unable to comprehend rightly the minuteſt Part of it. Should we not (ſay they)

they) undervalue and laugh at one of ourſelves, for giving a large Patrimony to a Booby Son, without inſtructing or breeding him up to underſtand or enjoy it? But when no other Anſwer is to be well made, the Reply to all is, That, as odd as this appears, yet God has done it, and therefore we ought to believe it well done, and highly prudent; which moſt certainly is a true Conſequence, if the Premiſes were right; but that will be examined impartially in the following Notes.

[b] *Concern'd.*] A Word of a double Signification; both of being intereſted in a Buſineſs, and of being troubled at any ill Succeſs of it. The Word in this Place implies both; firſt, becauſe the Doubtful are a Part of Mankind, who claim this Dominion, and ſo are reaſonably inquiſitive about it; and ſecondly, becauſe they have Occaſion to be troubled upon finding their Title to it ſo very weak, after ſo much Wealth and Blood ſpent in the Controverſy. 'Tis well too, if we are not one Day called to account, and made to pay dear Coſts for ſo contentious a Quarrel.

[c] *Only one Man.*] Here now comes properly the Examination of what Grounds they go on, who pretend that God has done us this great Honour, and that therefore we ought to believe it well and wiſely done, whatever Incongruities may appear in it;

which

which is a Conſequence that muſt certainly be agreed to, if the firſt Part can be as well made out: But, alas! (ſay our Sceptics) when we come to that, inſtead of a Proof, there is nothing produced but one poor Text in *Geneſis*, whether written by *Moſes* or ſome other Man (for that is now diſputed among Divines themſelves) is of no Importance, ſince a Man ſtill, one of our own imperfect, unknowing Kind; and, if he is to be credited on his ſingle Word againſt all our Senſe and Reaſon, in a Thing alſo that ſeems to derogate ſo much from the infinite Wiſdom of divine Providence, ſure there is Need firſt of proving him infallible; whereas all the Proof of that is only derived by Tradition from other Men ſtill, who therefore cannot certify for one another. 'Tis ſaid alſo by theſe Sceptics, that 'tis worth our obſerving, how the Author of this Text of Man's Dominion over all other Creatures, has written another very extraordinary one; *viz.* that God walked in the Garden of *Eden* in the Cool of the Evening; which, if excus'd on the Account of being only a figurative Expreſſion, yet much invalidates a Narration of ſuch a vaſt Importance, that Tropes and Figures ſeem a little improper in it. Divines are unwilling to ſave its Credit by the Difficulty of our underſtanding the *Hebrew* Tongue (tho' no ill Excuſe, ſince it is allowed to be ſometimes unintelligible) for Fear of their Adverſaries making the ſame Objection to other Texts as extraordinary, and perhaps

haps to all the Old Teſtament. Upon the whole Matter, and to end ſo tedious a Note, 'tis probable the wiſe Author of *Geneſis*, for Reaſons that might be given, and many more which we now cannot gueſs at, had found it fit and neceſſary to infuſe this Opinion of Man's Superiority into the *Jews*. And who knows but it was as needful to encourage them againſt the Beaſts of a Wilderneſs in which they wandered ſo long, as againſt the Kings of *Canaan*; whom MOSES, like a wiſe Leader, aſſured them before-hand the Lord would deliver into their Hands?

[d] *Reaſon.*] Leſt their aforeſaid Argument in Defence of this Opinion may not appear convincing, Divines have added that of Reaſon, and ſet it up to be not only an Inſtance, but an Evidence of our Title over all Things; as being a particular Talent and Bleſſing beſtowed on Mankind alone. But the Sceptics evade this again, firſt, by denying that 'tis a Talent peculiar to Man, ſince other Animals appear manifeſtly endued with it, at leaſt to ſome Degree; and, if that Degree be found inferior, yet the Difference ſeems as great ſometimes between one Man and another, and (perhaps they may ſay merrily) even between themſelves and their Adverſaries. Secondly, they find this Reaſon to be ſuch a narrow, miſleading, uncertain Faculty, that, in their Opinion, 'tis much unworthy of being the great Credential from the moſt high God, for domineering over all

all our Fellow-Creatures, who indeed ſeem neither to owe us, nor pay us Obedience. And if the boldeſt Maintainer of this Opinion would be perſuaded to take a Walk into a Wilderneſs of wild Beaſts, ſhewing his Credential among them; 'tis probable they would all pay as great Submiſſion to it, as ſuch a rational Action deſerved.

[e] *Cenſure, or Applauſe.*] Either of theſe, if any thing general, is enough to carry away the Opinion of moſt People, who judge more by the Ear than the Eye; of which there are ridiculous Inſtances enough. I have ſeen a Man who was popular, not only excuſed but applauded, on account of the very ſame Action for which another lay juſtly under a publick *Odium.*

[f] *Snare.*] If we did not truſt ſo much to this noble Faculty of Reaſon, but chiefly to our Senſes, as other Creatures do; we ſhould be no more deceiv'd than they are, who ſeldom play the Fool and hurt themſelves by their profound Conſiderations, as many a wiſe Man does. Was any Beaſt ever ſeen to leap chearfully into a Fire, like the Widows and Slaves in *India?* Which tho' Wives in theſe Parts are not extremely apt to imitate; yet, even among us, how many People, of all Religions, have ſuffered and ſought out Death on ſeveral Accounts, that are not much leſs unreaſonable?

Praiſes.

8 *Praiſes.*] I believe no Man had ever a greater Reputatian than BRUTUS, not only for Learning, Parts, and Eloquence, but for a Quality above all that, moral Honeſty: Whoſe Glory therefore I would by no means endeavour to leſſen, except in this ſingle Action; nor in that neither, as to his Deſign in doing it; for I have a real Veneration for him, but yet more for Truth. I fancy the general Partiality for BRUTUS, as to his killing CÆSAR, has proceeded from two Cauſes; firſt, the common Cuſtom of the World to cry up whatever they are like to be the better for; and ſo on the contrary: as for Example, Prodigality, a Vice equal to Avarice, tho' not ſo ſordid, is commonly rather commended than blamed, and called Generoſity, which is a Virtue. Thus in Commonwealths (which, by the way, have bred always the beſt Writers) nothing could be more beneficial than killing any great aſpiring Perſon; and therefore thoſe refined Wits put the beſt Gloſs upon ſuch Inhumanities. The other Cauſe of their Partiality is the almoſt unparallelled Merit of the Man, whoſe very doing a thing was enough to make every body think it juſt. But nothing is ſo dangerous as to be led into this ſort of Miſtake for Want of conſidering, that as the worſt Men do well ſometimes, the very beſt are not infallible.

i *Choſe to live.*] This is the hardeſt Thing I have ſaid of BRUTUS in this whole Ode; which the Thought of CÆSAR's Clemency, and his Ingratitude, has wrung from me: For, tho' a Benefactor may carry himſelf afterwards ſo unjuſtly as to forfeit all Title to our Friendſhip, and perhaps to our Service alſo; yet to return him Evil for Good, is in my Opinion horrible, and the very Reverſe of CHRIST's excellent Sermon of Morality. And ſince he kill'd CÆSAR after receiving a Pardon of his Life from him, I do BRUTUS no Wrong in ſuppoſing him again capable of the ſame Fault againſt another CÆSAR, whom he neither knew, nor loved ſo well; ſince the publick Good and Liberty of *Rome* were as much concern'd in deſtroying one as the other.

k *Betray.*] In this Inſtance of betraying a Friend, and in the following one, of deſtroying one's Father, or Children; my Meaning only is, that whatever Obligation or Concern we happen to be under, it may be a good Reaſon for ſacrificing our Intereſt to it, but not our Honeſty, by doing any ill-natur'd or immoral Action.

l *Can we.*] In repeating theſe four Verſes of Mr. *Cowley*, I have done an unuſual Thing; for, notwithſtanding that he is my Adverſary in the Argument, and a very famous one too, I could not endure

dure to let ſo fine a Thought remain as ill expreſs'd in this Ode as it is in his; which any body may find by comparing them together. But I would not be underſtood as if I pretended to correct Mr. *Cowley*, tho' Expreſſion was not his beſt Talent: For, as I have mended theſe few Verſes of his, I doubt not but he could have done as much for a great many of mine.

[m] *As ſtrong as fine.*] I, who oppoſe his Argument, muſt be allow'd to ſay 'tis not a good one; tho' at the ſame time I acknowledge it to be ſo fine a Fallacy, and to have ſomething in it ſo very ſublime, that it impoſes on our Reaſon, as much as CÆSAR did on *Rome*; and may be a little excuſed by that Uſurper's Apophthegm, *Si violandum eſt jus, regnandi cauſa eſt.*

[n] *A Rape.*] Nobody argues well, who does not argue fairly; and therefore I freely admit there was a Rape in the Caſe at firſt, which is not to be defended. Accordingly, if BRUTUS had killed CÆSAR at the famous Battle of *Pharſalia*, he might have prevented this Rape, and his own Crime beſides in revenging it ſo long afterwards. But, inſtead of conſpiring againſt his Life at that Time, he only begg'd his own.

[o] *A Marriage ſince.*] CÆSAR was inexcuſable for doing Violence to his Country; yet *Rome* at laſt finding him ſo mild a Governor, and ſo excellent a Perſon in all reſpects, ſubmitted chearfully to him; all her greateſt Men, of whom BRUTUS himſelf was one, acquieſcing entirely under his Dictatorſhip: which has made me carry on Mr. *Cowley's* Metaphor a little farther than he did, and give his violated Matron in Marriage; ſuppoſing *Rome* a wealthy Bride, who, out of Kindneſs and Prudence together, is willing enough to make the beſt of it, and to eſpouſe an agreeable Raviſher.

[p] *Fair Truth.*] He was a wiſe Man who ſaid Women were ſtronger than either the King or Wine; but his Wiſdom appeared moſt in preferring Truth to them all. She has a Beauty outſhining all the Art and Eloquence in the World; and I ſhould not wonder to ſee a very Deiſt willing to die a Martyr for her, tho' he believ'd no Reſurrection, and expected no Reward. There was one of that Principle lately among the *Turks*; a Man of Parts, and in nothing fantaſtical, who, rather than renounce ſome Doctrines he maintained againſt a future Life, and the fooliſh Superſtition of adoring MAHOMET, choſe rather to die as calmly and as conſiderately as SOCRATES himſelf.

In

[q] *In this baſe Age.*] 'Tis almoſt incredible what the Ancients have written, and really performed of Friendſhip. And therefore we ſee the famous old Tragedies are often turned all upon that; whereas ours are only filled with Love; which, tho' as tender a Concern as the other, yet (a Woman being one of the Parties) is uncapable of many ſublime Thoughts that ariſe among the Men, a Sex ſo much more knowing and active in the World. And even for Softneſs itſelf, it will be hard to ſhew a Scene more moving than that between AMYNTOR and MELANTIUS in the *Maid's Tragedy*; which I ſhould be ſorry to ſee without great Emotion, ſince 'tis a ſhrewd Sign of being both dull and ill-natur'd. Nobody has equalled the Ancients on this Subject, except MONTAGNE, who on all Subjects has hardly been equalled by the Moderns. The worſt of it is, this Friendſhip is a Virtue which does not depend upon one's ſelf alone to have; for in ſuch a ſelfiſh Age, one Man, tho' never ſo capable of it, may look about a great while before he finds out another; and this Contract will never hold, without an exact Counterpart.

[r] *Aſſiſt, ye Angels.*] All Religions agree in believing that ſuperior Beings aſſiſt us on ſome important Occaſions; but above all Poetry, and eſpecially this kind of it, has an eſtabliſhed Right to depend on Inſpiration. To ſpeak Truth, all Poets

have endeavoured to hide their Vanity under this Veil of pretended Modeſty; nothing ſeeming more humble than to diſtruſt themſelves, and implore Aſſiſtance, while at the ſame time they preſum'd that ſomething like divine Inſpiration might ſhine out in their Poems. On which Occaſion (theſe Notes being already a rambling Sort of Rhapſody) I will venture to ſay a little on a Subject, of which others, for aught I can find, have not ſaid much: I mean, of that which Poets call a Muſe, by whom they pretend to be inſpir'd, and is by all underſtood to be a Genius for Poetry; to which Genius a Poet may be allowed in ſome meaſure to pretend, becauſe whoever wants it, tho' with never ſo good Words and ſmooth Cadence, is yet little better than a Player at *Crambo*. My imperfect Notion of a Genius is this, which I ſubmit to better Judgments; I think it a happy Temper of the Brain, ſo equally mix'd of Fancy and Judgment, that as great Heat of Imagination is apt to ſpring all ſort of Game, ſo the underſtanding Faculty is ſtill near at hand, to ſelect the good, and to reject the reſt.

[f] *How plainly.*] This is according to the univerſal Opinion of Angels, that they need no Organs of Speech among themſelves; and their Thoughts are communicated to one another by what the Schoolmen call Intuition. Which, however true or falſe, is enough for a Poet's applying it to this Subject.

This

Friendſhip, which ſeems, even among us Mortals, to have ſomething of divine in it.

[t] *A Race as far, &c.*] According to the Chriſtian Faith, the Angels had a Beginning, tho' they can have no End; and we have as good an Opinion of our own Souls alſo.

[u] *You ſaw and ſmil'd.*] Since Angels are ſuppos'd to be particularly concern'd for Mankind (tho' I confeſs I think we are very unworthy of that Honour) they muſt needs be pleas'd with ſeeing in us any ſort of Virtue, eſpecially this ſort of Friendſhip, ſo much practis'd by themſelves.

[w] *Life receiv'd.*] Beſides that BRUTUS received his Life once from CÆSAR on the Account of the Civil War, he was very much ſuſpected to be his Son; and the more, becauſe of his great Fondneſs of him. 'Tis certain the Time of CÆSAR's Intrigue with SERVILIA is very conſiſtent with it. But his forgiving him at *Pharſalia* was not ſo much as the leaſt Proof of it; for the Mother's paſt Favours had been alone ſufficient to procure a Pardon for her Son, eſpecially with ſo merciful a Nature as CÆSAR's.

[x] *Obligations.*] This to ſome Humours is like to appear an Over-refinement; and I ex-

pect they will rather fancy to have the Pleaſure of receiving good Turns, let who will take the other of doing them. But I appeal to many, if they have not found the doing a Kindneſs a much greater Satisfaction than receiving one. Yet I admit the latter Part to be very agreeable alſo, when 'tis from worthy Perſons; being a new Inſtance of their Eſteem and Favour.

y *All.*] Becauſe a Fact committed in Paſſion, or by Inadvertence, is nothing in Compariſon with one done on Deliberation, and by a long-laid Deſign: Which ſo far excus'd ALEXANDER's killing of CLYTUS, that it has leſſened his great Fame of being generous and good-natured.

z *The Centre.*] This was ſo great a Deſign, that none but ſuch an extraordinary Perſon as BRUTUS could have brought it about by his Influence over all the Conſpirators; who being the chief Patriots among the nobleſt People that ever the Sun ſhined on, I cannot but think BRUTUS appears higher at the Head of ſuch an illuſtrious Party, than CÆSAR himſelf commanding the whole *Roman* Empire.

a *Ample Marks.*] CÆSAR had in a publick manner given BRUTUS the Preference to CASSIUS, and to all *Rome* beſides, by making him chief *Prætor* a few Days before he killed him.

Em-

[b] *Empire.*] It was generally believed in *Rome*, that CÆSAR thought BRUTUS the fitteſt Man to ſucceed him; which therefore excuſes BRUTUS ſo far, as it is a Proof of his preferring the Good of the Commonwealth, not only to his beſt Friend, but to the higheſt Temptation of Intereſt and Ambition that could poſſibly be laid in any Man's way.

The RAPTURE.

I Yield, I yield, and can no longer ſtay
My eager Thoughts, that force themſelves away.
Sure, none inſpir'd (whoſe Heat tranſports 'em ſtill
Above their Reaſon, and beyond their Will)
Can firm againſt the ſtrong Impulſe remain:
Cenſure itſelf were not ſo ſharp a Pain.
Let vulgar Minds ſubmit to vulgar Sway;
What Ignorance ſhall think, or Malice ſay,
To me are Trifles; if the knowing Few,
Who can ſee Faults, but can ſee Beauties too,
Applaud that Genius which themſelves partake,
And ſpare the Poet for the Muſe's ſake.
The Muſe, who raiſes me from humble Ground,
To view the vaſt and various World around:

How

How faſt I mount! In what a wond'rous Way
I grow tranſported to this large Survey!
I value Earth no more, and far below
Methinks I ſee the buſy Pigmies go.
My Soul entranc'd is in a Rapture brought
Above the common Tracks of vulgar Thought:
With Fancy wing'd, I feel the purer Air,
And with Contempt look down on human Care.
Airy Ambition, ever ſoaring high,
Stands firſt expos'd to my cenſorious Eye.
Behold ſome toiling up a ſlipp'ry Hill,
Where, tho' arriv'd, they muſt be toiling ſtill:
Some, with unſteady Feet, juſt fall'n to Ground;
Others at Top, whoſe Heads are turning round.
To this high Sphere it happens ſtill that ſome,
The moſt unfit, are forwardeſt to come;
Yet among theſe are Princes forc'd to chuſe,
Or ſeek out ſuch as would perhaps refuſe.
Favour too great is ſafely plac'd on none;
And ſoon becomes a Dragon or a Drone;

Either

Either remiſs and negligent of all,
Or elſe imperious and tyrannical.
The Muſe inſpires me now to look again,
And ſee a meaner Sort of ſordid Men
Doating on little Heaps of yellow Duſt;
For that deſpiſing Honour, Eaſe, and Luſt.
Let other Bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
Deſcribe with Envy what the Miſer finds;
Only as Heaps of Dirt it ſeems to me,
Where we ſuch deſpicable Vermin ſee;
Who creep thro' Filth a thouſand crooked Ways,
Inſenſible of Infamy or Praiſe:
Loaded with Guilt, they ſtill purſue their Courſe;
Not ev'n reſtrain'd by Love, or Friendſhip's Force.
Not to enlarge on ſuch an obvious Thought;
Behold their Folly, which tranſcends their Fault!
Alas! their Cares and Cautions only tend
To gain the Means, and then to loſe the End.
Like Heroes in Romances, ſtill in Fight
For Miſtreſſes that yield them no Delight.

This,

This, of all Vice, does moſt debaſe the Mind,
Gold is itſelf th' Allay to Human-kind.
Oh, happy Times! when no ſuch Thing as Coin
E'er tempted Friends to part, or Foes to join!
Cattle or Corn, among thoſe harmleſs Men,
Was all their Wealth, the Gold and Silver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a Tribe,
And bell'wing Herds would have betray'd the Bribe.
Ev'n Traffick now is Intercourſe of Ill,
And ev'ry Wind brings a new Miſchief ſtill;
By Trade we flouriſh in our Leaves and Fruit,
But Av'rice and Exceſs devour the Root.
Thus far the Muſe unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, leſs happy Sorts of Sin;
But, now more pleas'd, ſhe views the diff'rent ways
Of Luxury, and all its Charms ſurveys.
Dear Luxury! thou ſoft, but ſure Deceit!
Riſe of the Mean, and Ruin of the Great!
Thou ſure Preſage of ill-approaching Fates!
The Bane of Empires, and the Change of States!

Armies

Armies in vain reſiſt thy mighty Pow'r;
Not the worſt Conduct would confound them more.
Thus *Rome* herſelf, while o'er the World ſhe flew,
And did by Virtue all that World ſubdue,
Was by her own victorious Arms oppreſs'd,
And catch'd Infection from the conquer'd *Eaſt*;
Whence all thoſe Vices came, which ſoon devour
The beſt Foundations of Renown and Pow'r.

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the ſad Effects at home,
Of wild Exceſs? which we ſo plainly find,
Decays the Body, and impairs the Mind.
But yet grave Fops muſt not preſume from hence
To ſlight the ſacred Pleaſures of the Senſe:
Our Appetites are Nature's Laws, and giv'n
Under the broad authentick Seal of Heav'n.
Let Pedants wrangle, and let Bigots fight,
To put Reſtraint on innocent Delight;
But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right;

They would not draw poor wretched Mortals in,
Or give Deſires that ſhall be doom'd for Sin.
Yet, that in Height of harmleſs Joys we may
Laſt to old Age, and never loſe a Day;
Amidſt our Pleaſures we ourſelves ſhould ſpare,
And manage all with Temperance and Care.
The Gods forbid but we ſometimes may ſteep
Our Joys in Wine, and lull our Cares aſleep.
It raiſes Nature, ripens Seeds of Worth,
As moiſt'ning Pictures calls the Colours forth;
But if the Varniſh we too oft apply,
Alas! like Colours, we grow faint and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muſe: I would reſtrain
Her over-eager Heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to Delights, ſhe longs to rove;
I check her here, and now ſhe flies to Love;
Shews me ſome rural Nymph by Shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as ſoon embrac'd:
The Graſs by her, as ſhe by him is preſs'd;
For ſhame, my Muſe, let Fancy gueſs the reſt:

At ſuch a Point Fancy can never ſtay,
But flies beyond whatever you can ſay.
Behold the ſilent Shades, the am'rous Grove,
The dear Delights, the very Act of Love.
This is his loweſt Sphere, his Country Scene,
Where Love is humble, and his Fare but mean;
Yet ſpringing up without the Help of Art,
Leaves a ſincerer Reliſh in the Heart,
More healthfully, tho' not ſo finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in Courts where moſt he makes a Show,
And high enthron'd, governs the World below;
For tho' in Hiſtories learn'd Ignorance
Attributes all to Cunning, or to Chance;
Love will in thoſe Diſguiſes often ſmile,
And knows, the Cauſe was Kindneſs all the while.
What Story, Place, or Perſon cannot prove
The boundleſs Influence of mighty Love?
Where-e'er the Sun can vig'rous Heat inſpire,
Both Sexes glow, and languiſh with Deſire.

The weary'd Swain faſt in the Arms of Sleep
Love can awake, and often ſighing keep;
And buſy Gown-men, by fond Love diſguis'd,
Will Leiſure find to make themſelves deſpis'd.
The proudeſt Kings ſubmit to Beauty's Sway;
Beauty itſelf, a greater Prince than they,
Lies ſometimes languiſhing with all its Pride
By a belov'd, tho' fickle Lover's Side.
I mean to ſlight the ſoft enchanting Charm,
But, oh! my Head and Heart are both too warm.
I doat on Womankind with all their Faults;
Love turns my Satire into ſofteſt Thoughts;
Of all that Paſſion which our Peace deſtroys,
Inſtead of Miſchiefs, I deſcribe the Joys.
But ſhort will be his Reign; (I fear too ſhort)
And preſent Cares ſhall be my future Sport.
Then Love's bright Torch put out, his Arrows broke,
Looſe from kind Chains, and from th' engaging Yoke,
To all fond Thoughts I'll ſing ſuch Counter-Charms,
The Fair ſhall liſten in their Lovers Arms.

Now the Enthuſiaſtick Fit is ſpent,
I feel my Weakneſs, and too late repent.
As they who walk in Dreams, oft climb too high
For Senſe to follow with a waking Eye;
And in ſuch wild Attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review theſe Sallies of my Pen,
And modeſt Reaſon is return'd agen;
My Confidence I curſe, my Fate accuſe,
Scarce hold from cenſuring the ſacred Muſe.
No wretched Poet of the railing Pit,
No Critick curs'd with the wrong Side of Wit,
Is more ſevere from Ignorance and Spite,
Than I with Judgment againſt all I write.

On Mr. HOBBS, *and his Writings.*

SUCH is the Mode of theſe cenſorious Days,
The Art is loſt of knowing how to praiſe;
Poets are envious now, and Fools alone
Admire at Wit, becauſe themſelves have none.
Yet whatſoe'er is by vain Criticks thought,
Praiſing is harder much than finding Fault;
In homely Pieces ev'n the *Dutch* excel,
Italians only can draw Beauty well.

As Strings, alike wound up, ſo equal prove,
That one reſounding makes the other move;
From ſuch a Cauſe our Satires pleaſe ſo much,
We ſympathize with each ill-natur'd Touch;

And as the ſharp Infection ſpreads about,
The Reader's Malice helps the Writer out.
To blame, is eaſy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muſe inſpires it, who can hold?
To Merit we are bound to give Applauſe,
Content to ſuffer in ſo juſt a Cauſe.

While in dark Ignorance we lay afraid
Of Fancies, Ghoſts, and ev'ry empty Shade;
Great Hobbs appear'd, and by plain Reaſon's Light
Put ſuch fantaſtick Forms to ſhameful Flight.
Fond is their Fear, who think Men needs muſt be
To Vice enſlav'd, if from vain Terrors free;
The Wiſe and Good, Morality will guide,
And Superſtition all the World beſide.

In other Authors, tho' the Thought be good,
'Tis not ſometimes ſo eas'ly underſtood;
That Jewel oft unpoliſh'd has remain'd;
Some Words ſhould be left out, and ſome explain'd;
So that in Search of Senſe, we either ſtray,
Or elſe grow weary in ſo rough a Way.

But

But here ſweet Eloquence does always ſmile,
In ſuch a choice, yet unaffected Style,
As muſt both Knowledge and Delight impart,
The Force of Reaſon, with the Flow'rs of Art;
Clear as a beautiful tranſparent Skin,
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
As ſmooth as Woman, but as ſtrong as Man.
BACON himſelf, whoſe univerſal Wit
Does Admiration through the World beget,
Scarce more his Age's Ornament is thought,
Or greater Credit to his Country brought.
While Fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice purſues her, like ſome Bird of Prey;
But once on Wing, then all the Quarrels ceaſe;
Envy herſelf is glad to be at Peace,
Gives over, weary'd with ſo high a Flight,
Above her Reach, and ſcarce within her Sight.
HOBBS to this happy Pitch arriv'd at laſt,
Might have look'd down with Pride on Dangers paſt:

But ſuch the Frailty is of Human Kind,
Men toil for Fame, which no Man lives to find;
Long rip'ning under-ground this *China* lies;
Fame bears no Fruit, till the vain Planter dies.
Thus Nature, tir'd with his unuſual Length
Of Life, which put her to her utmoſt Strength,
Such Stock of Wit unable to ſupply,
To ſpare herſelf, was glad to let him die.

Written

Written over a Gate.

HERE lives a Man, who, by Relation,
Depends upon Predeſtination;
For which the Learned and the Wiſe
His Underſtanding much deſpiſe:
But I pronounce with loyal Tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong.
For how could ſuch a Wretch ſucceed?
But that, alas, it was *Decreed!*

The MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and Wit they ſlight;
They neither act, nor reaſon right,
And nothing mind but Pence.
Unskilful they Victorious are,
Conduct a Kingdom without Care,
A Council without Senſe.

So Moses once, and Joshua,
And that Virago Debora,
Beſtrid poor Israel:
Like Rev'rence pay to theſe! for who
Could ride a Nation as they do,
Without a Miracle?

ODE

ODE *on the Death of* Henry Purcell. *Set to Muſick.*

GOOD Angels ſnatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, ſinging and ſoaring thro' the Sky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd Soul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went muſing all along,
Compoſing new their heav'nly Song.
A while his skilful Notes loud Hallelujahs drown'd;
But ſoon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleaſing Sound.
DAVID himſelf improv'd the Harmony,
DAVID in ſacred Story ſo renown'd
No leſs for Muſick, than for Poetry!

Genius

Genius ſublime in either Art!
Crown'd with Applauſe ſurpaſſing all Deſert!
A Man juſt after God's own Heart!
If human Cares are lawful to the Bleſt,
Already ſettled in eternal Reſt;
Needs muſt he wiſh that PURCELL only might
Have liv'd to ſet what he vouchſaf'd to write;
For, ſure, the noble Thirſt of Fame
With the frail Body never dies;
But with the Soul aſcends the Skies
From whence at firſt it came.
'Tis ſure no little Proof we have
That Part of us ſurvives the Grave,
And in our Fame below ſtill bears a Share:
Why is the Future elſe ſo much our Care,
Ev'n in our lateſt Moment of Deſpair?
And Death deſpis'd for Fame by all the Wiſe and Brave?
Oh, all ye bleſt harmonious Choir!
Who Pow'r Almighty only love, and only that admire!

Look

Look down with Pity from your peaceful Bow'r,
On this ſad Iſle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious Care of Trifles, Wealth, and Pow'r,
In our rough Minds due Reverence infuſe
For ſweet melodious Sounds, and each harmonious
Muſe.
Muſick exalts Man's Nature, and inſpires
High elevated Thoughts, or gentle, kind Deſires.

On the Loſs of an only Son, Robert *Marquis of* Normanby.

OUR Morning's gay and ſhining;
The Days our Joys declare;
At Ev'ning no Repining;
And Night's all void of Care.

A fond tranſported Mother
Was often heard to cry,
Oh, where is ſuch another
So bleſs'd by Heav'n as I?

A Child at firſt was wanting;
Now ſuch a Son is ſent,
As Parents moſt lamenting
In him would find Content.

A Child, of whom kind Heaven
Not only Hope beſtows,
But has already given
Him all our Hopes propoſe.

The happy Sire's poſſeſſing
His Share in ſuch a Boy,
Adds ſtill a greater Bleſſing
To all my other Joy.

But ah! this ſhiny Weather
Became too hot to laſt;
Black Clouds began to gather,
And all the Sky o'ercaſt.

So fierce a Fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in Tears;
And diſmal ſad Preſages
Come thund'ring in our Ears.

The Doubts that made us languiſh,
Did worſe, far worſe than kill:
Yet, oh, with all their Anguiſh,
Would we had doubted ſtill!

But why ſo much Digreſſion,
This fatal Loſs to ſhow?
Alas, there's no Expreſſion
Can tell a Parent's Woe!

On

On Mr. POPE, *and his Poems.*

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and Buſneſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Eaſe requir'd,
Too ſerious now a wanton Muſe to court,
And from the Criticks ſafe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous Rovers of the Pen;
And, after ſome ſmall undeſerv'd Succeſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious Time,
Itſelf a Subject for Satirick Rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n HOMER blam'd.

But to this Genius, join'd with ſo much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry Part,
Poets are bound a loud Applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.

And yet ſo wond'rous, ſo ſublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, ſcarce ſhould make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd Deed,
Can all Deſert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great Delight to laugh at ſome Mens Ways;
But a much greater to give Merit Praiſe.

STAN-

STANZAS.

WHene'er my fooliſh Bent to Publick Good,
Or fonder Zeal for ſome miſguided Prince,
Shall make my dang'rous Humour underſtood,
For changing Miniſters for Men of Senſe:

When vainly proud to ſhew my publick Care,
And ev'n aſham'd to ſee three Nations fool'd,
I ſhall no longer bear a wretched Share
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old Letchers in a Winter's Night
To yawning Hearers all their Pranks diſcloſe;
And what Decay deprives them of Delight,
Supply with vain Endeavours to impoſe:

Juſt ſo ſhall I as idly entertain
Some ſtripling Patriots, fond of ſeeming wiſe;
Tell, how I ſtill cou'd great Employments gain,
Without concealing Truths, or whiſp'ring Lyes;

Boaſt of ſucceeding in my Country's Cauſe
Ev'n againſt ſome almoſt too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the Reach of Laws,
I oft have ridicul'd to Senſe and Shame:

Say, I reſiſted the moſt potent Fraud;
But friendleſs Merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my Prince, but thoſe he lov'd:

Who knows but my Example then may pleaſe
Such noble, hopeful Spirits as appear
Willing to ſlight their Pleaſures, and their Eaſe,
For Fame and Honour? Till at laſt they hear,

After

After much Trouble borne, and Danger run,
The Crown aſſiſted, and my Country ſerv'd;
Without good Fortune I had been undone,
Without a good Eſtate I might have ſtarv'd.

The Election of a POET LAUREAT *in* 1719.

A Famous Aſſembly was ſummon'd of late:
To crown a new *Laureat* came PHOEBUS in State;
With all that MONTFAUCON himſelf could deſire,
His Bow, Laurel, Harp, and abundance of Fire.

At *Bartlemew-Fair* ne'er did Bullies ſo juſtle,
No Country Election e'er made ſuch a Buſtle:
From Garret, Mint, Tavern, they all poſt away,
Some thirſting for Sack, ſome ambitious of Bay.

All came with full Confidence, fluſh'd with vain Hope,
From CIBBER and DURFEY, to PRIOR and POPE.
PHOEBUS ſmil'd on theſe laſt, but yet ne'ertheleſs,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the Preſs.

With

With a huge Mountain-load of Heroical Lumber,
Which from TONSON to CURLL ev'ry Preſs had groan'd under;
Came BL----E, and cry'd, Look, all theſe are my Lays;
But at preſent I beg you'd but read my *Eſſays*.

Lampooners and Criticks ruſh'd in like a Tide,
Stern DENNIS and GILDON came firſt ſide by ſide.
APOLLO confeſs'd that their Laſhes had Stings,
But Beadles and Hangmen were never choſe Kings.

STEEL long had ſo cunningly manag'd the Town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the Crown:
APOLLO demurr'd as to granting his Wiſh,
But wiſh'd him good Luck in his Project of Fiſh.

Lame CONGREVE, unable ſuch things to endure,
Of APOLLO begg'd either a Crown or a Cure;
To refuſe ſuch a Writer, APOLLO was loth,
And almoſt inclin'd to have granted him both.

When BUCKINGHAM came, he ſcarce car'd to be ſeen,
Till PHOEBUS deſir'd his old Friend to walk in:
But a Laureat Peer had never been known;
The Commoners claim'd that Place as their own.

Yet if the kind God had been ne'er ſo inclin'd
To break an old Rule, yet he well knew his Mind,
Who of ſuch Preferment would only make Sport,
And laugh'd at all Suitors for Places at Court.

Notwithſtanding this Law, yet LANSDOWN was nam'd,
But APOLLO with Kindneſs his Indolence blam'd;
And ſaid he would chuſe him, but that he ſhould fear,
An Employment of Trouble he never could bear.

A *Prelate for Wit and for Eloquence fam'd,
APOLLO ſoon miſs'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidſt a whole Bench, of which ſome are ſo bright,
No one of them ſhines ſo learn'd and polite.

* *Dr.* Atterbury, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter.

To

To SHIPPEN, APOLLO was cold with Reſpect,
Since he for the State could the Muſes neglect:
But ſaid, in a greater Aſſembly he ſhin'd,
And Places were things he had ever declin'd.

TR--P, Y----G and VANBRUGH expected Reward,
For ſome things writ well; but APOLLO declar'd,
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third ſure already had Places enough.

Pert B-----LL came next, and demanding the Bays,
Said, Thoſe Works muſt be good, which had ADDISON's Praiſe;
But APOLLO reply'd, Child EUSTACE, 'tis known,
Moſt Authors will praiſe whatſoever's their own.

Then PH------PS came forth, as ſtarch as a Quaker,
Whoſe ſimple Profeſſion's a Paſtoral-maker;
APOLLO adviſ'd him from Playhouſe to keep,
And pipe to nought elſe but his Dog and his Sheep.

H---HES, F---TON, and G---Y, came laſt in the Train,
Too modeſt to ask for the Grown they would gain:
PHOEBUS thought them too baſhful, and ſaid they would need
More Boldneſs, if ever they hop'd to ſucceed.

APOLLO, now driv'n to a curſed Quandary,
Was wiſhing for SWIFT, or the fam'd Lady MARY:
Nay, had honeſt TOM SOUTHERN but been within Call---
But at laſt he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And ſo ſpying one who came only to gaze,
A Hater of Verſe, and Deſpiſer of Plays;
To him in great Form, without any Delay,
(Tho' a zealous *Fanatick*) preſented the Bay.

All the Wits ſtood aſtoniſh'd, at hearing the God
So gravely pronounce an Election ſo odd:
And tho' PRIOR and POPE only laugh'd in his Face,
Moſt others were ready to ſink in the Place.

Yet

Yet ſome thought the Vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the Bigot would never accept:
But the Hypocrite told them, he well underſtood,
Tho' the Function was wicked, the Stipend was good.

At laſt in ruſh'd EUSDEN, and cry'd, "Who ſhall have it,
"But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?"
APOLLO begg'd Pardon, and granted his Claim;
But vow'd tho', till then he ne'er heard of his Name.

On the TIMES.

SINCE in vain our Parſons teach,
Hear, for once, a Poet preach.
Vice has loſt its very Name,
Skill and Coz'nage thought the ſame;
Only playing well the Game.
Foul Contrivances we ſee
Call'd but Ingenuity;
Ample Fortunes often made
Out of Frauds in ev'ry Trade,
Which an aukward Child afford
Enough to wed the greateſt Lord.
The Miſer ſtarves to raiſe a Son;
But, if once the Fool is gone,
Years of Thirft ſcarce ſerve a Day,
Rake-hell ſquanders all away.

Husbands

Husbands ſneaking for a Place,
Or toiling for their Pay;
While the Wives undo their Race
By Petticoats and Play:
Breeding Boys to Drink and Dice,
Carrying Girls to Comedies,
Where Ma-ma's Intrigues are ſhown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having firſt at Sermon ſlept,
Tedious Day is weekly kept
By worſe Hypocrites, than Men,
Till *Monday* comes to cheat agen.
Ev'n among the Nobleſt-born,
Moral Virtue is a Scorn;
Gratitude, but rare at beſt;
And Fidelity a Jeſt.
All our Wit but Party-mocks;
All our Wiſdom, raiſing Stocks:
Counted Folly to defend
Sinking Side, or falling Friend.

Long

Long an Officer may ſerve;
Prais'd and wounded, he may ſtarve:
No Receipt, to make him riſe,
Like inventing loyal Lyes.
We, whoſe Anceſtors have ſhin'd
In Arts of Peace, and Fields of Fame,
To Ill and Idleneſs inclin'd,
Now are grown a publick Shame.
Fatal that inteſtine Jar,
Which produc'd our Civil War!
Ever ſince, how ſad a Race!
Senſeleſs, violent, and baſe!

ON

ON THE

DUKE of *YORK*

Baniſhed to *Bruſſels.*

I Feel a ſtrange Impulſe, a ſtrong Deſire,
(For what vain Thoughts will not a Muſe inſpire?)
To ſing on lofty Subjects, and to raiſe
My own low Fame, by writing JAMES's Praiſe.
Oft have we heard the Wonders of his Youth;
Obſerv'd thoſe Seeds of Fortitude and Truth;
Which ſince have ſpread ſo wide, ſo wondrous high,
The Good diſtreſs'd beneath that Shelter lie.

In

In Arms more active than ev'n War requir'd,
And in the midſt of mighty Chiefs admir'd.
Of all Heav'n's Gifts, no Temper is ſo rare,
As ſo much Courage, mix'd with ſo much Care.
When martial Fire makes all the Spirits boil,
And forces Youth to military Toil;
No Wonder it ſhould fiercely then engage;
Women themſelves will venture in a Rage:
But in the midſt of all that furious Heat,
While ſo intent on Actions brave and great,
For other Lives to feel ſuch tender Fears,
And careleſs of his own, to care for theirs;
Is that Compoſure which a Hero makes,
And which illuſtrious YORK alone partakes,
With that great * Man whoſe Fame has flown ſo far,
Who taught him firſt the noble Art of War.
Oh wondrous Pair! whom equal Virtues crown;
Oh worthy of each other's vaſt Renown!

* *The Mareſchal* de Turenne.

None

None but TURENNE with YORK could Glory
ſhare,
And none but YORK deſerve ſo great a Maſter's
Care.

Scarce was he come to bleſs his native Iſle,
And reap the ſoft Rewards of glorious Toil,
But like ALCIDES, ſtill new Dangers call
His Courage forth, and ſtill he vanquiſh'd all.

At Sea, that bloody Scene of boundleſs Rage,
Where floating Caſtles in fierce Flames engage,
(Where MARS himſelf does frowningly command,
And by Lieutenants only fights at Land)
For his own Fame howe'er he fought before,
For *England*'s Honour yet he ventur'd more.

In thoſe black Times, when Faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
With YORK they fled; but not depreſt his Mind;
Still, like a Diamond in the Duſt, it ſhin'd.
When from afar his drooping Friends beheld
How in Diſtreſs he ev'n himſelf excell'd;

How

How to his envious Fate, his Country's Frown,
His Brother's Will, he ſacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their Hearts, and never doubted more
But that juſt Heav'n would all our Joys reſtore.
So when black Clouds ſurround Heav'n's glorious Face,
Tempeſtuous Darkneſs cov'ring all the Place;
If we diſcern but the leaſt glimm'ring Ray
Of that bright Orb of Fire which rules the Day;
The chearful Sight our fainting Courage warms;
Fix'd upon that, we fear no future Harms.

On the DEITY.

WRetched Mankind! void both of Strength and Skill!
Dextrous at nothing but at doing Ill!
In Merit humble, in Pretenſion high;
Among them none, alas! more weak than I;

And

And none more blind: tho' ſtill I worthleſs thought,
The beſt I ever ſpoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous Heat exalts the humbleſt Mind;
Within my Soul ſuch ſtrong Impulſe I find
The Heav'nly Tribute of due Praiſe to pay:
Perhaps 'tis ſacred, and I muſt obey.

Yet ſuch the Subjects, various, and ſo high!
Stupendous Wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous Effects of boundleſs Pow'r!
And that as boundleſs Goodneſs ſhining more!
All theſe, ſo numberleſs, my Thoughts attend,
Oh where ſhall I begin, or ever end?

But on that Theme which ev'n the Wiſe abuſe,
So ſacred, ſo ſublime, and ſo abſtruſe,
Abruptly to break off, wants no Excuſe.

While others vainly ſtrive to know Thee more,
Let me in ſilent Reverence adore;

Wiſhing that human Pow'r were higher rais'd,
Only that Thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy Angels in their high Degree;
Created worthy of extolling Thee!

FINIS.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

JULIUS CÆSAR,

ALTERED:

With a PROLOGUE and CHORUS;

By His GRACE

JOHN Duke of *BUCKINGHAM.*

PROLOGUE to the Alteration of *JULIUS CÆSAR.*

HOpe to mend SHAKESPEAR! *or to match his Style!*
'Tis ſuch a Jeſt, would make a Stoick ſmile.
Too fond of Fame, our Poet ſoars too high;
Yet freely owns he wants the Wings to fly:
So ſenſible of his preſumptuous Thought,
That he confeſſes while he does the Fault:
This to the Fair will no great Wonder prove,
Who oft in Bluſhes yield to what they love.

Of greateſt Actions, and of nobleſt Men,
This Story moſt deſerves a Poet's Pen.
For who can wiſh a Scene more juſtly fam'd,
When Rome *and mighty* JULIUS *are but nam'd!*
That State of Heroes, who the World had brav'd!
That wond'rous Man, who ſuch a State inſlav'd!
Yet loth he was to take ſo rough a way,
And after govern'd with ſo mild a Sway,
At Diſtance now of ſev'nteen hundred Years,
Methinks a lovely Raviſher appears;
Whom, tho' forbid by Virtue to excuſe,
A Nymph might pardon, and could ſcarce refuſe.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Dictator.

BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
DEC. BRUTUS,
TREBONIUS,
CASCA,
} Conſpirators.

M. ANTONIUS.

JUNIUS, One of CÆSAR's Freedmen.

PORTIA, Wife of BRUTUS.

LUCIUS, One of his Servants.

Senators.

Prieſts.

Tradeſmen and Citizens.

SPURINNA, A Sooth-ſayer.

This Play begins the Day before CÆSAR's Death, and ends within an Hour after it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter two Roman *Senators at one Door,* TREBONIUS *and* CASCA *at another.*

1 SENATOR.

AIL, good TREBONIUS.

2 SENATOR.

Health to worthy CASCA. Will you go with us to the Sports to-day?

1 SENATOR.

Before this CÆSAR's Time, we had no Shews Magnificent as theſe.

TREBONIUS.

But we had Triumphs:
And tho' the Conqueror ſat high exalted,
We all partook both of his Fame and Merit:
The gaz'd-on Warrior in the gilded Chariot
Enjoy'd his Fill of Fame, but, as *Rome*'s Subject:
And, to his great Renown in glorious Arms,
A higher, much more valu'd Crown, was added;
Immortal Praiſe for ſerving well his Country.

CASCA.

Oh how our Hearts were fir'd at POMPEY's Triumphs!
The Blood more lively danc'd within our Veins:
The very Image of it ſtrikes my Fancy!
Methinks I ſee a thouſand noble Captives
Drooping with Grief, which yet was lighter made
By his kind Uſage. After came the Treaſures;
Our Treaſures! for it was not then as now,
When one Man's greedy Gripe ingroſſes all.
We did not, as Law-Suiters for Contention,
Diſburſe more Charges than the Prize was worth;
Grow Beggars, only to make others rich.

TREBONIUS.

But then, at laſt, behold ev'n captive Kings
In golden Chains with penſive Thought look down,
Remembring they had us'd their Subjects worſe.

CASCA.

CASCA.

Yet ſhew'd a gloomy Comfort through their Sadneſs,
For being vanquiſh'd by ſo brave a People.

TREBONIUS.

Which of us, then, oh which of us went home
From ſuch a Spectacle unmov'd with Joy,
With virtuous Pride, to ſee our Blood well ſpent,
Our Treaſures manag'd, and our Glory rais'd?

CASCA.

Yet ev'n to POMPEY, Chief of all our State,
No *Roman* but diſdain'd a mean Submiſſion;
A Tribute only owing to the Gods.

TREBONIUS.

But now we crouch, and ſtand in ſervile Awe;
Like Children, fear the Goblin we have made.
This CÆSAR, tho' Dictator, is our Creature,
And from Election all his Pride proceeds.

CASCA.

We meet theſe Murmurs now in ev'ry Mouth;
Ill-boding Sounds to late unſettled Pow'r,
Like new-built Houſes, eaſily blown down.

TREBONIUS.

Yet CÆSAR, ſtill intrepidly ſerene,
Goes proudly on, deſpiſing us, and Danger.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter a Croud of common Tradeſmen.

CASCA.

What's all this Croud, and whither are ye going,
My gazing Fellow-Citizens? To wait
On your own Shame, and ſtare upon your Bondage?

1 TRADESMAN.

I know not what you mean by Shame and Bondage:
We go to ſee great CÆSAR, and the Sports.

CASCA.

And much good do you, Friend: You little think,
The Man you ſo admire would be your Maſter.

TRADESMAN.

My Maſter! He would ſcorn ſo mean a Servant.
I hope you will not jeſt at mighty CÆSAR!

[CASCA *laughs.*

CASCA.

I only laugh at you for loving CÆSAR.

TRADESMAN.

Oh, is that all? Well, Sir, make bold with me;
But have a care of meddling with your Betters.

CASCA.

Betters! Thou ſawcy Citizen, be ſilent.

TRADES-

TRADESMAN.

Then I am huſh'd. Speak you, Sir.

CASCA.

What, to Fools?
To Men, whoſe Minds are ſunk in low Submiſſion?
Born free, and yet contented to be Slaves?
Form'd like the dull ſtrong Horſe, to bear a Rider?
Well, we may wiſh, and vent our Rage in Curſes:
May CÆSAR ——

TRADESMAN.

Hold; and hear if he ſpeaks Treaſon.

CASCA.

May CÆSAR live, as long as good Men wiſh him!

TRADESMAN.

Why, what does this Man mean? he prays for CÆSAR.
Long may he live *Rome's* great, and wiſe Dictator!

TREBONIUS.

Oh, my good Friends, how blind are thoſe Deſires!
Did you but know how much you curſe yourſelves,
No People, ſure, would be ſuch Self-deſtroyers,
Tho' but in Wiſh. Did ever Men before
Pray for Continuance of a Tyrant Ague
That ſhakes their very Souls? See, how *Rome* trembles,

And

And looks all pale, with Loſs of guiltleſs Blood!
Who has not loſt a Kinſman, or a Friend,
Whoſe honeſt Life the War has ſacrific'd
To this Man's wild Ambition?
Nay, are not you dead too? ſince in his Pow'r
To kill you when he pleaſes? with this Diff'rence;
That Death, once come, frees you from all its Force,
Which ev'ry Hour ye now expect with Terror.
Before this fatal Time each good Man here
Was Maſter of the World, and ſhar'd the Pow'r;
Kings waited on your Votes, and watch'd your Wills:
But now (I weep to ſay how ſad a Change!)
The Greatneſs, nay the Goodneſs of this CÆSAR,
Is founded on our Baſeneſs: For, alas!
What muſt we be, to be forgiv'n by him?
And do you think, becauſe he gives you Pleaſures,
Treats you with Shows, and popular Appearance,
That all this ſeeming Softneſs is not Shadow?
A very Trick to lull your Thoughts aſleep,
And then ſubject them? make them mild, and tame,
Fit for the ſervile Uſe of being Subjects?
Thoſe lofty Thoughts, which, like true mettled Hawks,
Were us'd to fly ſo ſtrong, and ſoar ſo high,
Which Nature has deſign'd to prey on Tyrants,
And not to ſerve them; now are whiſtled off
With ev'ry Pageant Pomp, and gawdy Show.

For

For ſhame! repent of ſuch a childiſh Folly;
And rather tear, like CATO, your own Bowels,
Than live to ſee your Country torn by Tyrants.

CASCA.

And POMPEY too, methinks, ſhould be remember'd,
Who died for you ſo lately; on whoſe Ruin
This CÆSAR ſtands, and ſcorns us all beneath him.

TREBONIUS.

See if they are not mov'd; the *Roman* Soul
Now ſwells within them. Go, my worthy Friends;
And, if you needs will ſee your Tyrant's Triumph,
Gaze on him then with angry envious Eyes:
Be ev'ry one a *Baſilisk* to him;
Kill him with ſtaring.

1ſt CITIZEN.

Farewel, worthy Lords!
You love your Country, and we love you for it.

TREBONIUS.

Shall we not be accus'd for this?

CASCA.

No matter;
We break no Laws either of Gods or Men:
So, if we fall, it is with Reputation;
A Fate which Cowards ſhun, and brave Men ſeek.
If CÆSAR puniſh Men for ſpeaking Truth,

My honeſt Tongue ſhall dare his utmoſt Doom,
But here he comes, with all that Pomp and Pride
In which young Pow'r ſo childiſhly delights.

SCENE III.

Enter CÆSAR *attended by* ANTONY, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and many other Senators: Sits down in a magnificent Seat, to behold ſeveral Diverſements after the* Roman *manner. When the Sports are ended,* ANTONY *preſents him a Crown.*

ANTONIUS.

Hail, mighty Man! thou Godlike CÆSAR, hail!
Stoop to our Wiſhes, and vouchſafe to wear
This Crown, preſented thee by all Mankind:
Shine on us, like the Sun, in your full Luſtre;
While *Rome* reviv'd lies basking in your Beams,
And flouriſhes beneath that kindly Heat.
Adorn us with your Pow'r, and make us proud
Of being Subjects to ſo great a King.

CÆSAR.

I am not call'd your King, but your Dictator;
[CÆSAR *deſcends from his Seat to the middle of the Stage.*
A Name, I hope, that bears as great a Sound;

If not, 'tis no vain Titles that can help it:
Therefore I both refuſe, and ſlight a Crown,
[*He puts back the Crown with his Hand, at which the People ſhout for Joy.*
Which can add nothing to my Power, or *Rome's.*
I'm glad, my Friends, you are ſo eaſily pleas'd
With my refuſing what I think below me;
Were it above me, I ſhould quickly reach it.
Your Kings, it ſeems, exerted Pow'r ſo ill,
That you expell'd the hated Name for ever.
But 'tis the Tyranny, not Name, ye fear;
And that my Soul abhors, as much as you.
Witneſs, ye Gods, I have no other Aim
Than to advance your Good, and my own Honour.

ANTONIUS.

Take then this Crown, which ſeems ſo much for both; [*Offering the Crown once more.*
For Pow'r well plac'd, can never be too great.

CÆSAR.

Again! this needs not; 'tis unſeemly Joy;
[CÆSAR *refuſes it, and they ſhout a ſecond time.*
It looks as if you doubted me before,
And are ſurpriz'd to find my Moderation.

ANTO-

ANTONIUS.

'Tis I, Sir, am ſurpriz'd; but 'tis with Grief,
[*He offers the Crown the third time.*
To ſee you ſhun a Pow'r, you ought to ſeek;
At leaſt, reject it not with ſuch Irrev'rence;
Crowns are the faireſt Preſents of the Gods.

CÆSAR.

Again! [*He refuſes it again, and they ſhout the third time.*
Peace, you unmannerly, unthinking Croud!
Are you ſo pleas'd? and have I no way left
But this, to be as popular as POMPEY?
How have I us'd my Pow'r, that you ſhould fear it?
Then, to be more ſecure, here take my Life;
I freely offer it to ev'ry *Roman:*
Let out that Blood, you think boils with Ambition;
I'd rather loſe it, than out-live my Fame;
Nor wou'd accept of Pow'r, unleſs to pleaſe.
I feel their Pulſes, and I find them beat
[*To* ANTONY *aſide.*
Fev'riſh, and high, unfit for my Deſigns:
Their Reaſon loſt, they rave for Liberty,
Like Lunaticks, confin'd for their own Good,
Strive for a fatal Freedom to be ruin'd.

ANTO-

ANTONIUS.

Therefore in Pity, Sir, reſtrain them more.

CÆSAR.

I'll guard them from themſelves, their own worſt Foes;
And will have Pow'r to do whate'er I pleaſe;
Yet bear my Thunder in a gentle Hand.
Like JOVE, I'll ſit above; but 'tis to ſhow
My Love and Care of all the World below.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MESSENGER.

Some other Sports are in the Field of MARS,
And only wait your Preſence.

CÆSAR.

Let us go.
The Ev'ning is far ſpent, it will be dark;
And I, thou know'ſt, have not been well To-day.
[*To* BRUTUS.

Exeunt CÆSAR, *and* ANTONY.

SCENE IV.

CASSIUS.

Will you not wait on CÆSAR [illegible] Courſe?

BRUTUS.

Not I.

CASSIUS,

How ſo?

BRUTUS.

I am not fit for Sports;
I want the airy Humour of MARC ANTONY.
Let me not hinder, CASSIUS, your Deſires.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, I have obſerv'd you much of late;
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleneſs,
And Show of Love, which I was us'd to find:
Pardon my Cares, that only come from Kindneſs;
Your Carriage is a little too reſerv'd,
And ſtrange, to Friends who would be more familiar.

BRUTUS.

CASSIUS, miſtake me not: If I have veil'd
My Look, I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
Merely upon myſelf: I am of late
Troubled with Paſſions of a diff'rent Nature,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which give perhaps ſome Soil to my Behaviour.
But let not therefore my good Friends complain,
(Amongſt which Number CASSIUS is the chief)
Nor miſinterpret farther my Neglect;

But

But think poor BRUTUS, with himſelf at War,
Forgets the Shows of Love to other Men.

CASSIUS.

I am moſt glad to find I was miſtaken.
That Error made this Breaſt of mine conceal
Thoughts of great Value, worthy of your Ear:
Tell me, good BRUTUS, can you ſee your Face?

BRUTUS.

No, CASSIUS; for, the Eye ſees not itſelf,
But by Reflexion from ſome other thing.

CASSIUS.

'Tis juſt: Then know, 'tis much lamented, BRUTUS,
That you have no ſuch Mirror as might ſhow
(Spite of your Modeſty) your own hid Worth;
That you for once might ſee the noble Shadow.
I have heard ſome, of the beſt Rank in *Rome*,
(Except immortal CÆSAR) talk of BRUTUS;
And groaning underneath this Age's Yoke,
Have wiſh'd, that noble BRUTUS had his Eyes.

BRUTUS.

Into what Dangers wou'd you lead me, CASSIUS,
That you would have me look into myſelf
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, hear;
And ſince, you know, you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by Reflexion; I, your Glaſs,
Will without all Diſguiſe diſcover now
That of yourſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle BRUTUS.
Were I ſome ſlight Buffoon, or us'd to flatter,
To cloy each Man I meet with proffer'd Love,
And then betray him; did I uſe to fawn,
And hug Men hard, then cruſh them with my Scandal;
Or if you ever knew me riotous
To Loſs of Reaſon; then you might ſuſpect me.
What Shouts are theſe? [*A great Shout.*

BRUTUS.

I hope, like thoſe juſt now,
For Joy that CÆSAR has refus'd the Crown.

CASSIUS.

If you hope that, you would not have him King.

BRUTUS.

I would not, CASSIUS; yet I love him well.

CASSIUS.

And do you think he would forgive that Wiſh,
Or would accept your Love, with that Allay?

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

If juſt, he will; and, if unjuſt, I care not.
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
I ſee you labour with ſome weighty thing.
If it be tow'rds the gen'ral Good, ſpeak quickly;
I am in Haſte to meet your noble Thoughts.
Set Virtue in my Eye, and let grim Death
Shake his unheeded Dart, I'll ſtill be fix'd.
For, may the Gods ſo help me, as, for Honour,
I look indiff'rently on Life or Death.

CASSIUS.

I know your Virtue, BRUTUS, and dare truſt it.
Well, Honour is the Subject of my Story.
I cannot tell what you and other Men
Think of this Life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I'll chuſe much rather not to live at all,
Than live to be in Awe of any thing.
I was born free as CÆSAR; ſo are you:
We both are bred as well; and we can both
Endure the Winter's Cold as well as he.
For, once, upon a raw and guſty Day,
The troubled *Tiber* turn'd into a Foam,
CÆSAR ſays to me, CASSIUS, dar'ſt thou now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And ſwim to yonder Point? Upon the Word,
Accoutred as I was, I plung'd me in,

And bade him follow; ſo indeed he did:
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty Sinews, throwing it aſide;
But yet, ere we could reach the Point propos'd,
CÆSAR cry'd, Help me, CASSIUS, or I ſink!
Juſt as ÆNEAS, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy* bear on his Shoulders
The old ANCHISES, I from *Tiber's* Waves
Bore the tir'd CÆSAR: Yet this feeble Man
Is now become a God; and CASSIUS is
A wretched Creature, and muſt bend his Body,
If CÆSAR give him but a careleſs Nod.
A ſtrange Diſeaſe poſſeſſes him ſometimes:
This Day I ſaw him fall into his Fit:
(That which delay'd the Sports till Afternoon.)
This God has fall'n to Ground, and foam'd at Mouth;
His Limbs have trembled, and his Eyes have roll'd;
Yet now his Look muſt awe the trembling World.
Nay, I have heard him groan, like a ſick Girl;
And that ſmooth Tongue which us'd to move ſo much,
And make the *Romans* ſet down all it ſaid,
Would faulter then, and ſtammer out ſtrange things.
Gods! why ſhould one of ſuch a feeble Temper
Be ſet upon the Top of all this World,
To look, down on Mankind? [*A Shout.*

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Another Shout! ſure *Rome* is turn'd a Revel!
[*Another Shout.*
I fear at leaſt they crown him with Applauſe.

CASSIUS.

Why, Man, he now beſtrides the narrow World,
Like a *Coloſſus*; and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about,
To find ourſelves diſhonourable Graves.
Men, at ſome times, are Maſters of their Fates;
The Fault, dear BRUTUS, is not in our Stars,
But in our ſelves, that we are Underlings.
BRUTUS and CÆSAR! where's the Difference?
Why ſhould that Name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a Name;
Shout BRUTUS, and the Echo is as loud:
BRUTUS and CÆSAR! Conjure with thoſe Names,
BRUTUS will ſtart a Spirit, as ſoon as CÆSAR.
Now in the Name of all the Gods at once,
On what high Fame does this our CÆSAR feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd!
Rome, thou haſt loſt thy Breed of noble Blood!
When did there paſs an Age, ſince Time firſt was,
That the whole World reſounded but one Man?
When could they ſay, till now, who talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide Walls contain'd one ſingle Hero?

O, you and I have heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a BRUTUS once, who kill'd his Sons,
And would have ſlain his deareſt Friend, nay Father,
Rather than ſuffer *Rome* to be enſlav'd.

BRUTUS.

That CASSIUS loves me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome Aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe Times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not (if with Love I might intreat it)
Be any farther mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with Patience bear, and find a Time
Both fit to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble Friend, remember this;
BRUTUS had rather be a Villager,
A worthleſs Stranger, than a Son of *Rome*,
Under ſuch hard Conditions as this Time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS.

I am happy,
That my weak Words have drawn thus much from
BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

A ſudden Storm! I'll leave you, noble CASSIUS;

[*Exceſſive Thunder and Lightning on a ſudden.*

We

We are obſerv'd. At Midnight, if you pleaſe,
We'll meet again, and talk of this more largely.

CASSIUS.

I will not fail to wait on worthy BRUTUS.

[*Exit* BRUTUS.

SCENE V.

Enter CASCA *to* CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Who's there?

CASCA.

A *Roman.*

CASSIUS.

CASCA, by your Voice.

CASCA.

Your Ear is good. The Air is ſtrangely chang'd!

CASSIUS.

A very harmleſs Air to honeſt Men.

CASCA.

Who ever knew the Heavens threaten ſo?

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Who ever knew the Earth ſo full of Faults?
For my part, I'll walk ſtill about the Streets,
Submitting to the Dangers of the Storm;
Unbutton'd thus, and careleſs, as you ſee,
Will bare my Boſom to the Thunderbolt,
Juſt as the fiery Flaſh begins to dart.

CASCA.

But wherefore would you ſo much tempt the Gods;
Sure, 'tis our Part rather to fear and tremble,
When they, for Cauſes to poor Men unknown,
Send dreadful Heralds to denounce a War.

CASSIUS.

You are dull, CASCA; and thoſe Sparks of Fire,
That ſhould inflame a *Roman* Breaſt, you want,
Or elſe diſſemble: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on Fear, and loſe yourſelf in Wonder,
To ſee this ſtrange Diſorder in the Heav'ns:
Think on the Earth, good CASCA; think on *Rome*;
If fiery Meteors, and Fool-frighting Ghoſts,
If monſtrous Births, and ſtrange portentous things,
As you believe, break Nature's ſettled Courſe;
'Tis to accompany this monſtrous State.
I could now, CASCA, name to thee a Man
Moſt like this dreadful Night, which thunders, lightens,

Tears

Tears open Graves, and keeps us all in Terror:
A Man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In real Might, in Worth; yet grown a Giant;
And ev'ry *Roman* elſe ſeems but a Pigmy.

CASCA.

It is not hard to gueſs the Man you mean.

CASSIUS.

No matter for his Name; for *Romans* now
Have Limbs and Sinews, like their Anceſtors;
But where the Minds of all our famous Fathers?
Dead, dead with them! we have our Mothers Spirits;
'Tis womaniſh to ſee, and ſuffer this.

CASCA.

Indeed, they ſay, the Senators To-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh CÆSAR for their King;
And he ſhall wear his Crown by Sea and Land,
In ev'ry Place, but here in *Italy*.

CASSIUS.

I know where I ſhall wear this Dagger then.
CASSIUS from Bondage will deliver CASSIUS.
Herein the Poor are rich, the Weak moſt ſtrong;
By this, the Wretched mock at baſe Oppreſſion;
The Meaneſt are victorious o'er the Mighty.
Not Tow'rs of Stone, nor Walls of harden'd Braſs,
Nor airleſs Dungeons, the poor Strength of Tyrants!

Not

Not all their ſtrongeſt Guards, nor heavieſt Chains,
Can in the leaſt controul the mighty Spirit.
For, noble Life, when weary of itſelf,
Has always Pow'r to ſhake it off, at Pleaſure.
Since I know this, know all the World beſides,
That Part of Tyranny prepar'd for me,
I can and will defy.

CASCA.

And ſo can I,
Thus ev'ry Bondman in own Hand bears
The Pow'r to cancel his Captivity.

CASSIUS.

And why ſhould CÆSAR be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man! I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he ſees the *Romans* are but Sheep:
He were no Lion, if we were not Lambs.
But oh, diſorder'd Grief! where haſt thou led me?
I ſpeak, perhaps, before a willing Bondman,
One whom tame Fools miſcal a mod'rate Man;
That is, a mean Complyer with the Times.
But I am arm'd within againſt all Danger.

CASCA.

CASSIUS, you ſpeak to CASCA, to a Man
Whoſe Thoughts have all this while out-gone your Words;

Here,

Here, take my Hand, and make what uſe of it
The Times and our Neceſſities require;
I am reſolv'd.

CASSIUS.

Then, there's a Bargain made.
Now know, good CASCA, I have mov'd already
Some of the boldeſt nobleſt-minded *Romans*
To undertake with me an Enterprize
Of honourable, dang'rous Conſequence.
They now all ſtay for me in POMPEY's Porch,
And ſuch a Night as this requires a Shelter;
A Night, that's like the noble Work in hand,
All black, and terrible! But ſoft; ſtand cloſe.

Enter TREBONIUS.

CASCA.

TREBONIUS! now I know him by his Gait.

CASSIUS.

He is a Friend; pray hold; whither ſo faſt?

TREBONIUS.

To look out you. Who's that, METELLUS CIMBER?

CASSIUS.

No, 'tis our CASCA, one as bold and honeſt.
Am I not ſtay'd for?

TRE-

TREBONIUS.

What a Night is this!
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange Sights!

CASSIUS.

Well, let 'em ſee them. Tell me, am I ſtaid for?

TREBONIUS.

You are.
O CASSIUS, if you could prevail with BRUTUS;
He, as a Band, would tye our Party ſtrong.

CASCA.

Why, is not BRUTUS one? I thought him ſure,

CASSIUS.

Be you content. TREBONIUS, take this Scroll,
And look you lay it in the ready way,
Where BRUTUS needs muſt find it; then, throw this
In at his Window; ſet this up with Wax
Upon old BRUTUS' Statue: all this done,
Repair to POMPEY's Porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is DECIUS BRUTUS, and MARULLUS there?

TREBONIUS.

All, all are there, except METELLUS CIMBER;
And he is gone to ſeek you at your Houſe.

CASSIUS.

Away then; loſe no Time: Come, my good CASCA;
We will go viſit BRUTUS yet ere Day:
Three Parts of that good Man are ours already,
And, on the next Aſſault, he yields entire.

CASCA.

Oh, he ſits high in all the People's Hearts.

CASSIUS.

So, that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like the great Art of Chymiſts,
Will change to Virtue, and to noble Deeds.

CASCA.

Him, and his Worth, and our great Need of him,
You have conſider'd well. Come, let's make Haſte.

CASSIUS.

The Sun that ſees him next, ſhall find him ours.

[*Exeunt.*

Inſtead of the Muſick uſually play'd between the Acts, the following Verſes are, after this Act, to be ſung by a Chorus repreſenting the Roman *People.*

First CHORUS.

I.

WHITHER is *Roman* Honour gone?
Where is our antient Virtue now?
That Valour, which ſo bright has ſhone,
And with the Wings of Conqueſt flown,
Muſt to a haughty Maſter bow:
Who, with our Toil, our Blood, and all we have beſide,
Gorges his ill-got Pow'r, his Humour, and his Pride.

II.

Fearleſs he will his Life expoſe;
So does a Lion, or a Bear;
His very Virtues threaten thoſe,
Who more his bold Ambition fear.
How ſtupid Wretches we appear,
Who round the World for Wealth and Empire roam;
Yet never, never think what Slaves we are at home

III.

III.

Did Men, for this, together join;
Quitting the free wild Life of Nature?
What other Beaſt did e'er deſign
The ſetting up his Fellow-Creature,
And of two Miſchiefs chuſe the greater?
Oh! rather than be Slaves to bold imperious Men,
Give us our Wildneſs, and our Woods, our Huts,
and Caves again.

IV.

There, ſecure from lawleſs Sway,
Out of Pride or Envy's Way;
Living up to Nature's Rules,
Not deprav'd by Knaves and Fools;
Happily we all ſhould live, and harmleſs as our Sheep,
And at laſt as calmly die, as Infants fall aſleep.

ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS *alone in his Houſe undreſt.*

HE would be King; nay, will be, if he lives;
This moſt important Day diſclos'd that Secret:
Ambition, like a mad tempeſtuous Sea,
Swell'd him above the Bounds of wiſe Diſſembling,
And ended all our Hopes of future Freedom.
Juſtice and Liberty! farewel for ever!
If BRUTUS is thus ſenſible of Slav'ry,
I, who am CÆSAR's Friend, and partial for him;
What is it then to others? to thoſe Thouſands,
Who muſt lie heap'd in Duſt, to raiſe him higher?
But my own Words reproach me; can I call
Myſelf his Friend, and yet conſent to kill him?
By Heav'n, no leſs than plain Ingratitude!
That heavy Load preſſes my tender Mind;
I cannot bear it. Nay, this CÆSAR alſo
Is humbly brave, and gentle in his Greatneſs;
Apt for Converſe, and eaſy of Acceſs;
Skill'd in all Arts, matchleſs in Eloquence;
In War and Buſineſs indefatigable.
Bounteous as Nature, merciful as Heav'n;
In all, ſublime, high, and unparallel'd.

Yet

Yet oft Humility is but the Ladder,
By which th' ambitious Climber gets ſo high;
But, when he once attains the upmoſt Round,
Then ſtrait he throws the uſeleſs Engine down,
Looks in the Clouds, and ſcorns the low Degrees
By which he did aſcend. Then *Rome* is loſt!
But is there no way left us, but his Death?
What! kill the beſt, and braveſt of Mankind,
Only for Jealouſy! of being Slaves.
Oh diſmal Sound! Who can dread that too much?
The Fear of Slavery is Fortitude.
And, to adviſe him! No, 'tis eaſier
To kill a Tyrant amidſt all his Guards,
Than give him Counſel for his Country's Good.
This CÆSAR's Prudence may a while reſtrain him;
But if Ambition once tranſports his Mind,
Down ſink at once all Thoughts of Right or Reaſon.
Goodneſs of Nature makes ſome Struggle in him;
But ev'n that Goodneſs will incline to think,
Rome ſhall be happier, when himſelf is higher.
LUCIUS, awake; what hoa! why LUCIUS!
I would it were my Fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
LUCIUS, awake, awake!

LUCIUS.

Call you, my Lord?

BRUTUS.

Get me a Taper in my Study, Boy;
Then come and call me ſtrait.

[*Exit* LUCIUS; *re-enters immediately.*

LUCIUS.

Here is a Scroll
Newly thrown in at Window, faſt ſeal'd up.

BRUTUS.

Give it me, Boy, and haſte to light the Taper.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

'Tis not yet Day, but ſuch a fiery Night,
That I may make a Shift to read this Parchment.
" BRUTUS, awake; for *Rome* has loſt her Reſt,

[*Reads.*

" And takes it ill that thou ſhouldſt ſleep ſo ſoundly:
" Awake, and ſtrike!---There was a BRUTUS once---
" And TARQUIN"---Ha! thus I muſt piece it out;
There was a BRUTUS who redeem'd his Country,
And did what now we all expect from thee.
" Shall *Rome*"---'Tis dark, but ſure it muſt be thus.'

[*Reads.*

" Shall *Rome*, the Miſtreſs of the proſtrate World,
" Be raviſh'd by a Tyrant? BRUTUS, ſtrike."
O *Rome!* and doſt thou call upon thy BRUTUS?

Am

Am I thought worthy of thy Choice? 'Tis done:
Thou ſhalt not wait for Aid that I can bring thee.

Enter LUCIUS *again.*

LUCIUS.

Somebody knocks at the Gate: Sir, ſhall I open?

BRUTUS.

See who 'tis firſt; go Boy, and bring me Word.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Would it were over once; I cannot reſt:
In ſuch a Plot there is no Peace of Mind:
The Harſhneſs of this Deed would ſink my Spirits,
Did not aſſiſting Juſtice hold me up.

Enter LUCIUS *with a Taper.*

LUCIUS.

'Tis CASSIUS, my Lord.

BRUTUS.

Is he alone?

LUCIUS.

No, but I could not well perceive the reſt,
Their Faces are ſo muffled in their Robes.

BRUTUS.

Let them come in. They are the Faction!

SCENE II.

Enter CASSIUS, *and the reſt of the Conſpirators, muffled up, in their Robes.*

BRUTUS.

Welcome, good Brother CASSIUS: welcome all.

CASSIUS.

Welcome the Hour that brings us thus together.

BRUTUS.

Know I theſe Men?

CASSIUS.

You know them, and their Hearts,
Which are all ſet upon the noble BRUTUS.
This is TREBONIUS, this DECIUS BRUTUS,
This CINNA, CASCA, and METELLUS CIMBER:
Your Friends, and Followers all.

BRUTUS.

They are moſt welcome.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, a Word. [*They whiſper.*

CASCA.

If BRUTUS will but join,
Our Fabrick's firm, and nothing then can ſhake it:

He

He is the Cement that muſt hold us faſt.

BRUTUS.

Well, noble Lords, I am at laſt reſolv'd;
Ev'n againſt Friendſhip, Juſtice has prevail'd.
Give me your reſolute Hands.

CASSIUS.

And let us ſwear.

BRUTUS.

No Oath: the Cauſe already is ſo ſacred,
There is no need of Oaths to make it more:
If Senſe of Slavery, and noble Shame,
If Thirſt of honeſt Fame in After-ages,
If glorious Juſtice cannot move our Souls,
They are too weak for ſuch a Deed as this;
Break off betimes, and ev'ry *Roman* here
Retire with Bluſhes to his idle Bed;
And then let Tyranny for ever range,
Till each Man falls unpity'd: but if theſe
(As who dares make a Doubt?) are noble *Romans*;
What needs a Tye among us, but our Words?
Plain Honeſty to Honeſty engag'd,
That CÆSAR ſhall not live to laugh at Cowards.
Let Prieſts, and Women ſwear, and feeble Minds,
Which, wav'ring ſtill, need ſuch a childiſh Check:
We are above ſuch Helps, and ſteady bear

Our even Souls, without one doubtful Start.
What *Roman* dares be baſe in ſuch a Buſineſs?
Reckon his Guilt, and Shame, he ventures more
Than if he did attempt Ten thouſand Tyrants.

CASSIUS.

But what of CICERO? Shall we ſound him?
His Gravity will countenance our Heat.

TREBONIUS.

No Need of that, now BRUTUS is engag'd.

BRUTUS.

I know him well, believe him juſt and wiſe;
Yet Vanity a little clouds his Virtue:
Nor is he bold enough for ſuch a Buſineſs.
The Horſe that ſtarts, however good beſides,
In War is troubleſome, nay, dangerous.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

But ANTONY, ſo well belov'd by CÆSAR,
That Inſtrument of all his Tyranny,
If he ſurvive, will be another CÆSAR.

TREBONIUS.

DECIUS, well urg'd; ANTONIUS muſt die.

BRUTUS.

Oh! by no means; our Courſe will ſeem too b[illegible]
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Li[illegible]

'Twill look like Anger, nay, like Envy too;
For ANTONY is great by CÆSAR's Favour.
Let us be Sacrificers, but not Butchers.
We only draw our Swords againſt Ambition;
Not againſt CÆSAR's Perſon, but his Power:
Oh! that we, then, could come at CÆSAR's Spirit,
Abate his Pride, and yet not ſpill his Blood! [*Sighs.*
It cannot be; CÆSAR, alas! muſt bleed.
Yet, gentle Friends!
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's ſerve him up, a Diſh fit for the Gods;
Not mangled, as a Feaſt to Beaſts of Prey.
Our Hearts ſhould melt, like thoſe of tender Parents,
Who oft in ſharp, but neceſſary Rage,
Correct offending Children with Remorſe,
Feeling more Pain than what they make them ſuffer.
This Mercy too looks better to the World,
Which ſhall not call us Murderers, but Heroes.
As for ANTONIUS therefore, think not of him;
For he can do no more than CÆSAR's Arm,
When CÆSAR's Head is off.

TREBONIUS.

But yet I fear him:
For he loves CÆSAR, and is moſt audacious.

BRUTUS.

I hope th[illegible]g CÆSAR is no Fault;
Elſe

Elſe I confeſs that I am guilty too:
If he loves CÆSAR, all that he can do
Is to be griev'd, and pine away for CÆSAR:
And it were ſtrange he ſhould; for he is giv'n
Too much to Wildneſs, Company, and Pleaſures.

CASSIUS.

There is no Fear of him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

But hold, how late's the Night?

BRUTUS.

'Tis Five, at leaſt.

CASSIUS.

O how I long to welcome the Eighth Hour,
The wiſh'd Alarm to our great Purpoſes!

DECIUS BRUTUS.

'Tis Time to part, leſt at our ſev'ral Homes
We ſhould be miſs'd too long.

CASSIUS.

But what if CÆSAR
Should forbear coming to the Capitol?
The unaccuſtom'd Terror of this Night
May move the Augurs to forbid his going:
And, tho' himſelf 's above ſuch idle Fears,
Yet the moſt Wiſe and Brave muſt yield to

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Never doubt that: And tho' he were reſolv'd,
I can o'erſway him; for he loves to hear me.
Prudence, tho' much ſuperior, often yields
To ſubtle Mirth, and ſly Inſinuation.
If CÆSAR ſtay at home, becauſe it thunders,
I can in Jeſt reproach him with his Fear;
He'll laugh, yet fear he ſhall be thought afraid.

BRUTUS.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
But ſee, 'tis almoſt Day; ſome Light appears.

CASSIUS.

Then let us be diſpers'd, like foggy Clouds,
To meet again in Thunder.

BRUTUS.

Friends, farewel.
Only remember that we all are *Romans*;
That Thought will keep up our exalted Spirits.

[*Exeunt* Conſpirators; *manet* BRUTUS.

SCENE III.

Enter PORTIA *undreſs'd, as new riſen from Bed.*

PORTIA.

BRUTUS! my Lord, where are you?

BRUTUS.

[illegible] my PORTIA!
Why

Why do you thus expoſe your tender Health?

PORTIA.

Can I conſider Health, without your Love?
You have unkindly ſtol'n from me To-night,
And by your Abſence robb'd me of my Reſt:
How could my BRUTUS thus ungently leave
One ſo unwilling to be left by you?

BRUTUS.

Chide not too much, my PORTIA; and yet
There is ſome Pleaſure to be chid ſo kindly.
Our Sex has Tenderneſs equal to yours;
Yet we, incumbred with vexatious Cares,
No ſooner bend our ſofter Thoughts to Love,
But Buſineſs, like a Maſter too ſevere,
Stands hov'ring over us amidſt our Pleaſure,
And drags us to our tireſome Task again.

PORTIA.

But Life is ſhort; Oh! why ſhould we miſ-ſpend it?
A Wretch condemn'd to die within few Hours,
Would think them ill employ'd in Compliments:
The ſolemn Trifles of a buſy World
Are oft but Compliment, compar'd with Love,
Whoſe ſhort and precious Hours you throw away.

BRUTUS.

Dear PORTIA, now you but diſturb my Thoughts

PORTIA.

Can mine be eaſy then? 'Tis no ſmall Thing
Can vex your even Mind, and make you froward,
Froward with me, which you was ne'er till now:
This Night I folded you within theſe Arms,
And ask'd you if you ſlept, if you were well?
You ſaid, you cou'd not ſleep, and yet turn'd from me.

BRUTUS.

Turning from thee is Reſtleſſneſs indeed;
Thou only Comfort to my troubled Mind!
May Joys and full Content remain in yours.

PORTIA.

Oh! preach Content to one upon a Rack,
And he will hear as ſoon.
My Soul is ſo perplex'd with Fears for you,
That all the Joys of Nature, or of Fortune,
Could find no Entrance here at ſuch a Time.

BRUTUS.

Retire, retire; talking ſo tenderly,
You, like officious and condoling Friends,
But more afflict that Mind you would compoſe:
I hope you think me neither falſe nor fooliſh.
If it were fit for you to k[illegible]y Cares,
'Twere ill in me to let
Let that ſuffice, and
I never us'd to thee

PORTIA.

Alas!
You would not uſe it now, if ſtill you lov'd.
Can you have Thoughts unfit to own to me?
You are unjuſt, and I undone: Farewel.

BRUTUS.

What means my PORTIA?

PORTIA.

BRUTUS unjuſt!
Oh! 'tis a Wonder, which your very Foes
Would not believe, tho' told it by your Friends:
And to me too, who had leaſt Cauſe to fear it!
So little I deſerv'd to find him ſo.
Am I but only Partner of your Pleaſures,
Fit for your trifling Hours, and to be kept
At hateful Diſtance from your nobler Thoughts?
What is it I have innocently done,
To loſe that Truſt, which always follows Kindneſs,
And therefore yours is chang'd; I ſee it plainly:
Thunder is fall'n on my poor guiltleſs Head, [*Weeps.*
And all but I, perhaps, have heard the Blow.

BRUTUS.

In this you wrong me, PORTIA.

PORTIA.

Would I did!

I never wiſh'd a Wrong to you before.

BRUTUS.

How have I liv'd, and which of all my Actions
Has giv'n the leaſt Occaſion ev'n for Malice?
I am, you know, not like the reſt of Husbands;
My Promiſe and my Vows are Ties to me,
As ſtrong as Fame and Virtue are to you:
I will not mention now the Bands of Love,
In which I thought we were for ever fix'd.
What theſe unjuſt Suſpicions may produce
Either in you or me, alas! I know not.
Therefore be calm and kind, as thou art us'd,
And try ſuch rough, ungentle ways no more.
My Mind, you know, hardens againſt Compulſion,
But eaſily bends under gentle Uſage.

PORTIA.

O let me now try that ſoft way again.
Thus low, thus tenderly, I beg to know
[*Falls on his Neck.*
That which, in troubling you, ev'n tortures me.
Shunn'd as I am, I have a Share in all
Your Reſolutions, ſpite of your Unkindneſs.
You cannot ſhut me out from tender Cares
For ev'ry Thought of yours: That zealous Part
The meaneſt Slave may have in mighty CÆSAR,
And yet give no Offence.

BRU-

BRUTUS.

The mighty CÆSAR!
I am that meaneſt Slave, if he remain [*Apart.*
The mighty CÆSAR. Kneel not, gentle PORTIA.

PORTIA.

I ſhould not need, if you were gentle BRUTUS. [*Weeps*

BRUTUS.

Oh! my ſoft Heart! my Reſolution's arm'd
Againſt all Dangers, nay, againſt my Friend;
Yet, firm to all things elſe, it yields to Love;
[*Takes her in his Arms.*
It yields to PORTIA. You are now too charming:
For Pity, hide your Kindneſs, or your Beauty;
There's no reſiſting both.

PORTIA.

'Tis Kindneſs only
Which makes me wiſh I had that Beauty too.
But are you, then, not angry?

BRUTUS.

What! with thee?
The moſt obdurate Creature, ev'n a Tyrant,
In all his Height of Anger, and of Pride,
Could not be Proof againſt one Tear of thine.
[*Kiſſes her.*

Oh! PORTIA, be not you that Tyrant then;
For well you know your Pow'r, and may be mine.

PORTIA.

But tell me all.

BRUTUS.

Then, know, that they who came to me this Night---
But why ſhould I go on to thee, my PORTIA,
In any Language but in that of Love?
'Tis to profane thy Ear to entertain it
With any harſher Sound; ſpare then thyſelf.

PORTIA.

But you were juſt about to let me know.

BRUTUS.

Know what! know Things that will but trouble thee!
Believe me, PORTIA, 'tis dangerous
For thee to tread in theſe obſcurer Paths;
Serpents lie hidden there, whoſe conſcious Sting
Will rob thee of thy Reſt.
Oh! preſs not thus to bear a Part in that,
Which with its Weight will cruſh thy tender Mind.

PORTIA.

I am a Woman, but am CATO's Daughter:
My Heart is tender, but to BRUTUS only.
Think you 'tis nothing, to have ſuch a Father,
And ſuch a Husband?

BRUTUS.

Well then, hear it all.

PORTIA.

Hold, deareſt BRUTUS!
I dare not hear it yet; I'll try this firſt.

[*She ſtabs herſelf in the Arm.*

BRUTUS.

Hold, what d'ye mean?

PORTIA.

To try my Fortitude.
For, tho' I durſt have truſted my firm Mind
With any thing which but concern'd myſelf;
Where you're engag'd, it was too great a Venture:
I doubt my firmeſt Thoughts, while you ſuſpect them.

BRUTUS.

Oh, Wonder of thy Sex!
Gods! make me worthy of this matchleſs Woman!
Haſte, haſte, and let thy Wound be quickly dreſs'd.
Within I'll tell thee all,
And in thy Boſom pour my very Soul.

[*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

A Meſſenger, my Lord, from mighty CÆSAR.

Is ſent to ſummon you, and CAIUS CASSIUS,
About ſome weighty Matter preſently.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

BRUTUS.

From CÆSAR! and my Brother CASSIUS too!
An early Summons this! We are betray'd,
Loſt and undone, yet leſs in our own Ruin,
Than in the letting him eſcape. Oh! *Rome*,
Thou haſt in vain depended on thy BRUTUS!
But I will go, leſt my delaying now
Should raiſe Suſpicion; and if all's diſcover'd,
My Life is uſeleſs, and not worth my Care.

[*Exeunt.*

Between the ſecond and third Act, theſe Verſes are to be ſung by a Perſon repreſenting the Genius of Rome.

Second CHORUS.

LO! to prevent this mighty Empire's Doom,
From bright unknown Abodes of Bliſs I come,
The awful Genius of majeſtick *Rome*.

Great is her Danger: but I will engage
Some few, the Maſter-Souls of all this Age,
To do an Act of juſt heroick Rage.

'Tis hard, a Man ſo great ſhould fall ſo low;
More hard, to let ſo brave a People bow
To one themſelves have rais'd, who ſcorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that BRUTUS ſhould be ſtain'd;
Whoſe Life, excepting this one Act, remain'd
So pure, that future Times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the reſt combine;
The very Life and Soul of their Deſign;
The Centre, where thoſe mighty Spirits join.

Unthinking Men no ſort of Scruples make;
Others do ill, only for Miſchief's Sake;
But ev'n the beſt are guilty by Miſtake.

Thus ſome, for Envy, or Revenge, intend
To bring the bold Uſurper to his End;
But for his Country, BRUTUS ſtabs his Friend.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene is CÆSAR's *Apartment, where he appears Undreſs'd.*

CÆSAR.

AMbition, O thou Tyrant of my Soul!
How much a gentler Lord am I to *Rome*,
Than thou to me! I am the only Slave.
This Day was dully ſpent in publick Sports,
Things too magnificent for true Delight.
Joy dwells in ſilent Shades, and private Pleaſures;
In Peace, and not in Pomp: then, my long Nights,
Thoſe precious Hours deſign'd for ſoft Repoſe,
Are by unruly Cares thus raviſh'd from me.

Enter JUNIUS.

JUNIUS.

BRUTUS and CASSIUS attend your Pleaſure.

CÆSAR.

I tell thee, JUNIUS, my truſty Freed-man,
That melancholic CASSIUS needs obſerving.
If e'er I could be capable of Fear,

I think it would be of that penſive CASSIUS.
He loves not Learning, no, nor Poetry;
Nor is his ſullen Humour pleas'd with Muſick.
When others laugh, he ſo demurely ſmiles,
As if he thought it Meanneſs to be merry.
Seldom he likes what others moſt approve,
And loves to praiſe what all Men elſe diſlike.
Such Men as he are never at their Eaſe,
While they behold a greater than themſelves.
Yet he is brave, and ſhall have due Preferment.
[*Exit* JUNIUS.

SCENE II.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

CÆSAR.

You ſeem amaz'd at ſuch an early Summons;
I have not ſlept all Night.

CASSIUS.

On what account?

CÆSAR.

'Tis only what I ſuffer from my Cares.
But my unquiet Mind ſhould not diſturb
Such noble *Romans*, had you not been both
Nearly concern'd in what I have to ſay.

CAS-

CASSIUS.

We are betray'd. [*Softly.*

BRUTUS.

No Matter; let us not
Betray ourſelves by Want of Reſolution. [*Softly.*

CÆSAR.

The two great vacant Offices of Prætors
(On which ev'n neighb'ring Princes look with Envy)
Shall now be fill'd by two the greateſt *Romans.*
I owe the Commonwealth that Care, to find
Who beſt deſerves her Favour or her Frown.

CASSIUS.

We neither beg for one, nor fear the other.

CÆSAR.

CASSIUS, I know your Soul is void of Fear,
And above grudging at your Brother's Greatneſs.

CASSIUS.

I underſtand no Oracles; but ſure
BRUTUS and I are Friends, as well as Brothers.

CÆSAR.

And therefore you will be the more contented,
If I advance him ev'n above yourſelf;
Deſert like his can never riſe too high.
I know no Pleaſure equal to obliging

Tranſcendent Merit in an humble Mind.
Such modeſt Worth ſhould get the Prize from Courtſhip.
Yet this may only be my Love's Miſtake;
For, I confeſs my Weakneſs, I am frail
[*Embracing* BRUTUS.
Like other Men, and partial for a Friend;
Yet that's a Fault Heav'n eaſily forgives.
Be thou, my beſt-lov'd BRUTUS, Chief of Prætors:
And CASSIUS may accept the ſecond Place,
[*To* CASSIUS.
Not only in the State, but my Affection.
No Thanks: a Coin not counted among Friends.
[*Exit* CÆSAR.

SCENE III.

CASSIUS.

'Tis well it proves no worſe.

BRUTUS.

What worſe can be?

CASSIUS.

Sure, BRUTUS has no Reaſon to complain.

BRU-

BRUTUS.

Yes, of you, CASSIUS; if you can believe
I would receive a Favour from a Foe.
Is this a Time to be oblig'd by CÆSAR?
Good Gods! had I not Doubts enough before?
Did I not ſtruggle hard enough for Virtue?
That this laſt Tenderneſs of his is added
To ſhake my very Soul? The ſtrong Impreſſion
May break my Heart, but ſhall not bend my Mind.
CASSIUS in this is honour'd more than BRUTUS;
For, when our Country is ſo much debas'd,
Repulſe is glorious, and Advancement Shame:
I'll not be rais'd by him who ruins her.
It was no private Injury provok'd me;
Frowns had not frighten'd me, nor ſhall his Favours,
With all their Syren Voice, entice me to him.
I muſt go on thro' Virtue's plaineſt Courſe;
In that ſmooth Path there is no Fear of Falling.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Conſpirators, and other Senators.

CASSIUS.

See, if our Friends are not already come.
'Tis later than we thought. You are well met.

CINNA.

CINNA.

Is CÆSAR ſtirring yet?

CASSIUS.

Juſt now gone in;
And will, when dreſt, immediately come forth.
Fear nothing; all's ſecure.

SCENE V.

Enter CÆSAR *again, dreſs'd.*

CÆSAR.

Welcome, my Friends.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

The Senate does attend great CÆSAR's Preſence;
And we are come to wait upon you thither.

CÆSAR.

Let 'em attend a while; 'tis early yet.

SCENE VI.

Enter ANTONY.

What, ANTONY, who revels all the Night!
Is he up too? Nay, then 'tis Time to go.

AN-

ANTONY.

Rather to ſtay: I came not here in Courtſhip.
But 'tis the ſacred College of the Prieſts
Which brought me hither; and they wait without.
Hear 'em, great CÆSAR; it concerns you nearly,
And what does ſo, is for the Good of *Rome*.

CÆSAR.

The Senate ſtays; another Time will ſerve.
[*As he is going out, enter the Prieſts, who ſtop him.*

PRIEST.

Great CÆSAR, hail! forgive our zealous Haſte,
Urg'd by divine Portent, which ſent us here,
To warn the mighty Ruler of the World.

CÆSAR.

Speak: I attend the Meſſage of the Gods.

PRIEST.

As on Mount *Aventine* I lately ſat,
Attir'd with ſacred Robes, and ſouthward turn'd;
The Heav'ns all clear, and free from black Preſage;
With my bent Wand I the due Rites perform'd,
And parted all the Regions of the Air.
When lo, ill-boding Birds appear'd from far,
Bearing Misfortunes on their ominous Wings:
I gaz'd upon them with prophetick Skill,
Till a fierce Flaſh of Lightning check'd my Sight.

Then,

Then, in one Inſtant, all the Heav'ns were chang'd;
Clouds, ſwell'd with Thunder, roll'd themſelves along,
With Noiſe too horrible for human Ear.

CÆSAR.

It thunder'd, and it lighten'd: well, go on.

SECOND PRIEST.

Omens of Ill in ſev'ral kinds agree:
Having new choſe for ſolemn Sacrifice
A large-grown Bull, the goodlieſt of the Herd;
With an unwonted Rage he breaks his Chains,
Making fierce Way thro' all the frighten'd Crowd,
Which gaz'd, and trembled; ſo divided ſtood
Betwixt their Curioſity and Fear:
At laſt, he at the Altar laid him down,
And ſeem'd to beg the Blow, which none durſt give;
Then on a ſudden ſhook the Air like Thunder;
And with unheard-of Bellowing breath'd his laſt.
When open'd, we beheld, with Eyes amaz'd,
This boiſt'rous Beaſt, that rag'd with ſo much Clamour,
Yet had no Heart.

CÆSAR.

And I ſhould ſeem like him,
Did I give way to ev'ry idle Fear.

PRIEST.

PRIEST.

Is it an idle thing to fear the Gods?
Thou'rt in their Power, as the World in thine;
And each may own a Fear without a Bluſh.

ANTONY.

Good CÆSAR, be adviſ'd: in this one Thing
Yield to your Friends, and ſend the Senate Word
You are not well.

CÆSAR.

What, ſend 'em an Excuſe!
Have I in Conqueſt ſtretch'd my Arm ſo far,
And fear at laſt to tell Grey-beards the Truth?
No, ANTONY, Truth will bear out itſelf.
I would do much to give my Friends Content;
So, let them know I ſhall not come To-day;
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer.
I will not come: Go, tell it to the Senate.

[*To* DECIUS BRUTUS.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

But ſhall not I pretend ſome Cauſe for this?

CÆSAR.

The Cauſe is in my Will. I will not go.
That is enough to ſatisfy the Senate.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Sir, I obey; but pardon my Affection,

If it offends you with untimely Care:
The Senate is reſolv'd to give a Crown
This Day to mighty CÆSAR: Who can tell,
But by To-morrow their looſe Minds may change?
Aſſemblies are uncertain as the Sea,
Which ebbs and flows, now riſes and now falls,
Juſt as the hum'rous Wind inclines to move.
No Woman changes more than Crowds of Men.

CÆSAR.

How weak your Fears ſeem now, good ANTONY!
I muſt not let the fair Occaſion fall.
Prepare the Ceremony; I am ſtay'd for.

BRUTUS.

Prudence in vain defends unhappy Men:
When Heav'n ordains, the Wiſeſt haſte to Ruin.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

To be ſung after the Third Act, by two aerial Spirits.

Third CHORUS.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me, whence ariſe
Theſe Diſorders in our Skies?
Rome's great Genius wildly gaz'd;
And the Gods ſeem all amaz'd.

II.

II.

Know, in Sight of this Day's Sun,
Such a Deed is to be done,
Black enough to ſhroud the Light
Of all this World in diſmal Night.

I.

What is this Deed?

II.

To kill a Man,
The greateſt ſince Mankind began:
Learned, eloquent, and wiſe,
Gen'rous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet not too great a Sacrifice,
The Liberty of *Rome* to ſave?

II.

But will not Goodneſs claim Regard;
And does not Worth deſerve Reward?

I.

Does not their Country lie at Stake?
Can they do too much for her Sake?

Both together.

Tho' dreadful be this Doom of Fate,
  Juſt is that Pow'r which governs all:
  Better this wond'rous Man ſhould fall,
Than a moſt glorious, virtuous State.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene a Street, through which CÆSAR *paſſes in Pomp to the Senate-houſe, attended by thoſe Senators who were with him at the End of the former Act.*

Enter SPURINNA *haſtily.*

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

[*To* SPURINNA.

SPURINNA.

But not yet paſt.
Be pleas'd, great CÆSAR, to peruſe this Parchment.

MESSALA.

'Tis from a Friend of CÆSAR, this Petition;
At your firſt Leiſure read his humble Suit.

SPURINNA.

Oh! CÆSAR, read mine firſt, 'tis for your Safety:

Is there a barb'rous People yet ſo rude,
Or ſo remote, as not to fear your Arms?
I'll make them join with all the World beſides
In due Submiſſion to ſuperior Virtue.
Is that great *Parthian* King ſo haughty grown,
As not to reverence this awful Senate?
My Arms ſhall haſte to humble all his Pride,
And bring him bowing to your leaſt Commands.
Others, to raiſe themſelves, depreſs their Country;
But my Ambition is to make your Valour
Shine out more bright to all the ſubject World.
Yet vain were all my Triumphs, if I ſhould
Be fear'd abroad, and not be lov'd at home;
Therefore, what Enemy have I not pardon'd?
The Name of Foe excuſes Hate, and Harm;
And he that fears it leaſt, forgives it ſooneſt.
Cold Friends, indeed, are ſomething more provoking;
Yet I can paſs them by with Scorn and Pity.
The equal Law ſhall run its even Courſe;
Nothing ſhall interpoſe, except my Mercy;
Juſtice herſelf may lean that way ſometimes.
Plain Merit ſhall not languiſh unregarded,
While cunning Courtſhip ſteals away the Favour.
On this depend; and while I govern thus,
You will not grudge, if I ſhall govern long;

And

And not reſign my Pow'r, like unlearn'd SYLLA,
For want of Skill to uſe it.

CASCA.

Oh! I can hold no longer.

[*They all ſtab* CÆSAR, *who ſtruggles with them till he ſees* BRUTUS *ſtrike.*

CÆSAR.

What, BRUTUS too! Nay, then 'tis Time to die.

[*Falls down, and covers himſelf with his Robes.*

BRUTUS.

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead.
Nay, ſtir not, worthy Lords, nor be amaz'd;
We mean no Harm to any *Roman* here:
Conſul, retire, for fear the coming Crowd
Should preſs too much upon your rev'rend Age.

CASSIUS.

Run to the Streets, and cry out, Liberty!
Ring in their Ears aloud that pleaſing Sound,
Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop,
And let us bathe our Hands in CÆSAR's Blood,
Beſpot our Garments, and beſmear our Swords;
Then walk we forth into the Market-place,
And waving our red Weapons o'er our Heads,

Cry out aloud, Freedom and Liberty!

BRUTUS.

The Deed is done, what need we triumph in it?

SCENE IV.

Enter a SENATOR.

Well now, what News?

SENATOR.

The People are amaz'd,
Cry out, and ſtare, and run about the Streets,
As in an Earthquake.

[*They all ſtoop down to* CÆSAR's *Body, except* BRUTUS.

CASCA.

How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown!

TREBONIUS.

How many times ſhall CÆSAR bleed in Sport,
While the attentive Throng ſhall melt in Tears,
To ſee his Fall!

BRUTUS.

As oft as that ſhall be,

So

So often ſhall this Knot of us be call'd
The Men who gave their Country Liberty.
Let's venture forth.

CASSIUS.

Come, on then, let's away.
BRUTUS ſhall lead, and we will grace his Steps
With all the beſt and boldeſt Sons of *Rome*.

BRUTUS.

What! ANTONY return'd, and without Arms!

SCENE V.

Enter ANTONY, *and taking no Notice of them, falls on his Knees to* CÆSAR's *Body.*

ANTONY.

I was unable to defend thy Life,
And therefore now can ſcarce endure my own,
Thou great good Man! Is all thy Race of Glory
Brought to this wretched End? Didſt thou ſcorn Death
In all thoſe bloody Fields, to find it here?
Oh, 'tis I feel it; thou art paſt the Pain;
But in my Heart 'tis acted o'er and o'er.
For ev'ry Thought of thee, and of thy Love,

Gives me freſh Sorrow: Take my Tribute here
Of Sighs and Tears that always ſhall attend thee.

I ask your Pardon, noble Lords; my Thoughts
Were too much there, to look on aught beſides.
Yet think not I repent of what I ſaid;
For I will ſpeak the Praiſes of my Friend,
Nor fear ev'n Heav'n, ſhould it reply in Thunder.
He was my Friend, and I will ſtill be his,
Tho' the Gods rage, and Mankind meanly joins;
Who ſhew Regard to Heav'n in nothing elſe
But ſlighting Merit, when the Gods forſake it.
Yet I, of all ſuſpected, and alone,
Will boldly thus embrace this precious Body.
Nay, gaze not on me with ſuch threat'ning Looks;
Think not, that if I valu'd now my Life,
I am ſo fooliſh to expoſe it thus.
What Hour ſo fit for me, what Death ſo glorious,
As here to fall with CÆSAR, and by you,
The Maſter Spirits, ſure, of all the World?
Kill me then quickly; kill me with thoſe Daggers
That reek in Blood of him I lov'd ſo well:
For, could I languiſh out a thouſand Years,
I ne'er ſhould find myſelf ſo fit to die:
'Tis now a Pleaſure, what may be a Pain.

BRUTUS.

Oh! ANTONY, beg not your Death of us.

You

You little think, when you commended CÆSAR,
How much my ſoften'd Heart approv'd your Praiſe.
Rough tho' we ſeem, and tho' our Hands are bloody,
Yet, ANTONY, you only ſee our Hands,
Which, free, as thoſe of Juſtice, from all Rage,
Have done a Deed, ſpite of our ſofter Souls.
Your Friendſhip to dead CÆSAR we eſteem,
And value yours the more: then join with us
To ſettle *Rome* firm in its ancient Freedom;
And we will join with you to make you great;
As great as can conſiſt with Liberty.

CASSIUS.

Your Voice ſhall ſound as high as any Man's
In the Election of new Magiſtrates.

BRUTUS.

Only be patient till you hear the Cauſe
Of all this ſeeming Cruelty. You know
CÆSAR us'd me as kindly as yourſelf.
Were I ambitious, or ſought private Ends,
This, ſure, was not the Way. Witneſs, you Gods!
None e'er who kill'd himſelf, lov'd him he ſlew,
Better than I lov'd CÆSAR!

ANTONY.

Oh my Heart!

Hold

Hold up a while, and help me to diſſemble! [*Aſide.*
Give me your Hands, I muſt accept your Love,
Moſt noble BRUTUS, and yours, CAIUS CASSIUS.
Alas! my Credit ſtands on ſlipp'ry Ground;
And there's a Precipice on either Side.
To anſwer this your Gentleneſs with Rage,
(When you thus ſpare me ev'n againſt my Will)
That would appear but a too rough Return:
Yet may not this too look like Fear, or Flatt'ry?
That I lov'd CÆSAR, I muſt ever own;
That he lov'd me, his Favours ſhew'd too well:
How ſhall I do my Part to him, and you?
Unleſs you will vouchſafe to give me Reaſons
Why CÆSAR died; and let me bury him
(As it becomes his Friend) with decent Honour:
Then I'll but ſteep his Aſhes in my Tears,
And in his cold Urn ſmother all my Sorrow.

BRUTUS.

'Tis juſt, we grant it; take his Body hence;
And I will join myſelf to do him Honour.

CASSIUS.

Hold, BRUTUS; firſt conſider well of that:
The eaſy Rabble may be mov'd againſt us.
Who knows how Rhet'ric may prevail on Fools?

BRUTUS.

We need not, CASSIUS, be ſo much concern'd;

Now

Now *Rome*'s ſecure, there's no ſuch thing as Danger.
'Twas CÆSAR's Soul we fear'd, and that once gone,
We cannot uſe his harmleſs Corpſe too well.

CASSIUS.

But yet I fear the worſt.

BRUTUS.

Beſides, I'll go,
And ſpeak before him in the Market-place.
But, ANTONY, your Praiſe muſt be ſo nice,
As not to blame our Action: you may ſhew
Both Love to CÆSAR, and Eſteem of us.

CASSIUS.

His Speech ſhall be your Pattern; ſo we leave you
To pay that Pity which you owe your Friend.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

SCENE VI.

ANTONY, *who ſtands over the Body of* CÆSAR, *alone.*

ANTONY.

Pity indeed! but what a wretched Change:
That thou ſhouldſt move it! Thou, whoſe wond'rous Soul
Was high as e'er Humanity attain'd;

Yet

Yet gentle as the humbleſt of Mankind.

[*Enter ſome Friends of* ANTONY.

Thy vaſt Ambition was but juſt, and like
The Element of Fire when firſt created,
Which ſoar'd above the reſt, to ſhine more glorious,
And chear the under World with Light and Heat.
Thou ſtill ſhalt ſhine a Comet, and portend
A black and bloody Scene of Civil War.
Theſe Wounds inſpire me with prophetick Skill,
Which like dumb Mouths op'ning their bloody Lips,
Seem to intreat the Utt'rance of my Tongue.
Now the whole World diſturb'd, will miſs thee ſoon;
Men ſhall bemoan their Maſter, beat their Breaſts,
And lay upon thy Death all their Misfortunes.
Wars, Bloodſhed, Maſſacres, ſuch horrid Deeds,
And fatal Fury, ſhall be ſo familiar,
That Cuſtom ſhall take off all Senſe of Crime,
And Shame and Guilt ſhall be but Words forgot,
Loſt in the boundleſs Licence of the Times.

Come, let us bear him to the Market-place.
This is a Jewel yet, tho' dropt by Fortune;
With which we'll purchaſe Popularity,
And ſet up for ourſelves in this new World.
Our Tears and Grief will ſoften their hard Hearts,

Fit

Fit to receive Impreſſion from our Words.
And when Crowds liſten once, there is no Fear:
They have the People's Hearts, who have their Ear.
[*Exeunt with the Body of* CÆSAR.

To be ſung after the Fourth Act.

Fourth CHORUS.

HOW great a Curſe has Providence
Thought fit to caſt on Human-kind!
Learning, Courage, Eloquence,
The gentleſt Nature, nobleſt Mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one Moment overthrown.

Could Chance, or ſenſleſs Atoms join
To form a Soul ſo great as his?
Or would thoſe Pow'rs we hold Divine,
Deſtroy their own chief Maſter-piece?
Where ſo much Difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wiſe.

And, what muſt more perplex our Thoughts;
Great Jove the beſt of *Romans* ſends,
To do the very worſt of Faults,
And kill the kindeſt of his Friends.
All this is far above our Reach,
Whatever Prieſts preſume to preach.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the* Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *followed by Crowds of Citizens.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

BEHOLD the Men who have deliver'd *Rome!*

SECOND CITIZEN.

BRUTUS has freed us all, and he ſhall rule us.

THIRD CITIZEN.

We will be free, and ſerve the noble BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Why, Friends, ye ſpeak Impoſſibilities;
Would ye be free, yet ſerve? how odd that ſounds!
I grieve to ſee you bear your Change no better.
But give me leave to ſatisfy you all,
Why we have done this Deed, and for whoſe Sakes.
I'll go up here; they who will hear me, ſtay;
The reſt may follow CASSIUS, and hear him.

FIRST

FIRST CITIZEN.

I would hear BRUTUS ſpeak.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I'll follow CASSIUS:
And we'll compare together what they ſay.

THIRD CITIZEN.

The noble BRUTUS is aſcended: Silence!

BRUTUS.

Friends, deareſt Countrymen, and worthy *Romans*;
You Lovers of your Laws and Liberties;
Hear me throughout with Patience, not with Paſſion:
For, tho' your Kindneſs is my chief Contentment,
I would not owe your Judgment of this Deed
To any thing but Reaſon well inform'd.
Who is it here thinks CÆSAR innocent?
I was his Friend, and yet I thought him guilty;
And Faults are great, which Friends cannot forgive.
Why ſhould I kill him then but for your Sakes?
A Wretch who yields a Limb to be cut off,
Does only that to ſave a Life that's dearer:
And when a grieving Parent whips his Child,
Call it Correction, but not Cruelty.
If then the very beſt of CÆSAR's Friends
Should ask me, Why I kill'd him? Thus I anſwer:
It was not that I lov'd him leſs than he;

But

But 'twas becauſe I lov'd my Country more.
Wou'd you have CÆSAR live, and die all Slaves;
Rather than have him dead, to live all Freemen?
As CÆSAR lov'd me, oh! I weep for him;
As he was fortunate, I can rejoice;
As he was valiant, I honour him:
But, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him.
Who's here ſo baſe, as would become a Bondman?
If any, ſpeak; for him I have offended.
Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman*?
If any, ſpeak; for him I have offended.
Who's here ſo vile, to value any thing,
Ev'n his beſt Friend, before the Publick Good?
I own, nay boaſt, I have offended him.
What ſay you, Countrymen?

CITIZEN.

None, BRUTUS, none.

BRUTUS.

Then none have I offended by his Death.
The Reaſon for it ſhall be fair enroll'd;
His Glory not diminiſh'd in the leaſt.
Here comes his Body, mourn'd by good ANTONIUS;

Enter ANTONY *with the Body of* CÆSAR.

Who, tho' a Friend of CÆSAR, is ours too;
And ſo has leave to bury him with Honour.

In a free Goverment all ſhould be Friends:
And he, who would have ſav'd this CÆSAR's Life,
Shall yet receive Advantage by his Death,
Freedom of Vote in governing the World:
As which of you ſhall want it? I conclude;
That, as I ſlew my Friend to ſave my Country,
I here have the ſame Dagger for my ſelf,
Whenever *Rome* ſhall wiſh, or need my Death.
[*Deſcends.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

Live, BRUTUS, live: bring him in Triumph home.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Give him a Statue by his Anceſtors.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Let him be CÆSAR.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

CÆSAR was nothing to him;
Let him be crown'd, I will have BRUTUS crown'd.

BRUTUS.

Hold, worthy Countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Peace; Silence.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Peace;
For BRUTUS ſpeaks again.

BRUTUS.

You'll make me draw this Dagger once again;
But 'tis againſt my ſelf; for I would die
Your Fellow-Friend, rather than live your Lord.
You almoſt make me wiſh CÆSAR alive:
If one muſt rule, there's none could do it better.
Pray hear MARC-ANTONY; for my ſake hear him;
He ſpeaks by our Permiſſion, and is noble.
But, while he praiſes CÆSAR, then remember
I honour'd him as much, but lov'd you more.
Nay, ſtay, good *Romans*; not a Man go with me.
[*Exit.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

This CÆSAR was a Tyrant; BRUTUS ſays ſo;
And no Man living knows a Tyrant better.

SECOND CITIZEN.

For, Neighbours, why ſhould BRUTUS kill him elſe?
He lov'd him. Therefore ſure he was a Tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Notably ſaid! anſwer me that who can.
But come, let's hear MARC ANTONY a little.

ANTONY.

For BRUTUS' ſake I am beholden to you.

FIRST

FIRST CITIZEN.

What's that of BRUTUS? beſt ſpeak well of BRUTUS.

SECOND CITIZEN.

How's this? What does he ſay, for BRUTUS' ſake?

THIRD CITIZEN.

He ſays, for BRUTUS' ſake he is beholden to us.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Oh, very well; go up MARC ANTONY.

ANTONY.

Shall I go up, and will you give me leave?

CITIZENS.

Ay, ay. [ANTONY *aſcends.*

ANTONY.

Friends, Countrymen, and *Romans*, hear me gently;
I come to bury CÆSAR, not to praiſe him.
Lo here the fatal End of all his Glory:
The Evil that Men do, lives after them;
The Good is often bury'd in their Graves:
So let it be with CÆSAR. Noble BRUTUS
Has told you CÆSAR was ambitious:
If he was ſo, then he was much to blame;
And he has dearly paid for his Offence.
I come to do my Duty to dead CÆSAR.
Here, under leave of BRUTUS and the reſt,
He was my Friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But yet it ſeems he was ambitious.

BRUTUS has ſaid it, I muſt ſay it too;
For BRUTUS is a Man of ſtricteſt Honour.
Thouſands of Captives CÆSAR brought to *Rome*,
Whoſe Ranſom often fill'd the Publick Coffers.
Was this Ambition? BRUTUS ſays it was:
And BRUTUS is an honourable Man.
When wretched Orphans cry'd, CÆSAR would weep;
So weep for them, that they have wept no more:
Ambition ſeldom is ſo tender-hearted.
You all have ſeen how at the Publick Sports,
Out of a fooliſh and too forward Love,
He was preſented with the kingly Crown,
Which he then thrice refus'd; was this Ambition?
Yet BRUTUS ſays he was ambitious,
And BRUTUS is a Man we all muſt honour.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what BRUTUS ſpoke,
But muſt as little wrong this dead, good Man.
You all did love him once, not without Cauſe:
And will you hate him dead, whom you lov'd living?
O Juſtice, Juſtice! whither art thou fled?
For Men have loſt their Reaſon. Bear with me;
My Heart's beneath that Mantle there with CÆSAR;
And I muſt pauſe a while, till it comes back. [*Weeps.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

Methinks there's much of Reaſon in his Sayings,
If you conſider rightly of the Matter.

CÆSAR has had ſome wrong.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Has he, my Maſters?
They will have much ado to make amends to him,
I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Mark'd you his Words? he would not take the Crown:
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN.

If it be found ſo, ſome ſhall pay dear for it.

SECOND CITIZEN.

See, if good ANTONY can ſpeak for Weeping!

THIRD CITIZEN.

There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than ANTONY.

SECOND CITIZEN.

But mark him; he begins again to ſpeak.

ANTONY.

But yeſterday the Word of CÆSAR might
Have paſs'd through all the World: Now he lies there,
And none ſo low to do him Reverence.
Oh *Romans!* if I were diſpos'd to move
Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do BRUTUS wrong, and CASSIUS wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable Men.

Yet

Yet here's a Parchment with the Seal of CÆSAR,
I found it in his Cloſet; 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would run and kiſs dead CÆSAR's Wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his ſacred Blood;
Nay, beg a Hair of his for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
To their dear Iſſue.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

We'll hear this Will: read it, MARC ANTONY.

ALL.

The Will, the Will, we muſt hear CÆSAR's Will.

ANTONY.

Have Patience, gentle Friends; I muſt not read it;
It is not fit you know how CÆSAR lov'd you.
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men;
And being Men, hearing the Will of Cæ
It will inflame you, it will make you mad
'Tis well you know not that you are his
For if you did, oh! what might come o

THIRD CITIZEN.

Read the Will, ANTONY; for we

ANTONY.

Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
I have o'erſhot myſelf to tell you of it;
I fear I wrong the honourable Men,
Whoſe Daggers ſtabb'd the undefended CÆSAR.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Traytors and Rogues! they honourable Men?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Villains and Murderers! Come, read the Will.

ANTONY.

You will compel me then to read the Will.
Then make a Ring about the Corps of CÆSAR,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will.
Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?

ALL.

Come down.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Deſcend, you ſhall have leave.

SECOND CITIZEN.

A Ring.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Stand off a while; ſtand from the Body there.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Make Room for ANTONY, moſt noble ANTONY.

ANT.

ANTONY.

Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, gentle Friends.
If you have Tears, prepare to ſhed 'em now.
You all have ſeen this Mantle; I remember
The firſt Time ever CÆSAR put it on;
'Twas on a Summer's Ev'ning in his Tent,
After a glorious Fight againſt your Foes.
Look! in this Place ran CASSIUS' Dagger through!
See what a Rent the envious CASCA made!
Here, here, the well-beloved BRUTUS ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steel away,
Mark how the Blood of CÆSAR follow'd it!
As ruſhing out abroad, to be reſolv'd
If it were BRUTUS ſo unkindly ſtruck?
For BRUTUS, as you know, was CÆSAR's Fav'rite;
Judge, O you Gods! how dearly CÆSAR lov'd him.
This, this was the unkindeſt Stroke of all!
For when undaunted CÆSAR ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than Traytors Arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him. Then burſt his mighty Heart;
Then in his Mantle muffling up his Face,
Under a Croud of Villains, CÆSAR fell.
Oh! what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!
Then I, and you, and *Rome* itſelf too fell,
While bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd o'er our Heads.
Oh! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The Dint of Pity; theſe are worthy Drops.
Kind Souls! what! weep you when you but behold

Our

Our CÆSAR's Veſture torn? Oh! then look here;
Here is himſelf, mangled you ſee by Traytors!
[*Takes off the Mantle.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

O mournful Sight!

SECOND CITIZEN.

O cruel Traytors, Villains!

THIRD CITIZEN.

O noble CÆSAR! but we'll be reveng'd.
Set fire, kill, ſlay, let not a Traytor live.

ANTONY.

Stay, Countrymen.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Peace there; he ſpeaks again.

ALL.

We'll hear him, follow him, and die with him.

ANTONY.

Good Friends, dear Friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden Flame of Mutiny.
They who have done this Deed, are Men of Note;
What private Griefs they had, alas! I know not,
Which made them do it; they are wond'rous wiſe,
And will, no doubt, give you ſome Shew of Reaſon.
I come not, Friends, to ſteal away your Hearts:

I am

I am no Orator, as CASSIUS is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt Man,
Who love my Friend; and that they know full well,
Who gave me leave to ſpeak in publick of him:
For I have neither Art, nor Words, nor Worth,
Action, nor Utt'rance, nor the Pow'r of Speech,
To ſtir Mens Blood; I only ſpeak plain Truth,
And tell you that which you already know;
Shew you dear CÆSAR's Wounds, poor, poor, dumb Mouths,
And bid them ſpeak for me: But, were I BRUTUS,
And BRUTUS here; ſo great an Orator
Would rouze up ev'ry Soul, and put a Tongue
In ev'ry Wound of CÆSAR, which ſhould move
The very Stones to riſe and mutiny.

ALL.

We'll mutiny; we'll burn the Houſe of BRUTUS.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Away then, come, ſeek the Conſpirators.

ANTONY.

Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me ſpeak.

ALL.

Peace, ho! hear ANTONY, moſt noble ANTONY.

ANTONY.

Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what.

Where-

Wherein has CÆSAR thus deſerv'd your Love?
Alas! you know not; I muſt tell you then.
You have forgot the Will I told you of.

ALL.

'Tis true, the Will; let's ſtay and hear the Will.

ANTONY.

Here is the Will, and under CÆSAR's Seal;
To ev'ry *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To ev'ry ſev'ral Man, ſev'nty-five Drachma's.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Well ſaid; thoſe Drachma's will coſt ſome Men dear.

ALL.

Moſt gen'rous CÆSAR! we'll revenge his Death.

ANTONY.

Hear me with Patience.

ALL.

Peace ho! noble CÆSAR!

ANTONY.

Moreover, he has left you all his Walks,
His private Gardens, and new-planted Orchards
On this ſide *Tiber*, here he gives to you,
And to your Heirs for ever; publick Pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a CÆSAR! when comes ſuch another?

ALL.

ALL.

O never, never; come, Sirs, come away.

ANTONY.

Hold, hold, my Maſters, ſtay one Moment longer;
Now keep your Hearts from breaking if you can:
Prepare ye now to burſt with Grief and Anger.
Behold this Scroll, the very Hand of CÆSAR!
In it he notes this firm and ſettled Purpoſe;
Firſt to ſubdue the *Parthians*, our worſt Foes,
And then reſtore *Rome* to her ancient Freedom.
" I'll keep the Pow'r, ſaith he, of *Rome*'s Dictator,
" Till I have vanquiſh'd all her Enemies:
" Then, oh ye Gods! may ſhe be free for ever,
" Tho' at th' Expence of all our deareſt Blood!"
That precious Blood is here indeed let out,
But where's the Liberty we purchaſe by it?
Slaves as we are to Murderers and Villains.

FIRST CITIZEN.

We'll burn his Body in the Holy Place,
And with the Brands fire all the Villains Houſes.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Take up the Body.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Go, ſet Fire; pull down
The very Senate-houſe where CÆSAR dy'd.

ANTONY.

So, let it work: Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take now what Courſe thou wilt! Deſtruction, Ruin,
The baneful Iſſue of ſo black a Deed!

Ambition, when unbounded, brings a Curſe;
But an Aſſaſſinate deſerves a worſe.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MARCUS BRUTUS.

With the PROLOGUE, and the

Two laſt CHORUS's.

Written by his GRACE

JOHN Duke of *Buckingham.*

PROLOGUE.

By the AUTHOR.

OUR Scene is Athens. *And great* Athens *nam'd,*
What Soul ſo dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that ſacred Place,
A rev'rend Awe appears in ev'ry Face,
For Men ſo fam'd, of ſuch prodigious Parts,
As taught the World all Sciences and Arts.

Amidſt all theſe, ye ſhall behold a Man
The moſt applauded ſince Mankind began;
Out-ſhining ev'n thoſe Greeks *who moſt excel;*
Whoſe Life was one fix'd Courſe of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without Tears attend
On ſuch a Life, and ſuch a fatal End?

But here our Author, beſides other Faults
Of ill Expreſſions, and of vulgar Thoughts,

Commits one Crime that needs an Act of Grace,
And breaks the Law of Unity of Place:
Yet, to ſuch noble Patriots, overcome
By factious Violence, and baniſh'd Rome,
Athens *alone a fit Retreat could yield:*
And where can BRUTUS *fall, but in* Philippi *Field?*

Some Criticks judge, ev'n Love itſelf too mean
A Care to mix in ſuch a lofty Scene,
And with thoſe antient Bards of Greece *believe*
Friendſhip has ſtronger Charms to pleaſe or grieve:
But our more am'rous Poet, finding Love,
Amidſt all other Cares, ſtill ſhines above;
Lets not the beſt of Romans *end their Lives,*
Without juſt Softneſs for the kindeſt Wives.
Yet, if ye think his gentle Nature ſuch,
As to have ſoften'd this great Tale too much,
Soon will your Eyes grow dry, and Paſſion fall;
When ye reflect, 'tis all but conjugal.

This to the Few and Knowing was addreſt;
And now 'tis fit I ſhould ſalute the reſt.

Moſt reverend dull Judges of the Pit,
By Nature curs'd with the wrong Side of Wit!

You

You need not care what-e'er you ſee To-night,
How ill ſome Players act, or Poets write;
Should our Miſtakes be never ſo notorious,
You'll have the Joy of being more cenſorious:
Shew your ſmall Talent then, let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye;
Each petty Critic can Objections raiſe,
The greateſt Skill is knowing when to praiſe.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. BRUTUS.

C. CASSIUS.

LUCILIUS, Friend of BRUTUS.

TITINIUS, Friend of CASSIUS.

PINDARUS, Freedman of CASSIUS.

VARIUS, A young *Roman* bred at *Athens*.

THEODOTUS, A Philoſopher.

M. ANTONIUS, The Triumvir.

DOLABELLA, Friend of M. ANTONIUS.

JUNIA, Wife of CASSIUS, and Siſter of BRUTUS.

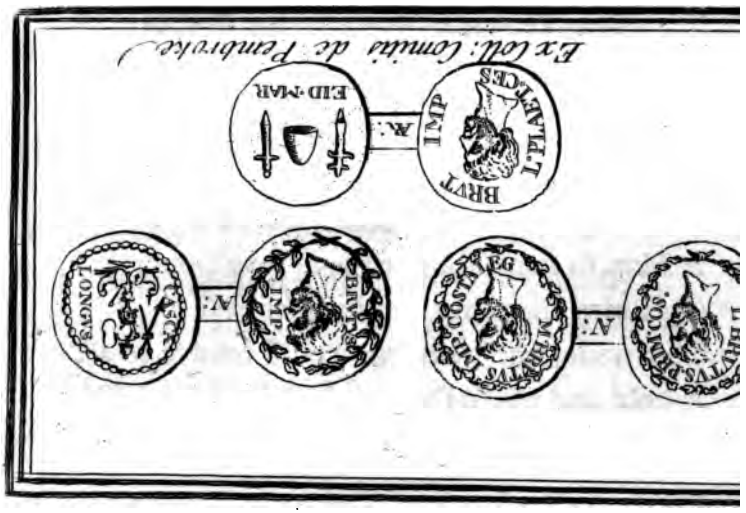
Magiſtrates of *Athens*.

Centurions.

Officers.

Soldiers.

The Play begins the Day before the Battle of *Philippi*, and ends with it.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Veſtibule in Athens.

Enter LUCILIUS *and* VARIUS.

LUCILIUS.

EXpreſs upon Expreſs arrives from *Rome*.
Their Veneration for moſt noble BRUTUS
Is now reviv'd, and makes all mourn his Abſence.

VARIUS.

But yet ſome threaten to deſtroy us here,

For giving Shelter to that worthy *Roman:*
What means this Contradiction?

LUCILIUS.

I'll inform you.
Our Empire groan'd beneath the Pow'r of CÆSAR;
A Man ſo fam'd for Clemency and Courage,
(Qualities charming ev'n in Enemies)
That none, tho' virtuous, could reſolve to act
A bold and noble Deed, which all Men wiſh'd.

VARIUS.

You mean the Death of CÆSAR. Pray go on.

LUCILIUS.

At length, a Man of all the World inclin'd
The leaſt to Violence, or any Paſſion;
A Man ſublimely wiſe, exactly juſt——

VARIUS.

After this Character, you need not name him

LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS, the Head of all thoſe noble Spirits
Who ſhine at *Rome*, and rule the under World,
Selects the very choiceſt of them all,
And fells the Tyrant in the very Senate.

VARIUS.

This Deed of BRUTUS ſeems the Will of Heav'n.

LU-

LUCILIUS.

And ſo accounted for his wond'rous Virtue.
The Soldiers, Senators, and common People,
(If among *Romans* they can be ſo call'd)
Ev'n the beſt Friends of CÆSAR follow'd BRUTUS,
As the avow'd Deliv'rer of his Country:
Till his ſoft Nature, and his gen'rous Spirit,
Reſign'd the Corps to be interr'd with Honour.

VARIUS.

That made this fatal Change, as we are told.

LUCILIUS.

Moſt true, in thoſe that heard the fam'd Oration.
What is it Eloquence cannot perſuade?
Reaſon itſelf comes over to its Side.
Thus ANTONY, ſoon as his Speech was ended,
Rais'd in that Heat ſo great a Rage againſt us,
As forc'd ev'n Friends to act the Part of Foes:
Yet now the Wiſe repent, and rev'rence *Athens*
For thus ſupporting the moſt worthy BRUTUS.

VARIUS.

The Roads from *Rome* are fill'd by valiant Crouds,
Who fly from Safety, to partake our Danger.

LUCILIUS.

No Wonder: ſince Virtue has ever fix'd
Kind Correſpondence between *Rome* and *Athens*.

The Youth of *Rome*, and all whom *Rome* has conquer'd,
Hither repair to learn Philoſophy.
Chief among theſe, you (Son of famous TULLY)
Advis'd no doubt by your illuſtrious Father,
Invited BRUTUS and his Brother CASSIUS
To make great *Athens* Centre of the War.

VARIUS.

And ſhe has own'd your Cauſe in ample manner.
Armies are levy'd, and vaſt Sums are rais'd,
In the Defence of *Roman* Liberty.

LUCILIUS.

Oh! noble Efforts of republick Spirit!
Why this is being Friends to Human-kind;
Which, next to Heav'n, is moſt oblig'd to thoſe
Who reſcue Liberty from vile Oppreſſion.

VARIUS.

Our ancient Heroes thus grew Gods themſelves:
Beſides, 'tis in a manner Self-defence
To help in neighb'ring Dangers; for it hinders
Future Incroachments on ourſelves at home.

LUCILIUS.

Of that, *Athenians* are almoſt too jealous:
Ev'n with Ingratitude they cruſh Ambition,
And baniſh Merit, when the leaſt aſpiring,

VA-

VARIUS.

Moſt wiſely do they act, nay juſtly too:
For we reward a Leader's Service beſt,
In barring him the Means of doing Miſchief.
Happier, much happier had it been for CÆSAR,
Had he been baniſh'd, while yet innocent,
Than e'er return'd triumphant o'er his Country.

SCENE II.

Enter DOLABELLA, *pulling off his Diſguiſe.*

LUCILIUS.

What! DOLABELLA here?

DOLABELLA.

A Friend to VARIUS,
Sent by ANTONIUS in moſt ſecret manner,
To ask an Interview of noble BRUTUS,
Before the Soldier joins in bloody Battle.
Who knows but each great Chief may grow more kind,
In Sight of wond'ring Armies may embrace,
And *Rome* ſhall ſmile at their returning Friends?
[*Exit* LUCILIUS.

VARIUS.

And can you think that BRUTUS ſlew great JULIUS,

To

To ſuffer Tyranny in other Hands?

DOLABELLA.

Alas! that Tyranny is but a Word,
Us'd only by us when we hate our Ruler.
Have we not found (you'll pardon me, good VARIUS)
That ev'n this Change you call Deliverance
Has but remov'd one Hardſhip for a greater,
A ſingle Grievance for a Civil War?

VARIUS.

What do I hear! Is any Grievance equal
To that moſt abject State of being Subjects
To Will, to Paſſion, or to lawleſs Humour?

DOLABELLA.

Yet theſe Expreſſions ſhew 'tis not mere ruling,
But ruling ill, you fear. When Prudence ſways,
'Tis Happineſs, not Slav'ry, to be govern'd.
To bleſs our Times with Plenty, and with Pleaſures,
Prevent Diſorders, and promote Diverſions,
Hinder us all from hurting one another,
Take all the Cares, and leave us all the Joys,
Can only be accompliſh'd by great Power,
When plac'd in ſuch a Man as God-like BRUTUS.

VARIUS.

Where is Content or Pleaſure under Force?
The Freedom of Man's Will not Heav'n conſtrains:

Who

Who wants it, and endures it, is a Brute.
Yet put the Caſe ſome Phœnix Prince ſhould reign,
A Vultur might ſucceed; a Son, or Brother,
Who will undo in a few Months of Folly,
(For ſhort will be his Regin, tho' ſeeming long)
Whate'er the Wife had been whole Years contriving.
Like BRUTUS, did you ſay? A Man like BRUTUS
No more would be a Sov'reign, than a Slave:
A Man ſo virtuous, and ſo wiſe, well knows
'Tis better much to bear than do a Hardſhip.

DOLABELLA.

What Hardſhip's done by acting for Mens Good?

VARIUS.

What Good can come from arbitrary Sway?
The choiceſt Fare, forc'd down, will cloy the Stomach.
But here he comes himſelf to hear your Meſſage:
At once the humbleſt and the higheſt Mind
That ever ſhin'd in all our *Roman* Story!

[*Exit* VARIUS.

SCENE III.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

A Meſſage from ANTONIUS claims a Hearing,

Whom,

Whom, tho' my Enemy, I ſtill eſteem.

DOLABELLA.

His boldeſt Wiſhes aim at nothing higher;
And therefore thus aſſures moſt noble BRUTUS,
That what he has done was by Nature forc'd,
From his freſh Sorrow for his ſlaughter'd Friend;
But now his bleeding Country moves him more,
And his Soul ſhakes at Sight of Civil War.
Secure him but by taking Sov'reign Pow'r,
To you alone he joins with all his Force.

BRUTUS.

And I abandon CASSIUS, and my Friends!

DOLABELLA.

Far be it from me to propoſe ſuch Baſeneſs.
May they, and we, be happy under you,
And the whole World once govern'd by the Virtuous.

BRUTUS.

Ah! DOLABELLA, little do you know
The Mind of BRUTUS. When I ſlew your CÆSAR,
Think you it was Ambition? JOVE is Witneſs,
I would have crown'd him rather than myſelf:
But *Rome* claim'd Freedom, tho' by CÆSAR's Death;
Tho' by Deſtruction of my deareſt Friend:
And free ſhe ſhall be ſtill, if I prevail.
ANTONIUS joining in that glorious Work,

May

May claim whate'er a Commonwealth can give:
Nay, I will be his Soldier in her Service.
Then, neither he nor we ſhall longer ſtrive,
But only who ſhall ſerve his Country beſt.

DOLABELLA.

Will you then rather ſee the World in Arms,
Than govern it yourſelf to make it happy?

BRUTUS.

May the great Gods deſtroy that World and me,
If e'er I ſuffer *Rome* to be enſlav'd!
Rome, that has toil'd for Fame ſo many Ages,
By Valour, and by Virtue tam'd Mankind,
Soften'd rude Minds, and in the wildeſt Soils
Eſtabliſh'd Manners and Humanity;
And, cultivating Youth with ſtricteſt Care,
Firſt taught Urbanity, that uſeful Art
Of being moſt politely ſociable;
(A Virtue ſcarce known in the World beſide,
And chiefly owing to our Liberty)
Gods! ſhall all this ſink into mean Submiſſion?
Which in a Moment would debaſe our Souls,
Like thoſe in wretched Governments around us.

DOLABELLA.

But yet Submiſſion ſeems deſign'd by Nature:
Why, elſe, has ſhe beſtow'd ſuch diff'rent Talents?

Some,

Some, like your own, with Worth, and Skill to govern;
And Thouſands only fitted to obey.

BRUTUS.

As well you might imagine harmleſs Sheep
Only created for the rav'nous Wolf.

DOLABELLA.

But is Man blameable for maſt'ring both?

BRUTUS.

No; for thoſe Beaſts are of inferior Rank:
But where does Nature, or the Will of Heav'n,
Subject a Creature to one like itſelf?
Man is the only Brute enſlaves his Kind.

DOLABELLA.

'Tis not the Shape, but Soul, that ſhews the Likeneſs;
Is a mere Changeling like a Man of Prudence?

BRUTUS.

A Man of Prudence never will at once
Make both himſelf and all the World unhappy.
Think you that 'tis for Envy Kings are hated?
Pity would rather plead in their Defence,
Did we not more compaſſionate their Subjects.
Alas! they ſcarce have one contented Hour;
Few to confide in, and whole Crowds to fear;

Aſham'd

Aſham'd to rule ſo many wiſer Subjects,
Yet often ſway'd by weaker than themſelves.

DOLABELLA.

All this were reconcil'd, if BRUTUS govern'd;
Freedom and Empire might conſiſt together:
Yourſelf would be the only Man uneaſy;
Which, for the ſake of all, you will not grudge.

BRUTUS.

If there were Colour for ſo vile a Change,
Or the leaſt Pleaſure in the greateſt Power;
Yet I abhor what I diſdain to hear.
Return in Safety back, but tell ANTONIUS,
My higheſt Wiſh is to fix *Rome* in Freedom;
My next, to die before ſhe is enſlav'd.

[*Exit* DOLABELLA; *manet* BRUTUS.

SCENE IV.

Enter VARIUS *and* LUCILIUS.

VARIUS.

The *Areopagite* Council long have ſat,
To do great BRUTUS ſome unwonted Honour.
Some voted to renew th' *Olympick* Games,
Others with Plays would crowd the Theatres;

But

But theſe were held Diverſions too divine,
And only conſecrated to the Gods.
At laſt, the wiſeſt and moſt famous Senate,
In Love to you, in Service to the Publick,
In Veneration for ſuperior Virtue,
Reſolves to rear your Statue carv'd by SAMIUS,
That greateſt Artiſt, for the beſt of Men;
And place it in the ſacred Temple, next
HARMONIUS and ARISTOGITON,
Thoſe worthy Patriots of learned *Athens*.

LUCILIUS.

How many Ages hence ſhall Wealth of Princes
Vie for theſe dear Remains, ſo doubly famous,
Both for the Work, and him it repreſents!

BRUTUS.

Was ever Honour from ſo wiſe a People
Deſign'd ſo kindly, yet beſtow'd ſo ill?
I am not only deſtitute of Merit,
But of Ambition, more than to do Good.
Fame's only due for Deeds beyond our Duty;
Who can do thoſe in Service of his Country?
The *Romans*, and ev'n CASSIUS, may repine
At ſuch a partial Proof of their Affection.
Adviſe me how to ſhun it with Reſpect.

VARIUS.

You ſhould not, cannot now, without Affront,
No mean Aſſembly this, ſuch as proceeds
In Shew for publick Good, with private Aim;
Sluggiſh to meet, yet haſty to reſolve.
Theſe, in ſafe Methods, and with prudent Steps,
Encourage Virtue, and uphold their Country.

SCENE V.

Enter CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

I greet my Friend on this new Compliment;
Which, in your Name, ſhews a Reſpect to all.
The Death of CÆSAR is a common Cauſe,
Which Commonwealths in Prudence muſt approve.

BRUTUS.

True, noble CASSIUS; and I never would
Accept an Honour ſep'rate from my Friends.
BRUTUS has nothing in his Life or Humour
Suited to this unprecedented Honour.

CASSIUS,

Methinks you now eſteem yourſelf too little,
Only to prize this Compliment too much.

BRUTUS.

A Statue rear'd to me, and rear'd by *Athens*,
I own a moſt tranſcendent Obligation;
But ev'ry Sum and Soldier they have rais'd
In Aid of Liberty, affects me more.

CASSIUS.

I ever thought a *Roman* General
Above Reward from an *Athenian* Senate.
What is a Trifle then giv'n by Grey-beards,
Mov'd by a little Popularity?

BRUTUS.

But, to be mov'd by Envy, ſure, is worſe.

CASSIUS.

I did not envy CÆSAR, tho' I ſlew him.

BRUTUS.

An honeſt Mind can envy no Uſurper;
You ſaid you kill'd him for the Publick Good.

CASSIUS.

You know I kill'd him for the Publick Good:
Who doubts it, does me wrong.

BRUTUS.

Do none yourſelf.
What! ſhall we two, the Champions of Freedom,
Like Children, grudge at one another's Play-things?

Come,

Come, we are Friends. But think not I am fond
[*Embraces him.*
Of airy Trifles, tho' I value Fame.
Fame for good Deeds is the Reward of Virtue.
Thirſt after Fame is giv'n us by the Gods,
Both to excite our Minds to noble Acts,
And give a Proof of ſome immortal State,
Where we ſhall know, that Fame we leave behind,
That higheſt Bleſſing which the Gods beſtow.

CASSIUS.

But 'tis a greater not to need their Bleſſings.
You Stoicks hold a wiſe Man is above them.

BRUTUS.

Yet not inſenſible to Reputation.
For that he ſlights all Torments, ev'n Diſgrace;
Nay, what is harder yet, deſpiſes Pleaſure;
A Strength of Mind which only Man poſſeſſes.

CASSIUS.

I ſee no ſuch Diſtinction, nor wherein
Man ſo tranſcends, except in Arrogance.
This great Superiority of Man
Often comes ſhort ev'n of the meaneſt Creatures:
They in their ways more happily confin'd,
Seem not to ſcorn, or bear down one another;
Never ungrateful, or the leaſt deceiving,
But keep wiſe Nature's Laws with ſtrict Obedience.

Oh happy for the World, if in theſe Times
Mankind in gen'ral were no worſe than Brutes!

BRUTUS.

Ill Men, indeed, I muſt confeſs, are worſe.

CASSIUS.

And ſure the worſt of all, their Country's Enemies.
Theſe ſhould be cenſur'd by our rev'rend Prieſts,
Who always raiſe our Thoughts to things above,
But yet connive at Villainy below.

BRUTUS.

From hence the Miſeries of *Rome* proceed.
When Fraud, Oppreſſion, fouleſt Calumny,
Contempt of Laws, and bold Impieties,
Appear bare-fac'd; no Auguries more ſure
Foretel the Ruin of a ſinking State.

CASSIUS.

No Auguries! What do they e'er foretel,
But as the Politician bribes the Prieſt?
Mere Combination againſt common Senſe.

BRUTUS.

You'll have your way. But do you not remember
That Soothſayer who ſaid, the Ides of *March*
Were come, not gone?

CAS-

CASSIUS.

And that was all he knew:
Had he known more, why did he not inform?

BRUTUS.

The Gods decreed that *Rome* ſhould be deliver'd.

VARIUS.

That devout Thought revives our ſinking Hopes;
Heav'n will not fail a Cauſe it once has bleſt.

CASSIUS.

But truſt not all to that; let us be careful.
When you ſhall march To-morrow after me,
Should we not leave ſome Forces here behind?

BRUTUS.

For what?

CASSIUS.

To keep theſe People firmly to us.
They, who at *Rome* command an Empire's Wealth,
Have dangerous Temptations of ſeducing.

VARIUS.

Oh never fear it. Shake *Athenian* Faith?
'Tis ſtopping Tides, or ſtriving with the Winds.

BRUTUS.

They are too learn'd, and prudent, not to know
That 'tis the greateſt Folly to be falſe;
Not worth a Villainy to gain the World.

A low mean Act ſo rankles in the Mind,
There is no Joy, nor Quiet afterwards;
Kind Heav'n has form'd us ſo, that we might find
Content and Honeſty ſtill join'd together.

CASSIUS.

But, then we are the more oblig'd to guard 'em
Againſt what they might ſuffer for our ſakes.

BRUTUS.

Kindly, and juſtly urg'd, I muſt confeſs.
But think you, that our Enemies can ſpare
The ſmalleſt Legion from oppoſing us?
Detaching ſome, may be their Loſs of all,
Yet, for this Place I am concern'd ſo much,
You ſhake my Reaſon when you urge their Danger,
Let them propoſe what Guards themſelves deſire.

CASSIUS.

Nay, there I differ; ſince in War-affairs,
With all their Wit, they cannot judge ſo well:
Nor is it fit they judge in their own Cauſe.
I'll ſtrait aſſemble them, and then debate
With calm Deliberation this Affair;
Which well deſerves our ſpeedieſt Management,
Since we are forc'd to march away ſo ſoon.
You'll come, I hope, and fix our Reſolution.

[*Exit* CASSIUS.

BRU-

BRUTUS.

This Man has ſome Uneaſineſs of Temper,
But over-balanc'd by his publick Spirit,
Which ever ſways him to his Country's Good.
Whate'er our Maſter ZENO may have taught us,
Nothing is wholly perfect here below:
We ſhould applaud the Merit that we find,
And caſt a friendly Veil on good Mens Faults.
My Siſter JUNIA loves him to Exceſs
(If there can be Exceſs in Love, or Friendſhip).
Go, and acquaint her gently with the Journey
Which he muſt take this Night towards *Philippi*,
There to decide th' important Fate of *Rome*.

[*Exit* LUCILIUS.

I muſt prepare the Forces under me,
To overtake him on his March to-morrow:
From thence we'll haſte conjointly to the Battle:
This ſcanty Road bears us not both together;
And we muſt once divide, to part no more.

[*Exeunt* BRUTUS, *and* VARIUS.

Firſt CHORUS.

Of Athenian *Philoſophers.*

Written at the Command of his Grace, by Mr. POPE.

I.

YE Shades where ſacred Truth is ſought,
Groves, where immortal Sages taught,
Where heav'nly Viſions PLATO fir'd,
And God-like ZENO lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs Laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human Blood:
War, horrid War, your Thoughtful Walks invades,
And Steel now glitters in the Muſes Shades.

II.

Oh heav'n-born *Siſters!* Source of Art!
Who charm the Senſe, or mend the Heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's Train along,
Moral *Truth*, and myſtick *Song!*
To what new Clime, what diſtant Sky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak *Atlantic* Shore,
Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more?

III.

III.

When *Athens* ſinks by Fates unjuſt;
When wild *Barbarians* ſpurn her Duſt;
Perhaps ev'n *Britain*'s utmoſt Shore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with Strangers Gore?
See Arts her ſavage Sons controul,
An *Athens* riſing near the *Pole*;
Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple Hand,
And civil Madneſs tears them from the Land.

IV.

Ye Gods! what Juſtice rules the Ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And Men, onee ignorant, are Slaves.
Oh curs'd Effects of civil Hate;
In ev'ry Age, in ev'ry State!
Still when the Luſt of Tyrant Pow'r ſucceeds.
Some *Athens* periſhes, ſome TULLY bleeds.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame Veſtibule.

Enter VARIUS, *with* TITINIUS *newly arriv'd at* Athens.

TITINIUS.

WHat mean theſe ſumptuous Preparations?
Is this a Time for either Pomp or Pleaſure?
When two, the beſt and boldeſt Sons of *Rome*,
The juſteſt Cauſe too that was e'er defended,
Are on the very Brink of their Deſtruction.

VARIUS.

O wrong not ſacred *Athens*, Sir, the Nurſe,
The Mother of all Arts and Sciences:
Has ſhe ſpread Wit and Learning thro' the World,
Nay ſoften'd *Rome* herſelf (but rough before)
To Arts, to Eloquence, and gentler Manners,
And is ſhe now upbraided?

TITINIUS.

Fallacious Eloquence, and uſeleſs Arts!

I own her Learning; but that Poliſhing
Has but too much weaken'd our harder Steel.
Our ancient, rough, and manly Worth now bends
At the hard Touch of Perils and of Toils.
Our Gold is melted to a finer Shape,
But mix'd with Droſs of Flatt'ry and Corruption.
How elſe could BRUTUS be a baniſh'd Man?
Or how could Liberty fly here for Refuge?

VARIUS.

And whither ſhould it fly, if not to *Athens*?
The School of all Philoſophy and Virtue.
Our publick Recreations here are ſacred:
This Day th' *Athenians*, ever true to Virtue,
In this low Ebb, in ſpite of pow'rful *Rome*,
Have kept their Cuſtom, tho' againſt their Safety,
And conſecrated Sports for your Succeſs.

TITINIUS.

Is't poſſible? Pardon a Stranger's Error,
Newly arriv'd with Succours from afar,
Sent from the Gods, I think: for 'tis their Cauſe;
And unknown Regions have eſpous'd our Quarrel.

VARIUS.

The Sports are juſt beginning; I have Time
Only to let you know theſe are not Trifles,
Or ſuch as are in Nations looſe of Manners;
But ſolemn Celebrations to the Gods,

With

With pious Hymns imploring their Protection.
Wiſe *Athens* ever has indulg'd Diverſions
With more Magnificence than greateſt Princes:
But they are all diſpos'd in Praiſe of Virtue,
Inſpiring Courage, Generoſity,
And moſt of all, Affection to their Country.
How think you now, TITINIUS?

TITINIUS.

I recant,
And grow myſelf impatient for your Pleaſures.

SCENE II.

The Scene opens, and diſcovers the magnificent Temple of BACCHUS, *where the publick Entertainments were wont to be celebrated at* Athens. *The Statue of* BRUTUS *being this Day erected, is ſuppoſed to be the Occaſion of theſe Solemnities, and muſt appear in the furthermoſt part of the Stage.*

After the Shews and Songs are over, BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* VARIUS *remain on the Stage.*

LUCILIUS.

By theſe refin'd Diverſions, we perceive
This Town retains its old Magnificence.

No

No wonder ATTICUS, ſo nice a Judge.
When he retir'd, preferr'd this Place to all.

VARIUS.

Philoſophy is highly'ſt honour'd here;
And from that Fountain of ſuperior Wiſdom
Flows all this Stream of Arts and Sciences.

BRUTUS.

Here Poetry, harmoniouſly divine,
Is moſt tranſporting, thus accompany'd
With artful Paintings, and melodious Sounds.
The Muſes join in all *Athenian* Pleaſures.

VARIUS.

But that which has occaſion'd theſe Delights,
Gives the true Taſte to all; your matchleſs Merit.

BRUTUS.

Hold, VARIUS; too much has been ſaid already
In Compliment: and I receive it only
As Honour done me for *Rome*'s ſake, not mine.
So Prizes, taken but by vulgar Hands,
Are brought in Triumph to the Capitol.

LUCILIUS.

Yet then, we know, that Leader juſtly triumphs,
Under whoſe Conduct thoſe rich Spoils are gain'd.

BRUTUS.

But were our Conduct equal to our Cauſe,
In which the noble CASSIUS and myſelf
Have here engag'd all *Aſia* on our Side;
Yet the whole World deliver'd, muſt acknowledge
All owing to this gen'rous Commonwealth.

VARIUS.

Rome could not fail to find Support in *Athens*,
Her elder Siſter, both in Arts and Arms,
And great Protectreſs of fair Liberty;
That Liberty to which ſhe owes her Splendor.

BRUTUS.

Moſt truly noted: From whence ever came
Good Senſe, or Learning, Arts of Peace, or War?
Deepneſs of Thought, or Nobleneſs of Nature?
Except where Liberty inlarg'd the Mind?

VARIUS.

The very Air of Freedom breeds great Souls,
Which Education ripens into Virtue.

BRUTUS.

And here inſpires the uſefulleſt of Virtues,
Tender Affection to our native Country.

VARIUS.

My Friends and near Relations, when I took
My tender Leave, after a thouſand Counſels,
Aſſur'd

Aſſur'd me that their greateſt Satisfaction
Was, that they ſent me to this famous Place,
Where Wiſdom, and where Virtue beſt are taught;
And own'd, when *Romans* write the moſt politely,
Their higheſt Praiſe is to have copy'd well.

BRUTUS.

TULLY himſelf confeſſes *Greece* ſuperiot:
Yet he, of all our famous Wits of *Rome*,
Shines much the brighteſt.

VARIUS.

Such Applauſe from BRUTUS,
Is a Reward equal to all his Merit.

TITINIUS.

To be eſteem'd by you, the greateſt Kings
Here ſend their Legions, and have ſent their Treaſure.

BRUTUS.

And timely comes this Aid. Advice from *Rome*
Aſſures us, all their Force is on the March.

VARIUS.

I thought Diſſenſion was among their Chiefs,
Each of them ſtriving to ſet up himſelf.

Enter CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Juſt now is come moſt unexpected News;

Our

Our Foes have forc'd their Gen'rals to be Friends,
And call'd it Civil War to fight in Quarrels
Between OCTAVIUS and ANTONY;
Yet think their War is lawful againſt us.

TITINIUS.

Alas! what Reas'ning can there be in Fools,
Who, bred in Faction, blindly join with Knaves?

LUCILIUS.

They are for Licence, not for Liberty;
And love thoſe Gen'rals beſt, who lead to Miſchief.

BRUTUS.

You have deſcrib'd a State juſt ripe for Ruin.

CASSIUS.

Small Marches need they make, to meet a Foe
So eager as we are, to free our Country.
Oh the Delay is tireſome!

BRUTUS.

Yet have Patience;
With Vigour act, but think of all with Caution.

CASSIUS.

Our Rendezvous is ſettled at *Philippi*.

BRUTUS.

Thither you march To-night, and I To-morrow.

But JUNIA comes, I fear, to mourn your Abſence.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* CASSIUS.

SCENE III.

Enter JUNIA.

JUNIA.

Now, all the Gods that guard the Innocent,
Protect my CASSIUS! they are marching hither;
Ruin is rolling on us from afar.

CASSIUS.

Not hither, JUNIA; we ſhall ſpare their Pains;
Our Forces intercept their bold Preſumption,
And I juſt now am making Haſte to meet them.

JUNIA.

Come then, away; with you all Pains are eaſy;
I am this Moment ready for the Journey.

CASSIUS.

Ready, alas! you muſt not for this World
Share in the Shifts and Hazards I muſt run;
Virtue, like yours, here none will dare to harm;
And while you ſtay in *Athens*, I am eaſy;
My dear, and better Half, is out of Danger.

JUNIA.

And am I yet more wretched than I thought?

I had no Comfort left for your Misfortunes,
But that I was to ſhare them ev'ry where:
And will you take that from me? O 'tis hard!
You would not, if you ſaw my ſighing Heart.

CASSIUS.

And you ſhould go, did I not doubt my own:
But 'tis ſo tender always towards you,
It ſhakes, alas! my firmeſt Reſolutions.
I, like ſome skilful Swimmer in a Shipwreck,
Graſping his only Treaſure in his Arms,
May, for thy ſake, make too much Haſte to Shore,
Leaving the Bark with all my Friends behind.
Your Sighs would blow away my beſt Reſolves,
Soften my Soul, and ſlacken all its Strength.
When all's at ſtake, I eagerly may fix
My Mind on you, and never think beyond.

JUNIA.

Beyond! Why, is there any thing beyond
The dear, the charming Object of our Love?
Mere Thought of that is Height of Happineſs.
What Image have we of *Elyſian* Bowers,
But ſuch a gentle, calm, contented State?
What has this Trifle of a World to do
With a bleſt Pair, who live embracing thus?

CASSIUS.

What ſays my Charmer? can I leave this Woman?
I could look thus, and languiſh here for ever.
Yet there's one Tye, more dear than Life, or Love;
'Tis Honour, and the ſacred Good of *Rome*.
For theſe I kill'd the greateſt Man on Earth,
Engag'd the beſt and nobleſt of Mankind
(And ſaying that, I need not name your Brother)
To ſtab his Friend, and his own Heart at once.
Since I have done all this, I muſt do more;
Leave JUNIA here, and all my Joys behind.

JUNIA.

Did I e'er think that CASSIUS would forſake me?

CASSIUS.

Forſake! I leave you as the richeſt Pledge
Which can be giv'n to this illuſtrious City.
That *Rome* itſelf can be no dearer to me,
Than friendly *Athens* for protecting you.

JUNIA.

Jewels we prize we ſeldom leave behind:
Oh take me with you! my officious Love
Perhaps may ſhield you from ſome ſudden Danger,
Soften your angry and uneaſy Hours,
And make Adverſity itſelf ſeem pleaſing.
My Love could do all this, if yours were equal.
[*Weeps.*

CASSIUS.

All this! nay more; what cannot JUNIA do?
Then, ſince I dare not hazard you in Armies,
I will ſtay here, and die within your Arms.

JUNIA.

You die! Oh Heav'n! the very Sound of that
Checks my Deſigns, and chills all my Deſires.

CASSIUS.

Haſt thou not heard, how hard ungrateful *Rome*
Purſues the Men who once deliver'd her,
And riots in the Blood of her Redeemers?
Two of our Band they have deſtroy'd already,
And vow to ſpare no Murderer of CÆSAR;
That is to ſay, no Man that lov'd his Country,
Ruin'd himſelf, only to reſcue her.

JUNIA.

Oh! I have talk'd too long: go on, make Haſte;
I am not wont, alas! to uſe this Language,
But now I can ſay nothing elſe: Away;
No matter what becomes of me; away.

CASSIUS.

Your ſpotleſs Fame muſt always be your Guard,
Rudeneſs itſelf will reverence ſuch Virtue.
I muſt immediately haſte to our Friends,
Who all aſſembled in the Fields of *Sardis*,

Wait

Wait there for me and BRUTUS. He, To-morrow,
Shall follow, at the Head of mighty Numbers,
Rais'd only by the Credit of our Cauſe;
A Cauſe, well worthy of the World to ſuccour!
Oh! while I languiſh out this long, long Abſence,
Take care of all my Treaſure, thy dear Self.

JUNIA.

Farewel! thou trueſt, kindeſt, beſt of Men!
But one Look more——and then a long Farewel
To all Content——all, till we meet again.

[*Exit* CASSIUS. *Manet* JUNIA.

SCENE IV.

Enter VARIUS.

VARIUS.

JUNIA in Tears! So ſhines an *April* Sun;
And ſo the precious Dew that drops on Flowers,
Steals down unheeded by the vulgar Eye:
But I admire this Maſter-piece of Nature.

JUNIA.

Alas! my Lord, CASSIUS is gone to *Sardis*.

VARIUS.

Is't poſſible? So I was told before,
Yet never could believe it till this Moment.

JUNIA.

Why, was it not determin'd ſo in Council?

VARIUS.

I muſt confeſs it was debated there,
And wiſh'd by ſome, that all our Force at *Sardis*
Had ſome great Chief, for keeping martial Sway:
But who could hope that CASSIUS would be willing
To part from you, one Day, without Occaſion?

JUNIA.

Is it ſo ſtrange that CASSIUS ſhould be forward
In all the Proofs of Courage, or of Conduct?

VARIUS.

His Fame forbids I ſhould have ſuch a Thought.
But yet——

JUNIA.

But what? I cannot gueſs your Meaning.

VARIUS.

Not all the noble Diſcipline of War,
Strict Rules of Conduct, Heat of martial Proweſs,
The Faith of Friendſhip, or the Oaths of Leagues,
Not Fame itſelf, no nor the publick Good,
Deſerve to be preferr'd to JUNIA's Love.

JUNIA.

But *Rome*'s at ſtake.

VA-

VARIUS.

And well it would be loſt,
For ſtaying here one Night within thoſe Arms.

JUNIA.

VARIUS, ſo high a Compliment as this
Shews you have ſtudy'd long at courtly *Athens*;
Where you have learn'd to know all things, but me;
Who, tho' I value CAIUS CASSIUS,
As Slaves do Liberty, or ſick Men Health,
Nay more than moſt of my own Sex love Power;
Yet (what I think the very worſt of Fates)
I would loſe Sight of that dear Man for ever,
Rather than ſee him fail our Country's Cauſe.

VARIUS.

Oh ample Recompence for all his Troubles,
To be ſo lov'd by you! But is he grateful,
Who can ſo eaſily endure your Abſence?

JUNIA.

I mourn for his, and judge his Grief by mine.
Retirement ſuits a ſolitary Wife,
And Melancholy loves to be alone.

[*Offers to go out.*

VARIUS.

But ſhould not be indulg'd againſt your Health.

[*Stops her.*

Rather ſhine forth, and chear your Brother's Soul,
Which daily ſinks beneath a thouſand Cares.

JUNIA.

His Soul's too great to need ſuch feeble Help.
Beſides, tho' priz'd he be above Expreſſion,
Yet ev'n his Friendſhip muſt not vye with Love:
One Thought of CASSIUS out-weighs all things elſe;
CASSIUS, whoſe noble Soul would ne'er ſubmit
To him who domineer'd o'er all beſides:
CASSIUS, Contriver of the Tyrant's Fall;
And (what is more, far more than all the reſt)
That hardy Man who mov'd it firſt to BRUTUS:
This Man, my Husband, or my Hero rather,
Shall with his Preſence ever chear my Eyes,
Or in his Abſence take up all my Thoughts.

[*Exit* JUNIA.

SCENE V.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

My Siſter weeping! Tho' her Reaſon governs,
I judge her Grief for CASSIUS, by my own;
For PORTIA's Abſence ſits upon my Heart:
Nor need I bluſh to bear the tender Burthen,
So much ſhe merits, and ſo well ſhe loves.

But

But publick Cares muſt ſilence private Grief;
Since ev'ry Hour ſome freſh Expreſſes tell
New fatal Turns in *Rome*, portending Ill:
The wav'ring LEPIDUS, (perceiving CÆSAR
Had cunningly agreed with ANTONY)
Tho' with a greater Army, yields to them.

VARIUS.

What ſays the noble BRUTUS?——JUNIA gone!

BRUTUS.

Is VARIUS deaf to Dangers of his Country?

VARIUS.

Forbid it, JOVE! But JUNIA's Melancholy,
So very moving, took up all my Thoughts.

BRUTUS.

Too moving, I'm afraid.

VARIUS.

Indeed, my Lord,
Had you perceiv'd the Charms of weeping Beauty,
That gorgeous Dreſs which Sorrow had put on,
(Out-ſhining all the Gaiety of Youth,
The pleaſing Smiles of Mirth, and Airs of Joy)
Your gentle Nature would be mov'd like mine.

BRUTUS.

Why you have drawn a Picture, my young VARIUS,
Like any Poet, nay, like any Lover.

What,

What, does that Word draw forth a guilty Bluſh?
Be not alarm'd, no more than I am, VARIUS;
JUNIA's ſtrict Virtue, and known Love to CASSIUS,
Fully prevent my Fears, unleſs for you;
Whoſe Father's wond'rous Merit, and your own,
Give me a ſoft Concern, as for a Son.
She is above your very vaineſt Hopes:
Not the moſt tempting Charms of Wit, or Worth,
Moſt graceful Forms, or dazling Shew of Greatneſs,
Can make Impreſſion on a Mind like her's;
Who, tho' my Siſter, forces Praiſes from me.

VARIUS.

Too much, alas! I join in JUNIA's Praiſe:
My eager Thoughts ſtill fly before your Words,
And find them ſhort, far ſhort of JUNIA's Due.

BRUTUS.

Then whence can riſe ſelf-flatt'ring Expectation?
Can VARIUS reaſon thus againſt himſelf,
And act quite contrary to what he thinks?
Oh what is Man, when blinded with his Paſſion!

VARIUS.

Why juſt that Creature Heav'n thought fit to make him.
You are, indeed, exempt from all our Follies,
And reſt ſerene within: Yet pity others!

Be-

Behold, I own my undiſguis'd Offence,
And freely open all my Thoughts to you;
To you, who are a very God to VARIUS,
Who can at once forgive, and cure my Weakneſs.

BRUTUS.

But only by Deſpair: without that Help,
There is no God himſelf can give you Eaſe:
A ſharp, I muſt confeſs, but certain Cure.
Our Stoical Philoſophy inſtructs us,
A wiſe Man is above the Reach of JOVE,
Yet hardly 'ſcapes the worſt of Demons, Love.
But ſince good JUNIA's Soul is firm as Fate,
Be yours ſo too. What helps it to be learn'd!
Or to be wiſe in Buſneſs of the World?
Nay, where would be the Good to rule that World,
Without an inward Pow'r to govern Paſſion?
The Man diſturb'd within, is but a Player;
May act abroad, perhaps, ſome Hero's Part,
But ſinks at home, a low, uneaſy Slave.

VARIUS.

To teach, is eaſy; but to learn, is hard.
As well might Heav'nly SOCRATES infuſe
His own wiſe Temper, while he taught his Morals,
As BRUTUS raiſe my Soul to equal his.

BRUTUS.

Be not ſo modeſt, VARIUS, nor ſo courtly;
BRUTUS is not your Miſtreſs, but your Friend.
The *Roman* Virtue ſhines ſo bright in you,
Nothing is wanting to make up Perfection
But your Command o'er this unfruitful Paſſion.
Love, ev'n when moſt ſucceſsful, makes not happy.
Sometimes indeed, Pleaſure beyond Expreſſion
Poſſeſſes all at once both Mind and Body,
Confounding Soul and Senſe with Height of Rapture.
But what Allays o'erbalance all this Joy!
Frequent Diſquiets, Doubts, and Jealouſies;
Sometimes the Pains of Abſence, and ſometimes,
Amidſt the Bliſs, a diſmal Dread to loſe it.
At beſt the Pleaſure is but intermitting,
While the uneaſy Fever never ceaſes.
But Love, when ſlighted, is intolerable:
Who courts the faireſt Tyrant, is a Fool,
And lives a Martyr in the meaneſt Cauſe.

VARIUS.

Enough, enough, I am already cur'd,
At leaſt till JUNIA is beheld again.

BRUTUS.

'Tis half a Cure in Love to wiſh for one.
Give me your Hand, you'll march with me To-morrow;

Where

Where you will drown your Sighs in Sounds of War,
And turn your tend'reſt Thoughts on your poor Country.

[*Exeunt* BRUTUS *and* VARIUS.

Second CHORUS.

Of Athenian Youths and Virgins. *By Mr.* POPE.

YOUTHS.

O Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous Breaſt?
Wiſdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but ſoften us to feel thy Flame.
VARIUS with Bluſhes owns he loves,
And BRUTUS tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame Deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous Breaſt?

VIRGINS.

Love's purer Flames the Gods approve;
The Gods, and BRUTUS bend to Love:
BRUTUS for abſent PORTIA ſighs,
And ſterner CASSIUS melts at JUNIA's Eyes.
What is looſe Love? A wand'ring Fire,
A tranſient Fit of fond Deſire.

But

But HYMEN's Flames like Stars unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte, as cold CYNTHIA's Virgin Light,
Productive as the Sun.

YOUTHS.

What various Joys on One attend,
As Son, as Father, Husband, Friend?
Whether his hoary Sire he ſpies,
And finds a thouſand grateful Thoughts ariſe,
Or meets his Spouſe's fonder Eye,
Or views his ſmiling Progeny;
What tender Paſſions take their Turns?
What home-felt Raptures move?
His Heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With Rev'rence, Hope and Love.

CHORUS of Both.

Hence guilty Joys, Diſtaſtes, Surmiſes,
Falſe Oaths, falſe Tears, Deceits, Diſguiſes,
Dangers, Doubts, Delays, Surprizes,
(Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine)
Pureſt Love's unwaſting Treaſure,
Conſtant Faith, fair Hope, long Leiſure,
Days of Eaſe, and Nights of Pleaſure,
Sacred HYMEN! theſe are thine.

ACT III. SCENE I.

In the ſame Veſtibule.

Enter BRUTUS, JUNIA, LUCILIUS.

LUCILIUS.

A Meſſenger expreſs arriv'd from *Rome*,
Is entring mournfully the Palace Gates;
And, as he paſſes, weeping all the Way.

BRUTUS.

My Mind forebodes; ſpeak, is my PORTIA well?

Enter Meſſenger, who gives a Letter to BRUTUS.

MESSENGER.

She is, Sir.

BRUTUS.

Then I hope to bear the worſt.
" My Duty forces me to ſend you News, [*Reads.*
" Which, tho' you needs muſt know, I grieve to write.
" Two hundred of the nobleſt Rank in *Rome*
" Proſcrib'd, and murder'd: CICERO himſelf
" Giv'n up by falſe OCTAVIUS to his Foes."

Good

Good Heav'ns! to whom do ye diſpoſe Mankind?
[*Drops the Letter.*
Sad Fate, indeed! So great a Villainy
Is moſt ſurprizing, tho' 'tis done by them. [*Weeps.*

JUNIA.

Diſmal indeed! but oh my deareſt Brother,
Let not your tender Mind be too much touch'd;
Practiſe that Patience which you now have taught me.
CASSIUS is abſent, I am deſolate,
Yet *Rome* (you ſaid) muſt take up all my Thoughts.

BRUTUS.

And therefore 'tis for *Rome* I moſt lament,
At once depriv'd of her moſt worthy Sons!
Theſe Sons are to be envy'd, not bemoan'd;
Moſt noble Suff'rers in their Country's Cauſe:
Great CICERO lives ſtill, ſhall live for ever;
While Men can read, or value Worth or Learning.
But *Rome* herſelf appears all pale before me,
Guſhing out Tears, and wringing helpleſs Hands;
Rome, Rome has loſt her beſt, her pureſt Blood!
[*Weeps again.*

JUNIA.

BRUTUS, be chear'd: her vital Parts remain;
In you and CASSIUS flows the *Roman* Spirit,
That ſtill inſpires whole Armies on her Side.

LUCILIUS.

'Tis nobly, truly ſaid; and you, bright JUNIA,
Poſſeſs a Soul, tho' in a ſofter Frame,
Lofty enough to animate ev'n them.

BRUTUS.

She does, LUCILIUS; and were PORTIA here,
(But I, alas! ſhall never be ſo happy)
CASSIUS and I ſhould be but Followers
Of them in the Defence of Liberty.
But oh! my CICERO! who ſpeaks thy Praiſe,
Muſt have a Tongue like thine, beyond the Bounds
Of *Roman* Eloquence; and fit to fill
The Mouth of Fame with never-dying Sounds.

JUNIA.

How could OCTAVIUS conſent to loſe him,
The beſt, as well as wiſeſt of his Friends?

BRUTUS.

Ambition over-eager, checks at nothing;
A goodly, but a dang'rous Bird of Prey;
Flies at all Game, and never to be tam'd,
She pecks, and tears the Hand on which ſhe ſits.
I often warn'd good TULLY of his Danger;
But all in vain, when Heav'n will have it ſo.
He wiſh'd himſelf with us, at CÆSAR's Death,

And heartily, I doubt not; tho' his Foes
Suſpected his too ſoft and tender Nature.

SCENE II.

Enter ſome Lictors, bringing in THEODOTUS *with them bound as a Priſoner.*

LICTOR.

We have diſcover'd here THEODOTUS,
Odious to all Mankind for POMPEY's Death.

JUNIA.

What! he that made a formal Speech for Murder?
And with a Philoſophick Gravity
Sanctify'd Miſchief with a rev'rend Tongue?
The Orator wants Words in his own Cauſe.

BRUTUS.

Speak for thyſelf; that Juſtice thou ſhalt have.

THEODOTUS.

Had I not often own'd my Crime with Tears,
So ſelf-condemn'd already; or if BRUTUS
Were not my Judge, the good, the faultleſs Br
Black tho' I now appear, and all diſfigur'd
With common Prejudice; yet I migh
Fair Colour to this hated, foul Off

But who can ſtand the Teſt of ſtricteſt Juſtice?
Or how can Words avail to ſway the Wiſe?
This Wiſdom and this Juſtice are in BRUTUS.
So much ſuperior thou to other Men,
That at thy Judgment-Seat, the greateſt Art
Is uſeleſs to excuſe the ſmalleſt Fault.

BRUTUS.

Say boldly all thou canſt.

THEODOTUS.

Elſe, I might ſay 'tis hard to be condemn'd
For doing that, which if I had not done,
I might have juſtly been condemn'd by thoſe
Who ſummon'd me to Council for their Safety.
I thought their Safety ask'd for POMPEY's Death:
O that I could redeem it with my own!
POMPEY was great, was good, was wiſe, was valiant,
But yet was vanquiſh'd by more happy CÆSAR;
Who, had his Foe been ſpar'd, would ſoon have
ſhewn
A real Rage, which now he but affected.
Could *Egypt* ſ[illegible] Victor of *Pharſalia*?
All we cou[illegible] a poor Reprieve,
A Hardſhi[illegible] to Minds reſolv'd.
Rome a[illegible] loſt,
POMPEY [illegible] carious,
Which ye[illegible] dear.
Would

Would he had counſell'd, and would I had dy'd!
For he, who, as a *Roman*, died for *Rome*;
If born with us, would have adviſ'd for *Egypt*.

JUNIA.

With all thy Guilt, how durſt thou name great POMPEY?

THEODOTUS.

Ev'n he was guilty once, and ſlew your Father.
Yet, grant he was the braveſt, beſt of Men,
Victorious often in the Cauſe of *Rome*,
While I was but a Counſellor for *Egypt*;
Since Fame rewards his Service to his Country,
Should I be puniſh'd for aſſiſting mine?

BRUTUS.

If Words could change the Nature of ill Deeds,
Thy Head would be indebted to thy Tongue,
Which, I muſt needs confeſs, has done its Part,
And makes my tender Nature wiſh thee hence,
Out of my Reach, as well as Will to puniſh.
But here I ſtand the Subſtitute of *Rome*;
Which with united Sighs bemoans her POMPEY,
And weeping waits to have his Death reveng'd.
Thy worthleſs Prince and Country were too ſlight
A Sacrifice to POMPEY. At his Feet
CÆSAR himſelf was not too great to fall:

Think

Think but on that, and thou wilt die content.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and Officers with* THEODOTUS.

'Twere barbarous to reaſon with a Wretch
Long ſince condemn'd to die by *Rome*'s Decree.
But he was no *Egyptian*, as he pleaded;
Nor ſubject to that Prince he ſo adviſ'd.

JUNIA.

What King or Country dares be ſo audacious
To hurt the meaneſt Senator of *Rome?*
How then durſt any think of killing POMPEY?

BRUTUS.

Preſumptuous Wickedneſs! POMPEY o'ercome,
Abandon'd by his Friends, a Fugitive,
At Mercy of the meaneſt, baſeſt Villain;
Yet in that loweſt Ebb was much too high
For ſuch a Prince as PTOLEMY to reach.
From PTOLEMY, proſtrate at POMPEY's Feet,
Not only Aid, but Reverence was due.
That Chief eſcaping, might have chang'd *Rome*'s Fate;
And the whole World had been oblig'd to *Egypt*.

SCENE III.

Enter LUCILIUS.

LUCILIUS.

Baſe Villainy is ſeldom at a ſtand,
But ſtill proceeding on to greater Miſchief:
From murd'ring Senators at *Rome*, they now
Lift their aſpiring Treachery to BRUTUS.
The wiſe *Athenians* watchful of your Safety,
Have newly ſeiz'd a Slave in foul Diſguiſe;
Who on the Rack confeſſes all the Crime.
" Hie thee to *Athens* (ſaid the baſe OCTAVIUS)
" And ſave thy Maſter, ſave us all, ſave *Rome*,
" Go, purchaſe Fame and Freedom by a Blow:
" Our Foes are all united in that BRUTUS;
" He, he alone inſpir'd the Death of CÆSAR.
" Be deſperate, be ſecret, and be rich."

BRUTUS.

I pity the poor Wretch; he knows no better.
At his Return how would his Maſter grieve
To find me ſafer here than he at *Rome*?
He does but ſhoot theſe Arrows in the Air.

LUCILIUS.

Except at *Rome* infected by our Foes,
Virtue like yours is ev'ry-where ſecure,

And

And claims the juſt Protection of Mankind.

JUNIA.

Your Life is ſo important,
Youths quit their Pleaſures, Soldiers ſlight their Pay,
Ev'n Miſers leave their Wealth to watch your Safety.

BRUTUS.

Let go the Slave to tell OCTAVIUS this.

LUCILIUS.

What! ſave that Wretch?

BRUTUS.

Both ſave and let him go.
In this Attempt he but obey'd his Maſter.
[*Exit* LUCILIUS.
Oh that there were no *Romans* worſe than he!
This Slave would kill, but 'tis to get his Freedom!
But, ah! ev'n Senators are growing Slaves,
Careleſs of Honour, void of Honeſty,
Forgetting all their noble Anceſtors,
And ruining a glorious Commonwealth!

Enter TITINIUS *and* LUCILIUS *again.*

TITINIUS.

CASSIUS has ſent me here with this Reply,
He wants that Gold himſelf, which you would borrow;

Of which, at Meeting, you ſhall have Account.
Theſe Letters I have brought for noble JUNIA.
[JUNIA *goes out with the Letters.*

LUCILIUS.

Your Legions then muſt ſtay till his are paid.

BRUTUS.

Think not the worſt, LUCILIUS, ere it comes:
At *Sardis* we ſhall meet by break of Day.
I'll take an Hour's Repoſe, and then for *Sardis*.
Good Night to both.

LUCILIUS.

Reſt to your noble Thoughts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

BRUTUS *remains, laid on his Couch.*

BRUTUS.

'Tis but in vain, Sleep is not to be courted.
Sing, Boy, the Song that PORTIA likes ſo well,
And ſooth my Thoughts with ſome melodious Sounds. [*Soft Muſick and Song.*
Man is himſelf an Inſtrument of Muſick;

But

But yet ſome String is always out of Tune,
And ev'ry Sound we make ſhews our Confuſion.
Why ſhould this Death of CÆSAR trouble me?
I did it not for Anger, or Ambition;
But for mere Honeſty, and Publick Good;
Nay, Good to him; for in my own Opinion,
'Tis better much to die, than live unjuſtly.
My Fellow-Citizens, my Kindred, Friends,
All ſunk at once beneath his riſing Fortune.
And ſhould I tamely ſuffer an Uſurper
T'enſlave Mankind, becauſe he ſmiles on me?
Friendſhip indeed is the moſt tempting Bribe;
But Juſtice ſhould be blind to all its Beauty.
And yet a Reſtleſſneſs attends ſuch Deeds,
Tho' ne'er ſo juſt; ſomething that feels unwieldy,
That ſits uneaſy on a gentle Nature:
I cannot ſleep, unleſs I ſhake it off.

SCENE V.

Enter a Spirit in the Shape of CÆSAR, *full of Wounds.*

Sure I ſleep now, or elſe my Eyes delude me:
I know 'tis Fancy all; and yet I ſtagger.

Ha!

Ha! it comes on! What art thou? When alive,
Tho' arm'd with Pow'r, adorn'd with Fame and Greatneſs,
I fear'd thee not, becauſe thou wert unjuſt;
But more than human now, thou ſeem'ſt above me!
Speak, unknown Being! I conjure thee, ſpeak.

SPIRIT.

I am thy Evil Genius, MARCUS BRUTUS,
And have aſſum'd this Shape, to give thee Terror.

BRUTUS.

Terror! How cam'ſt thou to know me no better?
Sure thou art ignorant, as well as evil.

SPIRIT.

Is Murder then no Crime?

BRUTUS.

Killing is none;
When done not for ourſelves, but for our Country.

SPIRIT.

Not for yourſelf indeed; you ſtabb'd your Friend.

BRUTUS.

Friend! Oh thou toucheſt now my tender Part!
Oh name that Word no more!

SPIRIT.

A Friend! a Friend!

BRU-

BRUTUS.

But what's a Friend, compar'd with publick Good?
Convince me, if thou can'ſt: Oh, teach me Truth!
And ſhew me but one Glimpſe of future Being,
Of which we talk ſo much, yet know ſo little!
Diſpel theſe Miſts that muffle poor Mankind,
And open to me all that glorious Scene!
Shew me where Virtue ſmiles and ſits enthron'd,
And where Morality finds juſt Reward;
'Tis ſure, above: for ill Men proſper here.

SPIRIT.

Soon at *Philippi* thou ſhalt know it all.

BRUTUS.

Shall we then meet again?

SPIRIT.

Yes, at *Philippi.*

BRUTUS.

I'll meet thee there. I'll meet thee any-where.

[*Exit* Spirit.

Now I am reſolute, the Shadow flies,
And vaniſhes together with my Fear.
What hoa!

Enter BOY.

My Lord!

BRUTUS.

Did you ſee nothing?

BOY.

BOY.

No.

BRUTUS.

Nor hear me ſpeak?

BOY.

Nothing at all, my Lord.

BRUTUS.

Let ev'ry thing be ready for our March;
And call me up, be ſure, by break of Day.
Till then I'll ſleep within. [*Exeunt.*

Third CHORUS.

Of Roman *Senators.*

I.

DArk is the Maze poor Mortals tread;
Wiſdom itſelf a Guide will need:
We little thought, when CÆSAR bled,
That a worſe CÆSAR would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a Curſe,
We cannot change, but for the worſe?

II.

II.

With fair Pretence of Foreign Force,
By which *Rome* muſt herſelf enthrall;
Theſe, without Bluſhes or Remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impov'riſh all.
The *Gauls* themſelves, our greateſt Foes,
Could act no Miſchiefs worſe than thoſe.

III.

That JULIUS, with ambitious Thoughts,
Had Virtues too, his Foes could find;
Theſe equal him in all his Faults,
But never in his noble Mind.
That free-born Spirits ſhould obey
Wretches, who know not to ſway!

IV.

Late we repent our haſty Choice,
In vain bemoan ſo quick a Turn.
Hark all to *Rome's* united Voice!
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all thoſe Ills which moſt diſpleaſe,
Than ſought a Cure far worſe than the Diſeaſe.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Field near Philippi, *where* CASSIUS *and* BRUTUS *made the Rendezvous of their Armies.*

Enter BRUTUS *and Officers.*

BRUTUS.

'TIS here that I and CASSIUS were to join:
What ſay our Scouts? Is any Army near?

OFFICER.

The riſing Duſt diſcovers their Approach;
And ſome, impatient of ſo ſlow a March,
Are juſt arriv'd before to meet their Friends.

Enter LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS.

O, here's LUCILIUS, whom I ſent to CASSIUS.

LUCILIUS.

CASSIUS, my Lord, ſalutes the noble BRUTUS,
And haſtens to embrace him.

BRU-

BRUTUS.

O LUCILIUS!
CASSIUS is alter'd much, or ill adviſ'd;
Has, I am loth to ſay it, done ſome things
Which do not well become ſo great a Man.
But, ſince he is ſo near, I'll ſtay my Cenſure,
And wiſh to find my Jealouſy miſtaken.
But, good LUCILIUS, how did he receive you.
When you brought friendly Notice I was near?

LUCILIUS.

With Forms, and Compliments, and great Reſpect,
Out-doing Enemies in Ceremony;
But no Familiarity betwixt us;
None of that free and friendly Conference
Which we have us'd of old: and when he nam'd you,
'Twas always with ſuch ſet, affected Praiſe,
As if the Commendation had no Meaning,
But to be told again.

BRUTUS.

I am afraid
Thou judgeſt but too right: Nothing is nobler
Than Friendſhip, till it once begins to fail;
But then aſham'd, and conſcious of Defect,
It hides itſelf in Compliment and Care:
At the firſt Shock, off falls the frail Diſguiſe;
Falſhood is fooliſh, and betrays itſelf.

There

There is no Art in plain and friendly Truth,
Which like the Sun ſhines forth by its own Light.
Violent Minds ſometimes make glorious Shew,
Like Gilding ſhine, equal to real Gold,
But in the Uſage, how much Difference!
Hark! he's arriv'd; march gently on to meet him.

SCENE II.

Enter CASSIUS, *&c.*

CASSIUS.

Embracing thus is but a thing of Form;
For 'tis not fit that both our Armies here
Should once ſuſpect the leaſt Diſpute between us.

BRUTUS.

The common Cauſe indeed requires our Care;
And all our Diſcontents ſhould yield to that.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, let us retire into my Tent,
Leſt here by chance ſome unbecoming Word
Break out too loud.

BRUTUS.

Are we ſo little Maſters of ourſelves?
How can we then be fit to govern Armies?

CASSIUS.

You think yourſelf above thoſe common Frailties.

BRUTUS.

The Stoics are above unruly Paſſion.
But, ſince you would retire, I am content
My Soldiers may remove beyond thoſe Fields:
LUCILIUS, march a little off this Ground:
Let your Men do the like, under Pretence
Of our conferring about great Affairs;
Indeed our greateſt; for a Home Diſpute
Is of more Conſequence than Foreign Dangers.

CASSIUS.

TITINIUS, let my Forces move away
To yonder Plain, and leave us all alone;
'Tis neceſſary we ſhould be in private.

[*Exeunt all, except* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

SCENE III.

CASSIUS.

You ask'd me fifty Talents for your Legions,
And in a Style as to your Treaſurer,
As if I ſhould prefer yours to my own:
Am I to be impos'd on thus by you?

BRUTUS.

Sure, CASSIUS little knows the Force of Friendſhip;
Writing ſo freely, ſhew'd my Truſt and Kindneſs.
He that deſires a Favour from a Friend,
Does him the greateſt in deſiring it.

CASSIUS.

Come, I muſt tell you, over-great Applauſe
Lifts you too high. Shou'd I, who kill'd ev'n CÆSAR,
Only for his exceſſive Pow'r and Pride,
Should I at laſt ſubmit thus to another?
From a Superior my Stars defend me!

BRUTUS.

From a Superior! you little know me:
I ſcarce would be ſuperior to my Slaves,
Except in Virtue; that is worthy Pride.

CASSIUS.

Then think not, Sir, of being above me.

BRUTUS.

I wiſh I were not, by theſe weak Suſpicions.
What! jealous of a Friend? it moves my Pity.

CASSIUS.

Pity! I ſcorn it.

BRUTUS.

Scorn your Rage, that moves it.

My

My Pity is not, ought not, to be ſlighted:
'Tis like the kind Compaſſion of a Parent,
Full of Concern, and free from all Contempt,
Rather deſerves your Thanks than your Reproach.

CASSIUS.

My Thanks! for what? for domineering o'er me?

BRUTUS.

Yet Reaſon has ſome Right to govern Paſſion.

CASSIUS.

BRUTUS, you have an over-ruling way,
Which, under Colour of a patient Calmneſs,
Expects Compliance with your gentle Temper.
But I ſee thro' it.

BRUTUS.

See! your Paſſion blinds you.

CASSIUS.

You have no Paſſion, yet provoke another's.

BRUTUS.

Is it provoking to inform a Brother
Of Faults no other dares preſume to tell him,
And yet moſt neceſſary he ſhould know?
Your Troops have done moſt diſmal Outrages;
Forc'd harmleſs Wretches from their native Homes,
Slighted the Widows and the Orphans Tears,

Gather'd their laſt Remains with greedy Gripe;
That which poor Swains had labour'd for whole Years,
Is in one Moment plunder'd by your Soldiers.
This ſinks our Cauſe, which roſe at firſt ſo glorious.
Shall we, who ſoar'd ſo high in Reputation,
And open'd ev'ry Mouth in our juſt Praiſes,
Now on a ſudden fall to dire Oppreſſion?
Shall we at laſt pull down with our own Hands
That lofty Fabrick of well-founded Honour?

CASSIUS.

Am I to anſwer for it?

BRUTUS.

With your Fame;
That ſtands expos'd to ev'ry juſt Man's Cenſure.

CASSIUS.

Go on no more; I will no longer bear it.

BRUTUS.

By Heav'n you ſhall hear all; then do your worſt.
Dare I not ſay whatever you dare act?
Am I not equally concern'd with you
In this great War for Freedom of our Country?
Yet muſt not tell whatever hurts our Cauſe?

CAS-

CASSIUS.

Tempt me no farther, Sir; you may repent it.

BRUTUS.

Tempt not you me with all your furious Looks:
I am above your Threats, and can look down
Both on yourſelf and them.

CASSIUS.

Were it not for the Cauſe we have in Hand,
I wou'd not bear this Heap of Injuries.

BRUTUS.

I injure! Where is that unlucky Man
Who can with Reaſon make Complaint of me?
If any, I'll acknowledge it with Shame.
The Man who wrongs his meaneſt Adverſary,
Exalts his Enemy above himſelf.
And can you think that I could injure CASSIUS,
My Brother, and my Friend?

CASSIUS.

If hearing Lyes
With greedy Ears, and ſoon believing them;
If miſinterpreting whate'er I do,
And repreſenting things in fouleſt Colours,
Can be call'd wronging, who was e'er ſo wrong'd?

BRUTUS.

If I have ſaid one Word that ſounds unkindly,
My Tongue has ſlipp'd, and quite deceiv'd my Heart,
That melts like Wax before your hotteſt Anger.
Behold my Tears for having ſo much vex'd you.

CASSIUS.

What ſays my BRUTUS? Speak that Word again:
Am I not then ſo full, ſo full of Faults?

BRUTUS.

It was my Frailty to preſume ſo much.

CASSIUS.

And mine to be ſuſpicious of my BRUTUS,
All ſhall be mended.

BRUTUS.

But can you forgive
Too ſharp Expreſſions, tho' with kind Intent?

CASSIUS.

So kind Intent, I own the Obligation.
No Man but BRUTUS durſt have ſpoke ſo boldly;
No Man but BRUTUS would have ſpoke ſo kindly.

BRUTUS.

Oh! CASSIUS, nothing but the tender'ſt Friendſhip,
And when I thought it for the publick Good,
Could have emboldèn'd me to cenſure you.

CAS-

CASSIUS.

Embrace me cloſe, and witneſs how my Heart
Leaps up tranſported with this ſudden Change.

BRUTUS.

It was an eager Argument indeed,
But ends as it ſhould do between ſuch Friends,
Reſenting nothing but their Country's Wrongs.
Methinks good Spirits hov'ring all around us,
Should to the World proclaim our happy Union,
Now, while our Enemies combine in Miſchief.
Thus firmly join'd, we'll firſt be Conquerors,
Then make all *Rome* contented as ourſelves.

SCENE IV.

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

CASSIUS.

Come in, LUCILIUS; welcome, good TITINIUS.
Let us conſult of our Neceſſities,
And manage well this laſt important Stake.

BRUTUS.

The State is thus at *Rome:* My Letter mentions
Full fifty Senators, with thouſands more,
Newly proſcrib'd; and CICERO is one.

CASSIUS.

CICERO one! that talking Friend of CÆSAR!
OCTAVIUS has well paid him for his Pains;
May ill Men ever uſe each other ſo.

BRUTUS.

Oh! gently cenſure ev'n a Foe when dead.
See, CASSIUS, here the Curſe of Over-caution.
The wary Walker, who miſtruſts too much,
Treads not ſo firm, but faintly, and ſo ſtumbles:
Thus TULLY fell, by too much Fear of Falling.

CASSIUS.

But ANTONY and young OCTAVIUS
Are marching hither with a mighty Force;
The uſeleſs LEPIDUS is left at *Rome*.

BRUTUS.

The Queſtion is, whether we had not beſt
Haſte on, with Anger bent againſt our Foes,
Rather than tamely wait their bold Aſſault.

CASSIUS.

I am for ſtaying here: my Reaſon this;
So long a March muſt weary out our Strength,
Which Reſt will give us here. Let them come on,
And, tir'd with Toil, expoſe their bending Bodies

Under

Under our luſty Arms, vig'rous and freſh:
Beſides, in this we take the ſtouteſt Part;
For reſolute expecting certain Danger
Shews the moſt ſettled Courage; while the Coward
Runs often fiercely on to ſhun his Fear,
And ſwallow down in haſte the bitter Draught.

BRUTUS.

Some Reaſons have a ſtrange fallacious Force;
Juſt as the pleaſing Colours us'd by Artiſts
Delude the very Sight. But, in my Judgment,
It tires our Army more to tarry here.
Opinion is the Soul of ev'ry Action;
Keep but that up, that keeps up all the reſt:
And 'tis maintain'd by Marks of Reſolution,
By ruſhing on the Foe, forcing to fight,
Not ling'ring here behind with ſlacken'd Vigour.
We muſt depend upon our Zeal and Cauſe,
And therefore in hot Blood ſhall do it beſt.
If once we cool, their ſurer Diſcipline
Will ſoon prevail againſt our new-rais'd Force.
The Hearts of all our Soldiers now are ſet
On fierce Encountring, all their Rage inflam'd;
There's nothing wanting but to draw their Swords,
And down goes Tyranny, to riſe no more.
Can we ſit ſtill, and pauſe with ſuch a Thought?

So

So near a glorious Deed there's no Repoſe:
Impatience makes unquiet Expectation,
And eager Nature can allow no Reſt.

CASSIUS.

You ſhall prevail; we'll let 'em but refreſh,
And then we'll charge the Foe.

BRUTUS.

Let us embrace; and, oh! my deareſt Brother,
This Quarrel ſhall but make us better Friends.

Fourth CHORUS.

Of Roman *Soldiers.*

OUR Vows thus chearfully we ſing,
While martial Muſick fires our Blood:
Let all the neighb'ring Echoes ring
With Clamours for our Country's Good:
And for Reward, of the juſt Gods we claim
A Life with Freedom, or a Death with Fame.

May *Rome* be freed from War's Alarms,
And Taxes heavy to be borne;
May ſhe beware of foreign Arms,
And ſend them back with noble Scorn.
And, for Reward, *&c.*

May ſhe no more confide in Friends,
Who nothing farther underſtood,
Than only, for their private Ends,
To waſte her Wealth, and ſpill her Blood.
And, for Reward, *&c.*

Our Senators, great JOVE, reſtrain
From private Piques, they Prudence call;
From the low Thoughts of little Gain,
And hazarding the loſing all.
And, for Reward, *&c.*

The ſhining Arms with Haſte prepare,
Then to the glorious Combat fly;
Our Minds unclogg'd with farther Care,
Except to overcome or die.
[redacted] for Reward, *&c.*

They

They fight, Oppreſſion to increaſe;
We, for our Liberties and Laws:
It were a Sin to doubt Succeſs,
When Freedom is the noble Cauſe.
And, for Reward, of the juſt Gods we claim
A Life with Freedom, or a Death with Fame.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Field of Philippi.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS, *with other Officers, at the Head of their Army.*

Enter VARIUS *haſtily.*

VARIUS.

PRopitious Stars favour our Cauſe already.
Behold! a heedleſs Party of OCTAVIUS,
Haſt'ning too faſt, is fall'n within our Ambuſh;
And we may cut them off without Defence.

CASSIUS.

Fall on 'em inſtantly.

BRUTUS.

Hold, CASSIUS, hold,
And ſpare your Fellow-Citizens at Mercy.

CASSIUS.

The Death of theſe will make the Day our own.

BRUTUS.

Twill rather make the reſt more deſperate.
Conſider, CASSIUS, they are *Romans* all.

CAS-

CASSIUS.

So much the worſe, fighting againſt their Country,

BRUTUS.

Alas! they do but follow wicked Leaders,
And are our Countrymen, with all their Faults;
Kindred, nay Friends, perhaps, to thee or me.

CASSIUS.

Thy tender Nature will undo us all.

BRUTUS.

Good CASSIUS, let me over-rule in this,
And you in all Things elſe ſhall govern me.
Order our Soldiers not to kill a Man. [*To* LUCILIUS.
But ſeize them gently, as your future Friends.
Oh! CASSIUS, what a Pleaſure 'tis to ſave
Romans from falling in a ſhameful Cauſe!

CASSIUS.

I can no longer contradict my BRUTUS,
Your Mercy is ſo moving; yet I own
This Battle never was approv'd by me:
For I would ne'er have ventur'd at one Blow
So great a Stake as all our Liberties;
But rather have prolong'd th' important War.
I uſe to ſlight Preſages; but of late,
My Mind, I know not how, foreboding Ill,
Spite of my Reaſon, feels a drooping Sadneſs,

And

And by its gloomy Light foreſees Misfortune.

BRUTUS.

In ſuch a Cauſe it were a Fault to fear;
Elſe, CASSIUS, I might have ſome Fancies too.
For CÆSAR's Ghoſt appear'd to me laſt Night,
At all his gaping Wounds breathing Revenge;
And when I would have reaſon'd with it, vaniſh'd.

CASSIUS.

Alas! good BRUTUS, what can be in that,
But an Effect of melancholy Fumes?
A dark and diſmal Picture lively drawn
By dreaming Fancy, tho' we think we wake?
Our Sect believes no Spirits; if there be,
At leaſt, if they are ſuch as PLATO fancies,
Thoſe purer Beings, who behold our Cauſe,
Thoſe Demi-gods will ſure encourage Virtue,
And give their Fellow-Creatures juſt Aſſiſtance.
Thus, in the Midſt of Slaughter we ſhall find
Ten thouſand airy Legions on our Side,
Sent to our Aid, as Heav'n's Auxiliaries.

Enter LUCILIUS, *with an Officer of the other Army.*

LUCILIUS.

My Lord, your gen'rous Orders were obey'd,
And ſee the juſt Succeſs! This worthy Tribune,
Won by your Mercy to thoſe other Soldiers,

Is

Is come to join us with a valiant Band,
ing they never will be Foes to BRUTUS.

OFFICER.

Such Virtue needs no Army to ſupport it;
It vanquiſhes beyond the Reach of Force,
And makes our very Minds yield due Submiſſion.

BRUTUS.

Submiſſion only ſhould be paid to Heav'n,
And I muſt bluſh to hear it from a *Roman*.
We ſcarce have in this little Span of Life
Sufficient Time for Exerciſe of Virtue;
We ſhould do Ill to loſe the leaſt Occaſion.
Let all his Cohort charge with our chief Legion:
Such a Deſertion is a timely Service.

OFFICER.

Your Approbation is our higheſt Aim:
And this Day we'll deſerve it.

BRUTUS.

'Tis not doubted:
Your Country's Freedom will excite your Valour.
Let him have Rank among our chief Commanders.
[*Exit Officer with* VARIUS *and* TITINIUS.

SCENE II.

Manent CASSIUS *and* BRUTUS.

CASSIUS.

The Fight is well begun, moſt noble BRUTUS:
And may the reſt be ſtill ſo favourable,
That we may lengthen out our Lives to Age,
In all the peaceful Joys of Love and Friendſhip.
But, ſince the Chance of War is moſt uncertain;
'Tis Wiſdom to provide againſt the Worſt:
Which is, our Parting, if we loſe the Battle,
Never to meet again: In ſuch a Caſe
What is my deareſt Friend reſolv'd to do?

BRUTUS.

I am, alas! ſo weary of a World,
All full of Faults and Follies, I would leave it:
But that to me it ſeems a want of Spirit
To ſhrink from Life for fear of future Ill.
'Tis to diſtruſt the Juſtice of the Gods,
Or elſe their Pow'r; and is, in my Opinion,
Not Courage, but a bold Diſguiſe for Fear.
With Patience arm'd, I'll beat the Blows of Fortune.

CASSIUS.

Then, deareſt BRUTUS, you can be content
To wear a Chain; nay, what is yet much worſe,
To ſee great *Rome* as much a Slave as you?

BRUTUS.

O never, never come that fatal Day!
The very Sound offends. Oh! you have nam'd
The only thing, ye Gods! I cannot bear.
When-e'er ye ſend that Summons, 'tis my laſt.
And therefore, leſt we ne'er ſhould meet again,
Here let us take our everlaſting Leave.

CASSIUS.

For ever, and for ever, farewel, BRUTUS!
After this famous Day we ſhall be Victors,
Or elſe beyond the Senſe of being vanquiſh'd.

BRUTUS.

For ever, and for ever, farewel, CASSIUS!
'Twill be with Pleaſure if we meet hereafter;
If not, this Parting is our greateſt Pain.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Juſt as CASSIUS *is going off, enter* TITINIUS *haſtily, and ſtops him.*

TITINIUS.

The Army of MARC ANTONY appears,
Fearleſs, and forward to attempt your Camp.

CASSIUS.

Sure, 'tis impoſſible: Tho' brave to Raſhneſs,
He is a Soldier of too great Experience;
I cannot hope for ſuch a Fault in him.
'Tis ſafer to beſtride the angry Ocean,
Than offer to aſſault a *Roman* Camp.
We'll ſoon correct this inſolent ANTONIUS,
And cruſh the bold Attempt. [*Exit* CASSIUS.

A Charge is ſounded.

Re-enter CASSIUS, *with* TITINIUS, PINDARUS *and other Officers.*

CASSIUS.

Their proſp'rous Raſhneſs terrifies our Men,
Who never fear'd before: I doubt all's loſt;
The Liberty of *Rome* is gone for ever.
I'll periſh with it, or redeem the Day.
TITINIUS, oh! make haſte, fly tow'rd thoſe Troops;
Diſcover quickly if they are our Friends.
[*Exit* TITINIUS.
Go, PINDARUS, get on the riſing Ground,
(My Sight, thou know'ſt, is ſhort) and take a View
Quite round the Field.

PINDARUS *goes up the Hill, then calls to* CASSIUS.

PINDARUS.

Hoa, my [illegible]dl.

CASSIUS.

What now?

PINDARUS.

TITINIUS is ſeiz'd on by the Foe.

CASSIUS.

Oh, he is taken, and they ſhout for Joy.

[CASSIUS *goes alſo to view.*

Come down, come down;
Oh, I have liv'd to ſee my beſt Friend loſt!
And by my own Procurement! PINDARUS,
I took thee Priſ'ner once, and ſpar'd thy Life;
All the Return I ask, is, now take mine.

[PINDARUS *turns away weeping.*

I am thy General, and Maſter too;
Yet I have us'd thee as becomes a Friend:
A Friend will not deny my laſt Requeſt.
Kill me with this; with this I ſlew the Tyrant.

[CASSIUS *preſents him his Dagger.*

PINDARUS.

Is there Neceſſity?

CASSIUS.

Thou ſee'ſt there is.
Diſpatch it quickly, while I turn my Face.

PINDARUS.

Then farewel, worthy CASSIUS.

[PINDARUS *kills himſelf.*

CAS-

CASSIUS.

What, gone before me? Did I need Example?
For Shame now CASSIUS, do thy own laſt Work;
PINDARUS leads the honourable Way.
[*Falls on his Sword.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TITINIUS, *meeting one of* CASSIUS's *Officers juſt entering at the other Door.*

TITINIUS.

BRUTUS with chearful News greets CAIUS CASSIUS;
And, having broke the Forces of OCTAVIUS,
Is haſting hither to relieve his Friend.

OFFICER.

Alas! he comes too late, ſee there lies CASSIUS!

Enter BRUTUS *with Officers.*

BRUTUS.

Is CASSIUS on the Ground? O my dear Friend!
[*Runs to* CASSIUS.
I came to fill thy Ears with pleaſing News;
But ſuch a Sight has turn'd my Joy to Grief.

CASSIUS.

What! has my feeble Hand made me be taken?

Is CASSIUS to become the Scorn of ANTONY?

[*Riſing a little, believing it to be* ANTONY.

BRUTUS.

Rather the Grief of ev'ry worthy *Roman.*
What curſed Hand has ſlain my deareſt Friend?

CASSIUS.

What do I hear, and ſee? Is BRUTUS there?
A Priſ'ner too?

BRUTUS.

The Gods forbid that, CASSIUS!
Look up and ſee thy mournful Friend victorious.

CASSIUS.

Have you then ſav'd the Liberty of *Rome?*
I ask no more, and die with full Content.
But yet I leave my JUNIA behind:
Oh, ſtill be tender of that beſt of Women!
In being kind to her, remember me.

[*Dies in his Arms.*

BRUTUS.

Remember thee! Who can forget thy Worth?
With a dead Friend, Diſputes are all forgot,
And what is tender takes up all the Mind;
Grief only thinks on that which moſt promotes it:

[*Turns to his Officers.*

And oh! I long to give my Sorrow vent;

But

But our dear Country now claims all my Care.
Summon our Soldiers, that I may with Praiſe
Keep up that Spirit which has fir'd their Souls.

[*Enter a confuſed Multitude of Soldiers.*

Hail, Fellow-Soldiers, worthy of that Cauſe
For which you fight ſo well. Your Actions paſt
Urge you to more: Be your own great Example.
On far unequal Terms theſe Armies meet;
They fight to make Ambition Tyranny,
And themſelves Slaves; their Vict'ry is their Ruin.
But if for this one Day you can ſubmit
To one who but commands you for your Sakes;
(Now proud to lead, while you are pleas'd to follow)
You ev'ry one ſhall be a Conqueror,
And equal to your General, who ſeeks
No other Triumph but his Country's Freedom.
End but that Work, and then to foreign Wars.
There's no Man here, but may by Merit hope
To lead an Army, and have me his Soldier.

Acclamations of Applauſe.

Let prodigal ANTONIUS promiſe Treaſures,
Wrench'd from hard Hands of wretched lab'ring Swains,
Who lift them up to Heav'n to call down Vengeance.
I can out-bid him, ſpite of all his Riches:

Hark to the pleaſing Sound! 'tis Liberty!
That only nam'd, I need to ſay no more.

[*Exeunt Soldiers ſhouting.*

SCENE V.

A Trumpet ſounds mournfully.

BRUTUS.

Silence thoſe diſmal Notes for CASSIUS' Death;
There is no need of Sounds to raiſe true Sorrow;
And it will chear the Foe to hear us mourn.
Oh CASSIUS! what a Loſs art thou to *Rome!*

[*Stooping down to the dead Body.*

Trumpet ſounds again mournful. Enter VARIUS.

VARIUS.

'Tis with a trembling Hand I ſhew theſe Letters;
Your Grief for CASSIUS, will, alas! be loſt:
Like Rivers in the Ocean, ſwallow'd up
In ſadder News.

BRUTUS.

Speak, is my PORTIA well?
What! make no Anſwer? then 'tis ſo indeed.
In ſaying nothing, thou haſt told me all.

VARIUS.

Here is the ſad Account.

[*Holds the Letter to* BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Oh, read it, read it.

VARIUS.

" VARIUS, I muſt unwillingly inform you,

[*Reading.*

" That PORTIA, grieving for her Husband's Abſence,
" Had mourn'd herſelf into a raging Fever;
" In which, becauſe ſhe fancy'd he was dead,
" She (none ſuſpecting) ſwallow'd burning Coals,
" So dy'd with mournful Clamours for her BRUTUS."

BRUTUS.

Enough, enough. O ye immortal Gods!
I'll not complain of you, but of myſelf;
For, ſure I am the very worſt of Men,
Since you think fit to make me the moſt wretched.
How all my Tears are on a ſudden ſtopt!
Something I feel within, that weighs me down;
And I muſt ſink.

VARIUS.

Good Sir, be comforted.

BRUTUS.

Oh never, never.
Had'ſt thou beheld her with my weeping Eyes,
When tenderly we took our lateſt leave;
How her Love pleaded, and her Beauty mov'd;

When,

When, all diſſolv'd in Grief, her mournful Looks
She fix'd on mine! Oh never talk of Comfort.
Comfort! dear PORTIA, if I ever ſeek it,
May then ——alas! I cannot curſe myſelf,
Heav'n knows, I am already ſo unhappy.

Enter LUCILIUS *haſtily*.

LUCILIUS.

The Enemy once more is coming on;
ANTONY leads them out of CASSIUS' Camp,
And gathers, as he goes, the large Remains
Of the new-routed Army of OCTAVIUS.
I'll do my beſt to ſtop them in their March.

BRUTUS.

ANTONIUS, and his Army! Alas! VARIUS;
What's that, or Victory itſelf, to me?

VARIUS.

But yet our Country ſhould not be forgotten,

BRUTUS.

Oh! no: I'll bear about this heavy Heart:
Yet, when I ſtruggle moſt, it weighs me down.

VARIUS.

But where is, Sir, your wonted Reſolution?

BRUTUS.

Gone, VARIUS, gone for ever with my PORTIA.

VARIUS.

VARIUS.

Then, farewel all the Liberty of *Rome!*

BRUTUS.

The Liberty of *Rome!* The Thought of that
Has rous'd me up --Yet one Sigh more for PORTIA--
Rome yet ſhall have my Cares: But Oh! my Friend,
May this be the laſt Battle among *Romans!*
It grieves my Soul to ſee this Civil Slaughter.
Fain I would live to leave my Country free,
And with my dying Eyes behold her proſper.
Elſe I have done too much; and CÆSAR's Death
Too ſharp a Med'cine, if it does not cure.
'Twas cutting off a Limb ev'n from myſelf,
And, oh! I now begin to feel the Maim.
But 'tis too late, and we muſt now look forwards--
Command our Men to ſpread on both the Wings,
Leſt they encompaſs us with greater Numbers:
The Troops we routed of OCTAVIUS
Will hardly have the Heart to rally more. [*Exeunt.*

After they have ſounded a Battle for ſome time, enter LUCILIUS *and another Officer.*

LUCILIUS.

All's loſt! Ambition triumphs over Virtue.

OFFICER.

'Tis not our Fault, but Fate's: Did we not charge
With Fierceneſs fit to fight for all the World?

First,

Firſt, all our Darts we flung away deſpis'd,
Uncertain Weapons of remoter War,
And ruſh'd on nearer with the ſurer Sword;
As if each common Soldier were a BRUTUS,
Rome at their Hearts, and Glory in their Minds.

LUCILIUS.

But what is Valour, when ſo overmatch'd
By elder Troops, and much ſuperior Numbers?
Yet no one yielded, while ten thouſand dy'd;
Each call'd for Death as faſt as e'er he fell,
And ſtill by ill-tim'd Pity was refus'd,
We only fought to die, and they to ſave us:
Which BRUTUS then perceiving, left the Field,
And fled not from their Fury, but their Mercy.

Enter VENTIDIUS *with a Company of Soldiers.*

VENTIDIUS.

Purſue them cloſe, and on your Lives ſpare BRUTUS.

LUCILIUS.

Stop then your Chace, and lead me to ANTONIUS.
I might have 'ſcap'd, but BRUTUS ſcorns to fly.

SOLDIER.

He's taken, he is taken.

[*They give a great Shout, and carry out* LUCILIUS, *whom they ſuppoſe to be* BRUTUS.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter BRUTUS, *and* TITINIUS, *with ſome Officers.*

BRUTUS.

Ye worthy few, who with unuſual Faith
Quit not a Friend whom Fortune has forſaken;
Reſt your tir'd Bodies on this Bank a while:
Where like a ſhipwreck'd Merchant I appear,
Gath'ring the dear Remains of my loſt Fortunes.

OFFICER.

Oh, who can judge the Councils of the Gods?
[*They all ſit down.*
Behold, the beſt of Men is made a Prey
To boundleſs Wildneſs, and unjuſt Ambition.

BRUTUS.

That wild Ambition but too often proſpers:
Yet ſure the Gods know better far than we,
How to diſpoſe the Ruling of Mankind.
If they will have (which yet ſeems wondrous ſtrange)
Injuſtice to ſucceed, and Virtue ſuffer;
Our Part is only to ſubmit with Rev'rence.
'Tis time, 'tis time that *Rome* ſhould be at Reſt.

FIRST OFFICER.

[*He whiſpers each of them.*
Not for the World.

SE-

SECOND OFFICER.

The mighty Gods forbid!

THIRD OFFICER.

May my Hand wither firſt!

FIRST OFFICER.

What did he whiſper?

THIRD OFFICER.

He earneſtly intreated me to kill him.

FIRST OFFICER.

He mov'd the ſame to me.

TITINIUS.

How is that noble Soul o'erwhelm'd with Anguiſh,
Not for his own, but for his Country's Ruin!

BRUTUS.

Romans, for Shame ſhew not ſuch childiſh Pity.
Think you I am ſo fond of painful Life,
[*He riſes haſtily.*
That my faint Hand ſhould tremble at my Cure?
Why then refuſe to do this laſt good Office,
Which I, for Want of Friends, muſt do myſelf?
Nay, if my Life could yet but ſerve my Country,
Tho' rack'd with Griefs, the very Hopes of that
Would, like ſtrong Cordials, force me to endure it.
But lawleſs Empire rules! what then remains
But Death, or, worſe than Death, ignoble Bondage?
Which

Which if my Soul can ne'er ſubmit to bear,
Pardon, good Heav'n, my not enduring Life
On ſuch a hard Condition!—Sacred Virtue!
Thou Deity that all the Good adore!
Why haſt thou caſt me off, and giv'n Succeſs
To thy own Foes, and mine? I follow'd thee
Ev'n thro' the Blood of CÆSAR, whom I lov'd,
And who lov'd me. Ye Pow'rs immortal! know
With what a heavy Heart, and troubled Mind,
I help'd my Country by ſo harſh a Means:
But I moſt gladly make thee this Amends——
[CÆSAR's *Ghoſt appears and vaniſhes.*
Oh CÆSAR, CÆSAR! Therefore reſt appeas'd;
I did not kill thee half ſo willingly. [*Kills himſelf.*

Enter ANTONY, DOLABELLA, VENTIDIUS, *&c.*

ANTONY.

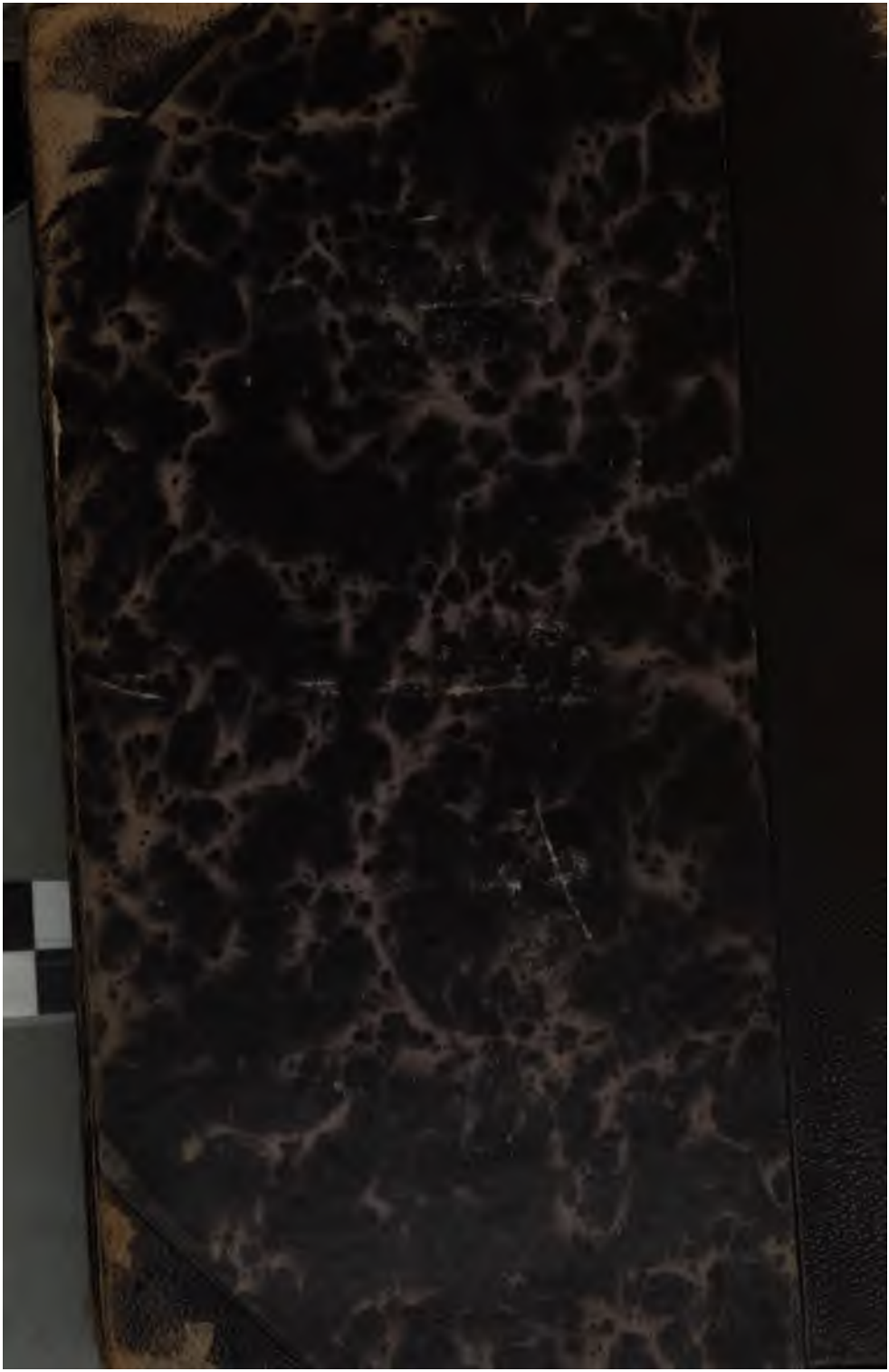
The Blow is giv'n, and we are come too late.

[*A great Shout of Soldiers bringing in* LUCILIUS.

SOLDIER.

Rewards, and Triumph! we have brought you BRUTUS.

LUCILIUS.

No, ANTONY: the Gods forbid that BRUTUS
Should ever be a Pris'ner! by aſſuming
His Name, I here have ſtopp'd their hot Purſuit.

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